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STRANGE EVENTS, CHARACTERISTICS, AND CHANGES, OF METROPOLITAN LIFE.

AUTHOR OF "A CENTURY OF ANECDOTE," "CLUB-LIFE OF LONDON," ETC

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LONDON AND WESTMINSTER:

CITY AND SUBURB.

BASKET JUSTICES AND TRADING JUSTICES.

FIELDING has given us, in his *Tom Jones*, a glimpse of the country magistrate of his day, the middle of the last century, in the chapter wherein Mrs. Honour is brought before Squire Western by his sister, to have "justice executed" on her for her unguarded words in the dialogue with her fellow-chambermaid. When the squire, on the suggestion of his clerk, and the recollection of some unpleasant consequences of some former decisions, declined to send the girl to Bridewell "only for ill-breeding," Mrs. Western, we are told, disputing his law, "named a certain justice of the peace in London, who, she said, would commit a servant to Bridewell at any time, when a master or mistress desired it." "Like enough," the squire is made to rejoin, "it may be so in London; but the law is different in the country." The situation of the dispenser of the law, at least, was entirely different. In London, where there was no game to protect, and little local influence to be acquired or maintained, the commission of the peace was without

its attractions; and the work of an acting magistrate was at the same time so much more laborious than in the country, that few were likely to undertake the office on any mere amateur principle. In these circumstances it could only follow that men would seek it in order to make a living out of it. Hence the *Basket Justices* and *Trading Justices* of those times. The basket justices appear to have actually received presents or bribes from the parties who came before them: game, poultry, and other contributions were dropped into the baskets from which they took their name. However the matter was managed, this was perhaps no worse a substitute for the salary than the other mode which succeeded it, of making a revenue out of the fees, the lion's share of which found its way into the pockets of his worship on the bench.

The London trading justice has been ably drawn by Fielding at full length in his *Amelia*. Jonathan Thrasher, Esq., one of the Justices of the Peace for the liberty of Westminster, before whom the watchmen had taken their prisoner, was utterly without legal knowledge; but "if he was ignorant of the laws of England, was yet well versed in the laws of nature;" that is to say, he made his own interest, wherever it was possible, the guiding principle of his decision, and "was never indifferent to a cause but when he could get nothing on either side." Henry Fielding officiated for a few years in London as a police magistrate, and tells us that one of his predecessors used to boast that he made a thousand a year out of the place; but how this was done, Fielding does not profess to understand. The prisoners that Mr. Thrasher had to deal with on the above occasion being, as it would seem, every man and woman of them, penniless and friendless, were all de-

spatched to prison; after which "the justice and the constable adjourned to a neighbouring ale-house to take their morning repast." Wherever it could be done, the plan of the trading justice was to make the party charged find bail. This bailing was the main stay and instrument of his trade.

Henry Fielding had no salary; but his half-brother, Sir John Fielding (he was knighted in 1761), who succeeded him, we believe had. Sir John, who, although blind, was a most active and careful magistrate, presided at Bow-street until his death in 1780. The magistrates of Westminster, for the better securing of their persons, and to procure a more ready obedience to the laws, had his majesty's permission to wear the arms of Westminster, with the emblems of magistracy, on a gold shield, fastened to a ribbon hanging down the breast.

Henry Fielding, writing on the *Increase of Robbers*, remarks: "The usual defence of a thief, especially at the Old Bailey, is an *alibi*. To prove this by perjury is a common act of Newgate friendship; and there seldom is any difficulty in procuring such witnesses. I remember a felon to have been proved to be in Ireland at the time he was sworn to have been alone in London, and acquitted; but he was scarce gone from the bar, when the witness was himself arrested, for robbery, committed in London, at that very time when he swore that both he and his friend were in Dublin; for which robbery, I think, he was tried and executed."

The famous Bow-street officer, John Townsend, was in office when the trading justices still flourished; and he tells us that "it was a trading business, and there was a justice this and a justice that. The plan used to be to issue out warrants, and take up all the poor devils in the streets; and then there was the bailing

them—2*s.* 4*d.*—which the magistrate had; and taking up a hundred girls, that would make, at 2*s.* 4*d.* each, 11*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* They sent none to jail, for the bailing them was so much better."

JUSTICE WELCH.

This popular magistrate succeeded Fielding as one of the Justices of the Peace for Westminster, and kept a regular office in Litchfield-street for the police of that district. He was born at Aylesbury, was educated in the workhouse of that town, and was apprenticed to Mr. Clements, the well-known trunk-maker, at the corner of St. Paul's Churchyard. He was subsequently for many years a grocer, occupying the spot No. 1 at the south-west corner of Museum-street, late Queen-street. He received the appointment of High Constable of Westminster, and his contemporaries speak of him with admiration, when, "dressed in black, with a large nine-story George II.'s wig, highly powdered, with long flowing curls over his shoulders, a high three-cornered hat, and his black bâton tipped with silver at either end, he rode on a white horse to Tyburn with the malefactors." Mr. Welch was a member of the Beef-steak Club, when founded by Rich and Lambert, the scene-painter, with whom he was intimate; and Mrs. Nollekens, Welch's daughter, used to relate that it was her business to dress up for him a round hat with ribbons, similar to those worn by the yeomen of the guard, which the gentlemen of that club then wore. She added that her father was so loyal a man, that when Wilkes was admitted a member, he withdrew himself.

Mrs. Nollekens often spoke of Justice Welch going,

in 1766, into Cranbourn-alley, unattended, to quell the daily meeting of the journeymen shoemakers, who had struck for an increase of wages. Immediately her father made his appearance, he was recognised, and his name shouted up and down the alley, not with fear, but with exultation. "Well," said the ringleader, "let us get him a beer-barrel, and mount him;" and when he was up, they cheered him, and shouted, "Welch for ever! Welch for ever!" In the mildest manner, Welch assured them that he was glad to find they had conducted themselves quietly, and at the same time persuaded them to disperse, as their meetings were illegal. He also observed to the master-shoemakers, who were listening to him from the first-floor windows, that as they had raised the prices of shoes on account of the increased value of provisions, they should consider that the families of their workmen had proportionate wants. The result was that the spokesmen of the trade were called into the shops, and an additional allowance was agreed upon. The men then alternately carried Mr. Welch on their shoulders to his office in Litchfield-street, gave him three cheers more, and set him down. Welch was a tall man, and when in the prime of life, robust and powerful.

When the streets were entirely pitched with pebble-stones up to the houses, hackneymen could drive their coaches to the very doors. It happened that Mr. Welch had good information that a most notorious offender, who had for some time annoyed the Londoners in their walks through the green lanes to Marylebone, and who had eluded the chase of several of his men, was in the first-floor of a house in Rose-street, Long-acre. After hiring the tallest hackney-coach he could select, he mounted the box with the coachman, and when he was close against the house, he ascended the roof of the

coach, threw up the sash of the first-floor window, entered the room, and actually dragged the fellow from his bed out at the window by his hair, naked as he was, upon the roof of the coach, and in that way carried the terror of the green lanes down New-street and up St. Martin's-lane, amidst the huzzas of an immense throng, which followed him to Litchfield-street.

Sir John Fielding took cognisance of those offenders who were nearest Bow-street, such as the inhabitants of Lewkner's-lane, Vinegar-yard, and Short's-gardens; but more particularly that most popular of all gardens, Covent-garden, which had been deserted by people of fashion. It was at this period that Mother Needham, Mother Douglass (alias, according to Foote's *Minor*, Mother Cole), and Moll King, the tavern-keepers and the gamblers, took possession of the abdicated premises.

Saunders Welch's attention was for the most part confined to the abandoned women and pickpockets who frequented Hedge-lane, the Haymarket, Cranbourn-alley, and Leicester-square; the last of which, from the rough and broken state of its ground, and the shadow of a lofty row of elms which then stood in the road in front of the houses on the eastern side, was rendered very dangerous to pass, particularly before the streets were paved and publicly lighted. In addition to these, Welch had visitors among the frequenters of Marylebone-gardens; the highwaymen who committed nightly depredations in the adjacent lanes; the pickpockets who attended Whitefield's meeting-house in Long-acre; the thousands of his Sunday friends who congregated in Marylebone-fields, before the New-road was made from Paddington to Islington, when the newspapers announced an inhabitant of the City to have

arrived safely at his home in Marylebone! It was the practice also of Mr. Whitefield, before his chapel in Tottenham-court-road was finished in 1759, to preach on a Sunday evening in Marylebone-fields, sometimes to 50,000 persons. Mr. Welch also derived no small share of business from the depredators who attended the executions at Tyburn. His office on those mornings, as well as Fielding's, was thronged by gentlemen who had lost their watches and pocket-books, or ladies who had been robbed of their velvet cardinals or purses.

Dr. Johnson maintained a long and intimate friendship with Mr. Welch; and at one time the Doctor had serious thoughts of proposing marriage to Miss Mary Welch (Mrs. Nollekens); and Mr. Nollekens used to say that Johnson, when joked about her, observed, "Yes, I think Mary would have been mine, if little Joe had not stepped in."

Mr. Welch died at Taunton Dean, Somerset, 31st of October, 1784, aged seventy-four. He was buried in the cemetery belonging to St. George's Church, Bloomsbury, where, within the porch, upon a mural monument, are these lines, written by Sir John Hawkins:

"As long as Themis, with impartial hand,
His blessings shall disperse throughout this land;
Or lenient statutes, or vindictive law,
Protect the good, or hold the bad in awe;
Or Mercy, blending Grace with Justice, shed
Her milder beams on the delinquent head;
While Probity and Truth shall be rever'd,
And legal power as much belov'd as fear'd;
So long shall fame to each succeeding day
Thy virtues witness and thy worth display."

Dr. Johnson soon followed his friend Welch to the grave, as he died on Monday, the 13th of December

1784, in the back room of the first-floor of his house in Bolt-court, Fleet-street.

FLEET AND MAY-FAIR PARSONS.

The character and habits of the mock-parsons, the impostors who carried on the Fleet and May-fair marriage business until the middle of the last century, have been painted in tolerably vivid colours. They were repeatedly convicted before the magistrates of swearing, of selling liquors, or for some drunken practices; here we find one marrying in his nightgown, there another hiccupping out the words of the service, while a third ekes out a scanty living by mendicancy. Among the individuals who stood out most conspicuously amidst the actors is Dr. Gaynam or Gainham, who is said to have been the gentleman emphatically denominated the Bishop of Hell, and married in the Fleet from about 1709 to 1740. The extent of his business is vaguely shown in a remark he made on a trial for bigamy, when it was observed that it was strange he could not remember the prisoners he professed to have married. "Can I remember persons?" was the reply—"I have married 2,000 since that time!" Next in reputation to him, but after the doctor's death, was Edward Ashwell, who died within the rules of the Fleet in 1746, "a notorious rogue and impostor," and an audacious villain, who was really not in orders, but who preached when he could get a pulpit. William Wyatt appeared to have practised there from 1713 to 1750. His is a curious case. In one of his pocket-book registers, under the date 1736, we find the following memoranda of a kind of conversational argument between Mr. Wyatt's con-

science and interests: "Give to every man his due, and learn the way of truth," says Conscience. Reply: "This advice cannot be taken by those that are concerned in the Fleet marriages; not so much as y^e^ priest can do y^e^ thing y^t^ is just and right there, unless he designs to starve. For by lying, bullying, and swearing, to extort money from the silly and unwary people, you advance your business, and get y^e^ pelf, which always wastes like snow in sunshiny day." "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," says Conscience; "the marrying in the Fleet is the beginning of eternal woe." One of his prayers is, "May God forgive me what is past, and give me grace to forsake such a wicked place, where truth and virtue can't take place unless you are resolved to starve." The commentary on this is the fact that business went on so prosperously that in 1748 we find poor conscience-stricken Wyatt receiving his 57*l.* 12*s.* 7*d.* for a single month's marriages; and in the same year he set up an opposition chapel in May-fair, in the very teeth of the great man of the place, Keith.

Among other parsons of the Fleet are William Dare, who married from 150 to 200 couple per month, and kept a curate to assist him; John Flood, who married not only at the Fleet, but also at the King's Bench, and the Mint in Southwark; and Shadwell, a blind parson.

But the Fleet parsons had competition to withstand. In the *Daily Advertiser*, 1749, we read: "Marriages with a license, certificate, and crown stamp, *at a guinea*, at the new chapel next door to the china-shop, near Fleet Bridge, London, by a regular-bred clergyman, and not by a Fleet parson, as is insinuated in the public papers; and that the town may be freed [from] mistakes, no clergyman, being a prisoner in the rules of

the Fleet, dare marry; and to obviate all doubts, this chapel is not in the verge of the Fleet, but kept by a gentleman who was lately chaplain on board one of his majesty's men-of-war, and likewise has gloriously distinguished himself in defence of his king and country, and is above committing those little mean actions that some men impose on people, being determined to have everything conducted with the utmost decency and regularity, such as shall all be supported in law and equity."

Then the trade was carried on by *touting*." A coach passes, containing a single lady, the *plyer* starts forth, "Madam, you want a parson: I am a clerk and registrar of the Fleet." By this time a second has got to the other window: "Madam, come with me; that fellow will carry you to a peddling alehouse." "Go with me," bawls a third, half out of breath; "he will carry you to a brandy-shop." The disappointed plyer is asked if he could have got the lady a husband, and here is the reply: "Plenty, sir; but I see you are a gentleman, and I'll explain. Ladies will be sometimes expensive, and get into debt; and that generally ends in some unpleasantness. Well, they come here; we have a set of men who make a business of being hired as husbands, for the ceremony merely; we provide them with one of these, they are married, she gets her certificate, and they part. From that time she can plead coverture, as the lawyers say, to any action for debt. We like to meet with such persons, for they pay well."

Next, in the windows of the low inns and brandy-shops are boards, "Weddings performed cheap here;" another, "The Old and True Register," in the Rainbow coffee-house, at the corner of Fleet Ditch; the Hand and Pen, by the prison; the Bull and Garter, a

little alehouse kept, it appears, by a turnkey of the Fleet; the King's Head, kept by another turnkey; the Bishop Blaize and the Two Sawyers, in Fleet-lane; the Fighting Cock, the Naked Boy, &c.—some merely a kind of house-of-call for the parson and his customers, but sharing in the fee of the former, as the price of sending for him.

One of the earliest clergymen who commenced marrying on a large scale without license or the publication of banns, appears to have been Adam Elliott, rector of St. James's, Duke's-place, who acted upon the claim for exemption from ecclesiastical jurisdiction put forth by the City. In the parish register of St. James's, we find 40,000 entries of marriages between the years 1664 and 1691; on some days between thirty and forty couple were married. The rector was suspended by the commissioners for ecclesiastical causes, but was allowed, on his petition, to return to his vocation after some delay. During his suspension, there appears every reason to suppose the Fleet marriages began, for about that period commence the Fleet Registers.

The immediate origin of the Fleet marriages appears to have been as follows: a set of imprudent, extravagant, or vicious clergymen, confined in the Fleet for debt, and therefore in no condition to be deterred by the penalty of 100*l.* inflicted by the law on clergymen convicted of solemnising clandestine marriages, tempted also by the opening made through Elliott's suspension, conceived the brilliant idea of making a kind of marriage-shops, open at all times, of their rooms in the prison; though these parsons might be suspended, their marriages would be legal, even after suspension. By the beginning of the eighteenth century we find the parsons carrying on here an immense trade; though

there existed in the Fleet many gross abuses under the sanction of the warden. Two or three hundred of the registers are large books; but the remainder, a thousand or more in number, are mere pocket-books, which the parsons or their clerks carried about with them to their places of business: in these they entered the particulars of the marriages immediately after the ceremony, and subsequently transcribed them, if paid to do so, into the larger registers; an arrangement which by no means prevented their taking handsome sums for not making such additional entry when parties expressed a desire to have their marriages kept as secret as possible. If anything unusual occurred at a wedding, a note seems to have been commonly appended. Thus:

"1740. George Grant and Anne Gordon, bachelor and spinster; stole my clothes-brush." In the account of another marriage we find recorded, "Stole a silver spoon."

A wedding at which "the woman ran across Ludgate-hill in her shift," in pursuance of a vulgar error, that a man was not liable for the debts of his wife if he married her in this dress.

"Married at a barber's-shop next Wilson's, viz.: one Kerrils, for half-a-guinea, after which it was extorted out of my pocket, and for fear of my life delivered."

"Thomas Monk Sawyer and Margaret Lawson pawned to Mr. Lilley a handkerchief and silver buttons for 2*s.*;" to help pay the fee, no doubt. Another couple leave a "ring."

"Nov. 21, 1742. Akerman Richard Turner, of Christ Church, batr. to Lydia Collett (brought by) Mrs. Crookes. N.B. They behaved very vilely, and attempted to run away with Mrs. Crookes' gold ring;"

lent probably for the ceremony. Two others ran away with the "scertyficate, and left a point of wine to pay for." At a certain marriage, "had a noise for four hours about the money;" another was, it appears, a "Mar^e. upon Tick;" whilst at a third, "a coachman came and was half married, and would give but 3*s*. 6*d*., and went off." Sham certificates were saleable documents: on a trial for bigamy it was sworn by one of the witnesses that anybody might have a certificate at a certain house for half-a-crown, without any ceremony of marriage whatever, and have their names entered in the book for as long time past as they pleased.

But the master in these rogueries is yet behind: this was the far-famed Alexander Keith, whose principal place was in May-fair, where a chapel had been built about 1730, and himself chosen to officiate, who was a disgrace to his cloth, and was indifferent to all objects but money and notoriety; by his conduct subjecting himself to ecclesiastical censure, and in 1742 to a public excommunication. Keith, however, excommunicated in return the bishop of the diocese; Dr. Andrews, the judge; and Dr. Trebeck, the rector of St. George's, Hanover-square. He was committed to the Fleet in the following year; here he had a little chapel, and drove a thriving trade. Keith's principal vocation was the performance of secret marriages at a minute's notice; they became almost as notorious as the Fleet marriages—6,000 in one year; the busiest period of this illicit trade being May-fair-time. The cunning with which this May-fair parson contrived to advertise this traffic in connection with a domestic bereavement is ingenious.

"We are informed," says the *Daily Advertiser*, Jan. 23d, 1750, "that Mrs. Keith's corpse was removed

from her husband's house in May-fair, the middle of October last, to an apothecary's in South Audley-street, where she lies in a room hung with mourning, and is to continue there till Mr. Keith can attend her funeral. The way to Mr. Keith's chapel is through Piccadilly, by the end of St. James's-street, and down Clarges-street, and turn on the left. The marriages (together with a license on a five-shilling stamp and certificate) are carried on for a guinea as usual, any time till four in the afternoon, by another regular clergyman, at Mr. Keith's little chapel in May-fair, near Hyde-Park corner, opposite the great chapel, and within ten yards of it; there is a porch at the door like a country church porch."

One of Keith's sons having died in the Fleet prison, this the ingenious doctor turned to some account. The corpse was carried on a bier by two men from the prison to Covent-garden, the procession stopping continually on the way, to enable the public to read the inscription on the coffin, "which referred to his father's persecution."

In Horace Walpole's Letters is some amusing gossip about Keith. Here we find the story of Handsome Tracy, who was inveigled into marrying the butter-woman's daughter, of Craven-street. Tracy consented to dine with her: "The mother," says Walpole, "borrowed some silver to buy a leg of mutton, and they kept the eager lover drinking till twelve at night, when a chosen committee waited on the faithful pair to the minister in May-fair. The doctor was in bed, and swore he would not get up to marry the king; but he had a brother over the way who perhaps would, and who did." And when Keith, the "marriage-broker," was told the bishops would hinder his marryings, he

replied, "Well, let 'em; I will be revenged, and buy two or three acres of ground, and *underbury* them all."

In Keith's chapel, James, fourth Duke of Hamilton, was married to the youngest of the beautiful Miss Gunnings. The duke fell in love with her at a masquerade. Two nights afterwards, being left alone with her while her mother and sister were at Bedford House, the duke found himself so impatient that he sent for a parson. The doctor refused to perform the ceremony without a license or ring; the duke swore he would send for an archbishop; at last they were married with a ring of the bed-curtain, at half-an-hour after twelve, at night at May-fair chapel. Before the passing of the law which put an end to Keith's trade, he had a great haul; in one day, from eight in the morning till eight at night, he married seventy-three couple. The last day of this pleasant state of things was the 24th of March, when nearly one hundred couples were married by Keith; and in one of the Fleet registers we find, under the same date, no less than two hundred and seventeen marriages—a fitting conclusion of the Fleet weddings. Keith died in the Fleet in 1758.

SARAH MALCOLM; A TRAGEDY OF THE TEMPLE.

This young murderess acquired great notoriety through her portrait being painted by Hogarth, who had a sort of *penchant* for painting criminals. Sarah Malcolm may be a fit companion for Jack Sheppard. Sarah is described as a "charwoman," but she was, more properly speaking, a laundress, in the Temple, and her mistress lived in chambers in Tanfield-court, Inner

Temple. Mr. Cunningham, in his notes to Walpole's *Letters*, vol. ii., calls Sarah "a *washerwoman* in the Temple," evidently overlooking the fact that women who take charge of chambers are called laundresses, although they have nothing to do with washing clothes. At the chambers in Tanfield-court, on Monday morning, the 10th of February 1732, Sarah's mistress, Mrs. Lydia Duncombe, aged eighty, and Elizabeth Harrison, her companion, aged sixty, were found strangled, and Anne Price, her maid, aged seventeen, with her throat cut, in their beds. On the same evening Sarah Malcolm was apprehended, on the information of Mr. Kerrol, who had chambers on the same staircase, and had found under his bed some linen stained with blood, and a silver tankard in his night-stool, which Malcolm had hid there. She made a pretended confession, and gave information against Thomas Alexander, James Alexander, and Mary Tracey, that they committed the murder and robbery, and she only stood on the stairs as a watch; that they took away three hundred pounds and some valuable goods, of which she had not more than her share; but the coroner's inquest gave the verdict of wilful murder against Malcolm only.

On the 23d of February her trial came on at the Old Bailey, when it appeared that Mrs. Duncombe had but 54*l.* in her box, and 53*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* of it was found upon Malcolm, concealed betwixt her cap and hair. She owned her being concerned in the robbery, but denied knowing anything of the murder till she went in with other company to see the murdered persons. The jury found her guilty of both the robbery and murder. Sarah Malcolm was also strongly suspected of having been concerned in the murder of Mr. Nesbit, in 1729, near Drury-lane, for which one Kelly, alias Owen, was

hanged; the grounds for his conviction being a bloody razor found under the head of the murdered man. The razor was known to be Kelly's, who said in his defence that he lent the razor to a woman whom he did not know.

On Wednesday, March 7, she was executed on a gibbet opposite Mitre-court, Fleet-street, where the crowd was so great that a Mrs. Strangeways, who lived in Fleet-street, near Serjeants' Inn, crossed the street from her own house to Mrs. Coulthurst's, on the opposite side of the way, over the heads and shoulders of the mob. Malcolm went to execution neatly dressed in a crape mourning-gown, holding up her head in the cart with an air, and looking as if she was painted, which some did not scruple to affirm. She was attended by the Rev. Mr. Pedington, curate of St. Bartholomew-the-Great, seemed penitent, and desired to see her master, Kerrol; but, as she did not, protested all accusations against him were false. During her imprisonment she received a letter from her father at Dublin, who was in too bad circumstances to send her 17*l.*, which she pretended he did. The night before her execution, she delivered a paper to Mr. Pedington, the copy of which she sold for 20*l.* The substance is printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1733, page 237. She had given much the same account before, at her trial, in a long and fluent speech. This confession was published in a pamphlet form; "and such was the eagerness of the public to read it that the edition was exhausted at once, and as much as twenty guineas are said to have been offered for an impression." (*Romance of the Forum*, by Mr. Serjeant Burke, 2d series, vol. i. p. 237.)

Two days before her execution, Malcolm sat to Hogarth to be drawn for her portrait, which he painted and

engraved. She wore red at the sitting, to improve her appearance. Horace Walpole paid Hogarth five guineas for the picture; it was in the Green Closet at Strawberry Hill. It was engraved by Hogarth, and by four others. Hogarth's print is the rarest of his portraits. The late Mr. Willett, who possessed a fine collection of Hogarths, notes: "It is difficult to meet with this print (of Malcolm) without the 'price 6*d.*' at the top cut off. The Duke of Roxburgh purchased an impression at Sir William Musgrave's sale for 8*l.* 5*s.* One of the engraved portraits of Malcolm has the addition of a clergyman holding a ring in his hand, and a motto, 'No recompense but love.' This print was engraved as a frontispiece to the pamphlet named in the following advertisement in the *Weekly Miscellany*, No. 37, August 25, 1733: 'This day is published, price Six-pence (on occasion of the Re-commitment of the two *Alexanders*, with a very neat effigies of *Sarah Malcolm* and her *Reverend Confessor*, both taken from the Life), The Friendly Apparition: being an Account of the most surprising Appearance of Sarah *Malcolm's* Ghost to a great assembly of her acquaintance, at a noted Gin-shop; together with the remarkable Speech she then made to the whole Company.' In the above print Malcolm's execution is in the background."

After her execution, her corpse was carried to an undertaker's on Snow-hill, whither multitudes of people resorted, and gave money to see it; among the rest, a gentleman in deep mourning kissed her, and gave the attendants half-a-crown. According to Villette, formerly chaplain of Newgate, at the time of her execution Malcolm was twenty-two years old.

In the *Grub-street Journal* of Thursday, March 8, 1732, appeared the following epigram:

'To Malcolm Guthrie cries: Confess the murther;
The truth disclose, and trouble me no further.
Think on both worlds: the pain that you must bear
In that, and what a load of scandal here.
Confess, confess, and you'll avoid it all:
Your body sha'n't be hack'd at Surgeons' Hall;
No Grub-street hack shall dare to use your ghost ill,
Henley shall read upon your post a postill,
Hogarth your charms transmit to future times,
And Curll record your life in prose and rhymes.
Sarah replies: These arguments might do
From Hogarth, Curll, and Henley, drawn by you,
Were I condemn'd at Padington to ride;
But now from Fleet-street Pedington's my guide."

In the preceding, Guthrie was the ordinary of Newgate, and Pedington the "reverend confessor."

Sarah Malcolm was one of the notabilities of her day, and sixteen years after, Walpole, in his sarcastic way, classed her with "Lord Bolingbroke and old Marlborough." She was honoured with burial in St. Sepulchre's Churchyard, where the bodies of criminals had been excluded for a century and a half. Professor Martin dissected the celebrated murderess, and afterwards presented her skeleton, in a glass-case, to the Botanic Garden at Cambridge, where it still remains.

THE STORY OF ELIZABETH CANNING.

In the year 1753-4, the public attention in London was almost exclusively occupied by the extraordinary case of Eliza Canning, the true particulars of whose story have never, even to the present hour, been fully ascertained. She was a girl of humble birth, about eighteen years of age, and in the service of a Mrs. Lyon, of Aldermanbury, to whose house she was returning, on

the evening of New-year's-day (from a visit to her uncle, at Saltpetre-bank, near Rosemary-lane), when, according to her *own* testimony, she was seized under Bedlam or Bethlem wall, in Moorfields, by two men, who, after robbing her of her money, gown, and apron, stopped her mouth with a gag, and dragged her as far as Enfield Wash, to the house of an old woman called Mother Wells. Here, on her refusal to submit to prostitution, she was robbed of her stays, and confined for twenty-eight days in a kind of hay-loft, without fire, or any kind of sustenance except some pieces of stale bread and a gallon-jugful of water. At last, when nearly starved to death, she effected her escape by breaking through a window, and, shivering with hunger and nakedness, found her way back to her mother's house near Moorgate. Such was the substance of her story, which, notwithstanding its improbability, being seemingly corroborated by the weak and miserable condition in which she returned home, had a surprising effect on the public sympathy, and large subscriptions were raised for bringing to justice the wretches who were supposed to have thus maltreated her.

At the same time, she knew not where the house was situated in which she had been immured, nor could she describe it otherwise than by saying that through the chinks or crevices of the loft she had seen the Hertford stage-coach pass along the adjacent road. When sufficiently recovered, she was taken in a chaise to the abode of Mother Wells, who was known to be a woman of ill-fame, and whose house, by a singular chance, had been mentioned as the probable place of the girl's confinement by a person who became one of the witnesses on the subsequent trial. The upper room or loft in this dwelling varied considerably from that

which had been described by Elizabeth Canning, yet she declared it was the place in which she had been kept prisoner. She then fixed upon an aged gipsy-woman named Mary Squires as the person who had cut the stays off her back, and accused a young woman called Virtue Hall with being present at the time. Both these women had very remarkable countenances, and were Mother Wells's intimates.

At the ensuing sessions in the Old Bailey, Mary Squires and Mother Wells were indicted for felony; and, though many contradictions appeared in the evidence of Canning and her witnesses, the former was sentenced to death, and the latter to be branded, and imprisoned in Newgate for six months. This verdict, though congenial with the ferment among the populace, was not so satisfactory to the more discerning faculties of Sir Crispe Gascoyne, the Lord Mayor, who issued an address to the liverymen, stating that further inquiry was necessary, and that the verdict was an unfair one; and it appeared that during the trial the witnesses for Squires were either so overawed by the rabble that they durst not appear in court, or otherwise so insulted for giving testimony in her favour as sometimes to endanger their lives.

Uncommon pains were now taken by Sir Crispe Gascoyne, assisted by Judge Gundry, who had presided upon the trial, to ascertain the real facts; and it clearly appeared that Mary Squires was at Abbotsbury, in Dorsetshire, from the 1st of January to the 9th of the same month; that she was at various places in Dorsetshire, Wiltshire, Hampshire, &c. from that time to the 18th; and that she did not arrive at the house of Mother Wells till the 23d. The evidence of Virtue Hall also, which had been given in favour of Canning,

was overthrown by her subsequent recantation, from which it appeared that she "had been threatened and frightened into what she had sworn," in order to save herself from being prosecuted as an accessory to the felony. These particulars, with a memorial, were laid by Sir Crispe Gascoyne before the King; and, fresh evidence being offered by the friends of Canning, his majesty directed the whole to be referred to his Attorney and Solicitor-Generals, on whose report that the weight of testimony was in favour of Mary Squires, the latter received a free pardon.

At the next sessions, the Lord Mayor preferred a bill of indictment against Elizabeth Canning for perjury; and her supporters did the like against the witnesses from Abbotsbury, &c., on behalf of Squires; but no evidence being offered against them, they were acquitted. Canning, who had been admitted to bail, at first absconded, but afterwards she surrendered to her trial, which continued, by adjournment, five days. Numerous witnesses were examined on both sides, and the contradictions were remarkable; but the falsehood of many parts of Canning's testimony having been rendered apparent, she was adjudged guilty, and committed to Newgate. During this trial, Sir Crispe Gascoyne was insulted by riotous mobs that assembled near the Sessions House.

When Canning was brought up to receive sentence, a new trial was moved for by her counsel, on the ground that two of the jurymen had made affidavit that they had "acted contrary to their consciences in finding her guilty of *wilful and corrupt* perjury; for, although they believed her to have sworn *falsely*, they did not believe it to have been *wilfully* done." The argument on this point was postponed till the following sessions, and

Canning was remanded to Newgate. At length, on the 30th of May 1754, after hearing the evidence of nine of the jurymen, who averred their decision to be just, and a similar affirmation from the tenth (who was absent), as well as the opinion of the judges who sat upon the trial, the Court adjudged the verdict to be good, and consonant to evidence. Sentence was then pronounced that the prisoner should suffer one month's imprisonment, and afterwards be transported to America for seven years.

This case had divided the Londoners into parties, and Canning could yet number among her supporting friends many persons of rank and respectability, by whom great exertions were made to procure a pardon; yet all their interest could obtain her only the permission to *transport herself* for the term of sentence. She accordingly was conveyed to America in a private ship, having every accommodation that money could secure, and much property, which she received in presents, &c. Measures were also taken to ensure a favourable reception on her arrival in that country.

Sir Crispe Gascoyne, on the other hand, obtained the entire approbation of the more discriminating and unprejudiced portion of the whole metropolis; and at the expiration of his mayoralty an unanimous vote of thanks was given to him by the Court of Common Council.

Canning became a criminal celebrity in her day. Hogarth painted her while she was in prison, and the portrait is in the Mulgrave collection. Horace Walpole associates her with the great statesmen of the day, saying: "I believe Mr. Pitt was a comrade of Elizabeth Canning, when he lived at Enfield Wash." Here, just beyond the ten-mile-stone, on the right, was the house,

a humble rustic dwelling, where Canning was said to have been confined; it was standing in 1820. Many pamphlets were printed on this extraordinary case, a complete collection of which is now considered to be of much value. These pamphlets are thirty-six in number, besides several prints; and the controversy lasted till 1818, as may be seen from the *Gentleman's Magazine* for that year. "The effervescence in the feelings of the public," says Mr. Brayley, "did not subside for many years; and the writer can well remember the pertinacity with which, in his youth, the question of the guilt or innocence of Canning was accustomed to be argued. But, whether the general tale related by her was true or false, the innocence of the parties she accused is unquestionable."

CURIOUS ACCIDENTS IN THE CAREER OF DOCTOR DODD.

Dodd was six-and-thirty years of age, was a Lincolnshire parson's son, and had passed very creditably through Cambridge, with Parkhurst, of the Lexicons, for friend and fellow. He took honours and the usual kisses allowed to be asked of all the pretty Cambridge girls by the twelve wranglers of the year. Dodd was one of the last twelve who enjoyed a privilege which was abolished from 1749. "The year 1750," he said, "will be remembered with grief by every Cambridge virgin and future wrangler."

When Dodd was in his greatest difficulties, he hit upon forging the signature of his former pupil, Lord Chesterfield, to a bond for 4,200*l*. He received the money in consideration of an annuity of 700*l*. By a singular accident the forgery was almost immediately

discovered. There was a "very remarkable blot" on the letter *e*, with pen-scratches above and below it. The solicitor through whom the business was transacted did not see that this blot could answer any end; he was led, however, in consequence, to call upon Lord Chesterfield. Lord Chesterfield disavowed his signature; warrants were obtained from the Lord Mayor, and the unlucky Doctor, and the broker through whom he had dealt, were at once arrested. Even then, Dodd was nearly able to make up the money, and there seemed every chance that, if Lord Chesterfield was merciful, he might still escape. By another curious accident the Doctor was left in a room alone with the bond, and with a bright fire burning on the hearth. Whether from thoughtlessness or want of courage, he missed the opportunity of destroying all evidence of his crime. The matter, however, seemed to be in course of arrangement, when the Lord Mayor insisted upon going into the case. It does not, indeed, appear that he could have done otherwise. Whatever influence might have been exerted by Lord Chesterfield was certainly not employed, whether it was really impossible for him to exert it effectually, or whether he was so insensible to ordinary feeling as to be honestly of opinion that his tutor had better be hanged. The Doctor was convicted without difficulty or hesitation; but, a point of law having been raised as to the admission of a certain witness, his execution was delayed for several months. The British public had full time to work itself up into one of its characteristic fits of excitement. It was undoubtedly a hard case, and there seems to have been a very general desire that the Doctor should be pardoned. The vein of sentimentality which Dodd's sermons endeavoured to excite was vigorously worked in his favour. It rather jarred upon

people's feelings to see a divine of his gushing oratory brought face to face with the coarse realities of the gallows. Some persons seem still to have believed that his virtue was not all sham; and others apparently preferred even a sham virtue to straightforward, unblushing vice. The Methodists took up his case eagerly. A petition was drawn up by Johnson, engrossed upon vellum, "in an exquisite specimen of caligraphy, by Tomkins of Sermon-lane." Tomkins endeavoured to persuade certain artists to embellish it with allegorical figures of Justice and Mercy. Parish officers took it round in deep mourning. The petition ultimately measured thirty-seven yards and a quarter in length, and contained thirty-three thousand signatures. The Court of Common Council, too, carried a petition in his favour after some debate. "Surely," as Dr. Johnson said, "the voice of the public, when it calls so loudly for mercy, ought to be heard." The voice, however, was not heard. Either Lord Mansfield's influence decided the Privy Council, at which the matter was debated for more than an hour, or the characteristic obstinacy of the King refused to give way, partly because he thought it unconstitutional to yield to popular clamour; and partly because he fancied that, if he pardoned Dodd, he would have murdered the Perreaus, two wealthy forgers who had suffered in the previous year. The wretched Doctor all this time continued to secrete the kind of matter that he had before worked up into sermons. It now took the shape of hundreds of lines of what he called blank verse, ending with a prayer for the King; on which Johnson's criticism says all that is to be said:

"Sir, do you think that a man the night before he is to be hanged cares for the succession of a royal family? Though he *may* have composed this prayer

then. A man who has been canting all his life may cant to the last. And yet a man who has been refused a pardon after so much petitioning would hardly be praying thus fervently for the King."

The most interesting part of Dodd's career is, in fact, his connection with Johnson. There is something very characteristic about Johnson's relations to the unlucky culprit. He acted with great humanity, writing constant petitions for him, cooking his sermons into decent shape, and even preparing his last dying speech and confession. Most of these productions are able, and the letter written by Johnson to Dodd just before his execution is of really striking eloquence. It is impossible, however, not to observe his queer mixture of motives. He takes a kind of morbid interest in anything connected with death and the gallows; he evidently wishes to save the Church of England from such a discreditable transaction as the hanging of a clergyman: he is really humane, and at the same time he always looks at the transaction with a certain vigorous sense of humour. When Boswell remarked, with his usual tempting absurdity, that Dr. Dodd seemed to be willing to die, and to be full of hopes of happiness; "Sir," said Johnson, "Dr. Dodd would have given both his hands and both his legs to have lived." Johnson might have said this with more certainty if he had been aware of one story told by Mr. Fitzgerald.* A plan had been made for saving Dodd's life. A warm-bath was ready at an undertaker's, and John Hunter was waiting to try the experiment. Some arrangements were made to keep the pressure of the cord off his neck, and instructions were given that his legs were not to be pulled. Unluckily for Dodd, the crowd pressed so thickly that

* In his Account of Dr. Dodd, published in 1865.

hours elapsed before the body could be brought from the place of execution to be experimented upon. Hunter worked long and perseveringly, but without success; and, although the sentence was hard, it is impossible to regret that it was effectually carried out. A more worthless scoundrel has seldom passed out of the world; and one would have almost been sorry if, when so many commonplace people were being quietly executed for trifling crimes, Dodd should have escaped by a sporadic outburst of the sentimentality which is now threatening to become endemic. We may remark, in conclusion, that Dodd was one of the few clergymen of the Church of England who have preached their own funeral sermon previous to execution. His sermon was in fact written by Johnson, and was eagerly read, under the title of *The Convict's Address to his Unhappy Brethren.* Some lurking hope, it is said, was instilled into his mind by a foolish friend, that arrangements had been made to insure his recovery, which he was recommended to further by not struggling after the cart should slide away from under him! *

Amid all the obloquy or contempt which followed Dodd from the bar to the cell (says a reviewer in the *Athenæum*), and from thence to the gallows, there is one bright spot in the person of the Rev. Weedon Butler. This honest clergyman literally clung to Dodd from first to last, though he had no share in his way of life, only the greatest share in what passed for Dodd's literary labours. He had been the Doctor's amanuensis, journeyman, drudge. He was all this willingly; and, in all probability, it was because he was only with his patron, or master, in hours of study, literary toil, or church-service that he never wavered in his respect for

* Abridged from the *Saturday Review.*

Dodd, in estimation of his character, or in affection for the man, as he knew him. Through good report and evil report, Weedon Butler's loyalty to one whom he considered in some sort as a benefactor never faltered. He was at Dodd's side during his first agony, during each successive stage of agony, down to the death, and beyond it. On the night of the execution, after the attempt to resuscitate the poor dead wretch had failed, Weedon Butler carried the body down to Cowley, inscribed a name over the grave into which he put it, and often visited it afterwards, in token of an abiding love. This one good man, Weedon Butler, is here well rescued from oblivion by Mr. Fitzgerald. Let us add, that one good woman (Mrs. Dodd) has had reparation at his hands. That arch ruffian, Foote, blasted her character on the stage; that arch scandalmonger, Walpole, has treated her as roughly as, with better grounds, he has done her husband, and writers of "stories" have fallen, unconsciously, into the same mistaken path. *She*, perhaps, was the only person who believed that the execution of Dr. Dodd was a judicial murder. It was a hard thing, no doubt, to hang a man for a forgery by which nobody suffered much injury; but there was hung with him a poor boy of some eighteen years old, for robbing a man of half-a-guinea! And this poor lad rode to Tyburn in a cart (behind the carriage which conveyed Dr. Dodd), with his head lying on his old father's bosom, who clasped it in a terrible despair.

Doctor Dodd's fate is said to have been predicted as follows. It happened that the Doctor and Mrs. Dodd went on a pleasurable jaunt to Bristol. Whilst there, it was usual with them to ride out in the morning; in one of these rides they met a party of gipsies, who surrounded them, and begged to be allowed to tell from

their starry book of fate the future incidents of their lives. Mrs. Dodd was for complying with their request, not through any reliance upon their predictions, but merely as harmless diversion; accordingly, she told one of the modern sibyls, she might proceed with her prognostications. Meanwhile, the Doctor heard, with contempt, the stories of the old hag, who was trumping up a long string of fortunate events that were to happen to his wife. But when the gipsy had finished, and was about to proceed with a solution of the Doctor's destiny, he could no longer remain silent, but severely reprehended the insolence of the woman in interrupting him, and amusing his wife with ridiculous stories. The gipsy, however, continued; but the Doctor angrily persisted in his refusal to hear a syllable of her pretended disclosures. Mrs. Dodd paid the gipsies; one of whom, when the chaise moved on, bawled out to the Doctor, "Since you will not give anything, I'll tell you your fortune for nothing. You seem to carry your head very high now, but it will be raised higher yet before you die, for *you will be hanged.*" The Doctor did not appear to pay any attention to the sibyl; but the same day he related the affair to Sir Richard Temple and his lady, with whom he dined; and this was told with such lively humour by Dodd that it created considerable mirth among the company.

Some time after this, the Doctor and Mrs. Dodd were crossing the Channel in a packet from Dover to Calais, when a violent storm arose, and the passengers were under apprehensions of wreck. Doctor Dodd, who thought there was no danger, in order to cheer the spirits of his fellow-passengers, facetiously said, "You may be assured that no harm will arise; for, as *I* am to be hanged, *you* cannot be drowned."

ATTEMPT OF MARGARET NICHOLSON ON THE LIFE OF GEORGE III.

During the reign of George III., the domestic residence of the Court was at Buckingham House, or the Queen's House, as it was called, though the Court ceremonies were held at St. James's Palace. Here, at the garden entrance front, St. James's Park, Margaret Nicholson made her insane attempt upon the life of the King, on the morning of August 2, 1786. As his majesty was stepping out of his post-chariot, the frantic woman, who was waiting there, pushed forward and presented a paper, which the King condescendingly received. At that instant, she struck a knife, which she had hitherto concealed, at the King's breast, which his Majesty happily avoided by bowing as he received the paper. As the woman was making a second thrust, one of the yeomen caught her arm, and at the same instant one of the royal footmen wrenched the knife out of her hand. The King, with amazing temper and fortitude, exclaimed at the instant, "I have received no injury; do not hurt the woman; the poor creature appears insane." This account is given by Mrs. Delaney, in her *Letters*, who adds, "his majesty was perfectly correct in his humane supposition. Margaret Nicholson underwent a long examination before the Privy Council, who finally declared that they were clearly and unanimously of opinion that she was and is insane. The instrument struck against the King's waistcoat, and made a cut, the breadth of the point, through the cloth. Had not the King shrunk in his side, the blow would have been fatal. Margaret Nicholson was committed to Bethlehem Hospital, as a criminal lunatic, and was removed, with the other inmates, from the old hospital in Moorfields to the

new hospital in Lambeth, where she died May 14, 1828, in her 99th year, having been confined in Bethlehem forty-two years." Upon one occasion she addressed to the matron of the hospital the following strange note:

"Madam,—I've recollected perhaps 'tis necessary to acquaint you upon what account I continue here yet, *maim*, after making you privy to my great concerns, *madam*. I only wait for alteration of the globe which belongs to this house, *maim;* and if the time is almost expired, I wish to know it, *maim*. Though I am not unhealthy, yet I am very weak; know, *maim*, therefore, I hope it won't be long, *maim*.

"I am, madam, your most obedient,

"Wednesday. M. NICHOLSON."

LONDON ROBBERIES IN 1800.

Madame Roland, in her *Trip to England*, published in the above year, gives the following account of the street-robberies common at that time:

"There are neither guards nor muskets at the entrance of the public places, nor in the inside, and there is not any bustle and confusion as is seen in ours; the audience call out *encore* as we cry *bis*, and they frequently make the actors sing over again the songs that please. As people in London dine very late, commonly at four o'clock (and at six among the great), the public places hardly begin till between six and seven at soonest, and are not over till late in the night: we came out of the Haymarket Theatre at eleven o'clock, and left the afterpiece just begun. A person must take care of his pockets and look about him in the evening, when he

happens to be in the streets. In London there are a great many robbers; they assemble together to a certain number, and even stop carriages; they never assassinate unless in case of an obstinate resistance, as happened three days ago, near the Opera House, to a musician, about midnight; he attempted to defend himself against several, and he was killed. If, however, a passenger can escape from their clutches by calling stoutly for the *watchmen*, they are frightened, and he thus gets rid of them.

"The *watchmen* are men, sometimes old soldiers, set to guard the streets of London. There are so many assigned to each parish; they walk about with a rattle, a lantern, and call the hours as they strike; they have places of rendezvous, and small watch-boxes in several parts. Persons in easy circumstances, who leave town in the summer, carry with them their plate and what they have most valuable, or send it to their bankers; on their return they expect to find their house robbed. Frequently travellers take the precaution to carry what is called the *robber's purse*—that which is meant to be given them in case of being attacked. A great talk has been made about taking methods to put a stop to these frequent robberies; but some opposition has always been started. It is here nearly as it was in Lacedemonia—to the vigilance of every individual is left the care of avoiding these daily little losses; besides, it would be apprehended that every well-armed guard, every means of police or of rigour at first established for the safety of the citizens, would shortly become an instrument of oppression and tyranny. In this point of view it is, perhaps, the extreme of wisdom not to persist in annihilating the abuse. In the town there are quarters well known where the thieves assemble and hold

their consultations. However, they are hung without mercy when they are caught in the fact, or the crime is evidently proved; the mere deposition of a person robbed would not be sufficient, for here neither the liberty nor the life of man is sported with; it is necessary to prove, the judges examine the proofs, and the law alone pronounces the penalty. Scarcely a month passes without an execution of thieves taking place, by ten or twelve at a time, more or less."

TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF COLONEL DESPARD.

Towards the close of the year 1802, the feeble Peace of Amiens was evidently on the eve of ending, and Europe was in feverish excitement. Continued alarms of internal treachery, magnified into giant cases of treason, and exaggerated demonstrations of loyalty, were the order of the day. This political condition must be fully understood to make us now comprehend the extraordinary sensation caused by the following criminal attempt of a half-crazy officer and a parcel of pauper miscreants; truly one of the most miserable affairs that perhaps ever occupied a royal commission sitting on a trial for high treason. The chief conspirator, Despard, who had been a thorough gentleman and a soldier, and who had Nelson himself to give him a character, must, from what he supposed was the neglect, but what was more probably then the procrastination of Government, have lost his wits, and become a dangerous lunatic, more fit for a madhouse than the gallows.

The ancient and honourable family of Despard is to this day of high standing and respectability in Ireland. The first of the Despards who settled there was a com-

missioner sent by Queen Elizabeth for partitioning the Irish lands. Edward Marcus Despard, the subject of this trial, was born in 1750, and was the youngest of six brothers, all of whom, except the eldest, had served their country either in the army or navy. In 1766, he entered the army as an ensign in the 5th Regiment, was for many years entrusted with important offices, and in 1783 was promoted to the rank of colonel, and so well discharged his duty that he was appointed Superintendent of his Majesty's affairs on the coast of Honduras. The clashing of interests, however, of the inhabitants of the coast produced much discontent, and the Colonel was by a party of them accused—wrongfully, as it turned out—to his Majesty's ministers of various misdemeanours. He therefore came home, and demanded that his conduct should be investigated; but, after two years' attendance on all the departments of government, he was at last told by the ministers that there was no charge against him worthy of investigation, and that his Majesty had thought proper to abolish the office of Superintendent at Honduras, otherwise he should have been reinstated in it; but he was then, and on every occasion, assured that his services should not be forgotten, but in due time meet their reward. The Colonel, however, got irritated by continual disappointments, and began to vent his indignation in a public and unguarded manner. He consequently was looked on as a suspicious character, and was arrested and held for some time in harsh confinement in Coldbath-fields, under the Act which empowered "his majesty to secure and detain such persons as his majesty shall suspect are conspiring against his person and government." Imprisonment increased rather than amended the rancour and restlessness of Despard's temper, and on his libera-

tion he was little better than a lunatic. He had become a wild revolutionist and an infidel. He daily grew more malignant against government; and at length his detection in a miserable conspiracy was revealed to the public in the following manner. On the 16th of November 1802, in consequence of a search-warrant, a numerous body of police-officers went to the Oakley Arms, Oakley-street, Lambeth, where they apprehended Colonel Despard, and nearly forty labouring men and soldiers, many of them Irish. Next morning they were brought before the magistrates at Union Hall; and the result of their examination was that Colonel Despard was committed to the county gaol, and afterwards to Newgate. Twelve of his low associates (six of whom were soldiers) were sent to Tothill-fields Bridewell, and twenty to the New Prison, Clerkenwell.

The Colonel, during the preliminary examinations, was invariably silent. The Privy Council, the more effectually to try the prisoners, issued a special commission, which was opened on the 21st of January 1803, at the Sessions House at Newington. Among the grand jury were Sir Mark Parsons and Lord William Russell, whose names awoke in themselves criminal recollections, for Sir Mark's father was hanged for felony in 1760, and Lord William was murdered by Courvoisier in 1840. On Monday, the 7th of February, the trial of Despard began. The Attorney-General, after fully stating the law respecting treason and conspiracy, read over the names of the persons included in the indictments, and observed that ten of them, besides the prisoner, were apprehended at the Oakley Arms on the 16th of November. It appeared that in the previous spring a detachment of Guards returned from Chatham, and shortly afterwards a conspiracy was formed for

overturning the government; a society was established for the extension of liberty, of which two men, named Francis and Wood, were very active members; they frequently attempted to seduce soldiers into the association, and sometimes with success. The oath administered was printed on cards in these words: "Constitution! the independence of Great Britain and Ireland! an equalisation of civil, political, and religious rights! an ample provision for the families of the heroes who shall fall in the contest! a liberal reward for distinguished merit! These are objects for which we contend, and to obtain these objects we swear to be united." The form of the oath was: "In the awful presence of Almighty God, I, A. B., do voluntarily declare that I will endeavour, to the utmost of my power, to obtain the objects of this union—namely, to recover those rights which the Supreme Being, in his infinite bounty, has given to all men; that neither hopes nor fears, rewards nor punishments, shall induce me to give any information, directly or indirectly, concerning the business, or of any members of this or of any other similar society, so help me God!"

The Attorney-General proceeded to state that, about the middle of the summer the conspirators began to think it dangerous for them always to meet at the same place. To avoid suspicion they, therefore, went to various public-houses in Windmill-street, Oxford-street, St. Giles's, Hatton-garden, Whitechapel, in the Borough, about the Tower, and to the Oakley Arms in Lambeth. To these meetings they invited soldiers, and treated them; toasts were given to answer the objects of the association, such as "The Cause of Liberty," "Extension of Rights," "The Model of France," &c. They now increased greatly in audacity, and were betrayed

by their confidence into the greatest extravagances. Some of them proposed a day for attacking the Tower, and the great blow was to have been struck on the 16th of November, the day on which the King first intended to go to Parliament, but which was deferred until November 23. Colonel Despard, on his first meeting the conspirators, explained his plan of carrying the treason into execution, and the mode of watching and guarding the Tower, to see what facilities or difficulties might attend an attack upon that place. The plan of intercepting the King in his way down to Parliament House was discussed: one suggested the shooting of the horses, and then the coach would necessarily stop; upon which it was observed that the Life Guards surrounding the coach would cut down any man who attempted to approach it. When the schemes were nearly completed, about thirty persons were arrested at the Oakley Arms, and a sufficient body of evidence collected to prove them guilty. The conspirators consisted of journeymen, day-labourers, and common soldiers, besides the prisoner at the bar. Several were discharged, and one, Windsor, the evidence, came after the arrest, and offered to deliver himself up, and communicate all the information in his power; on his testimony several others were taken into custody.

Thomas Windsor, the principal evidence, said he had received some papers from John Francis, who told him the object of the party was to overturn the present tyrannical system of government. The manner of taking the oath was by reading it secretly, and then kissing the card. One object of the members was to raise subscriptions for delegates to go into the country, and to pay for affidavits. The society was divided into companies of ten men, commanded by another, who bore

the title of colonel. To get recruits, cards were to be distributed through the country. Afterwards the witness was introduced to Colonel Despard at Newington, who said that a regular organisation in the country was necessary, and he believed that it was general. The people were everywhere ripe, and were anxious for the attack; "and," added he, "I believe this to be the moment—particularly in Leeds, Sheffield, Birmingham, and every great town throughout the kingdom. I have walked twenty miles a day, and wherever I have been the people are ripe." Colonel Despard then said that the attack was to be made on the day when the King would go to Parliament. He stated that, after the destruction of the King, it was proposed the mail-coaches should be stopped, as a signal to the people in the country that the revolt had taken place in London.

The Colonel was cautious as to the admission of new members. At another meeting, accompanied by Heron, a discharged soldier, and another person, Despard observed: "We have been deceived as to the number of arms in the Bank, there are only 600 stand there, and they have taken the hammers to render them useless, as they must have been apprised of our intention." They then returned to a public-house, when the Colonel said privately to the witness, "Windsor, the King must be put to death the day he goes to the House, and then the people will be at liberty." He said he would himself make the attack upon his majesty if he could get no assistance from that (meaning the Middlesex) side of the water. The prisoner Wood said, that when the King was going to the House, he would post himself as a sentry over the great gun in the park; that he would load it, and fire at his majesty's coach as he passed through the park. Wood might, in the

course of his duty, be sometimes placed as a sentry over that gun.

Thomas Blaise, a private in the second battalion of Guards, deposed that Wood told him of the union of several gentlemen, who had determined to form an independent constitution at the risk of their lives and fortunes. The commissions were to be distributed previous to the attack; when one of the persons, named Pendril, observed that if it had not been for four or five cowards, it would have taken place before that day, adding that he himself could bring a thousand men into the field, and if any man showed symptoms of cowardice he would blow his brains out; if anybody dared to betray the secret, that man, he said, should have a dagger in his heart. The witness then deposed to meeting with Colonel Despard at the Oakley Arms, on which occasion he heard much conversation about the best method of attacking the King; some said the Parliament House must be attacked, and after that they must file away for the Tower. This witness, on his cross-examination, admitted that he had been three times tried by a court-martial for desertion, as well as accused of theft.

William Francis, a private in the First Guards, deposed nearly to the same effect as the preceding witness as to the nature of the oath, which was read to him because he could not read himself; he said at one time there was an assemblage of people near the Tower, but they were immediately dispersed by orders from Colonel Despard; but he admitted that the oath was administered to him by the Colonel himself; at one meeting the soldiers drew their bayonets, and said they were ready to die in the cause. Several other soldiers in the Guards gave evidence as to the meeting of societies for

overturning the government, under the name of "Free and Easy," which met at different public-houses.

John Emblin, another witness, deposed that he attended at the Oakley Arms, but disapproved of the plans. Colonel Despard informed him that a very considerable force would come forward—particularly in all the great towns; and said that he had been engaged in this business for two years; and added, "I have travelled twenty miles a day; everywhere I have been the people are ripe, and anxious for the moment of attack." This witness deposed to the plan of shooting the horses; also to the conversation about seizing the Bank, and taking the Tower; and, he added, Broughton told him, with an oath, that he was resolved to load the great gun in the park with four balls or chain-shots, and fire at the King's coach as he returned from the House.

Serjeant Best then addressed the jury on behalf of the prisoner, and ridiculed the idea of fourteen or fifteen, in a common tap-room, with no fire-arms but their tobacco-pipes, men of the lowest orders of society, who were to seize the King, the Bank, the Tower, the members of both Houses of Parliament—in short, he considered the whole statement of the witnesses as too absurd to merit attention; and that Colonel Despard, who was a gentleman and a soldier, could not have embarked in such impracticable schemes unless he was bereft of reason. He then alluded to the past services of the Colonel, who, in a joint command with Lord Nelson, had preserved one of our valuable colonies. It was known that the Colonel had been suspected by the government; but though he had long been confined, there was not, at that time, sufficient evidence against him to go before a grand jury.

Serjeant Best then called, as a leading witness for character, Lord Nelson, who said: "We went on the Spanish main together; we slept many nights together in our clothes upon the ground; we have measured the heights of the enemy's wall together. In all that period of time, no man could have shown more zealous attachment to his sovereign and his country than Colonel Despard did. I formed the highest opinion of him at that time, as a man and an officer, seeing him so willing in the service of his sovereign. Having lost sight of him for the last twenty-three years, if I had been asked my opinion of him, I should have said, 'If he is alive, he is certainly one of the brightest ornaments of the British army.'" Two other distinguished witnesses spoke in favour of the character of the Colonel—viz. Sir Edward Clark, at one time Governor of Jamaica, who had known the Colonel for many years up to 1790; and Sir Evan Nepean, Bart., Secretary to the Admiralty, who had been intimate with him from 1784 until almost up to the time of the trial. Mr. Gurney spoke to evidence in behalf of the prisoner. Colonel Despard declined saying anything in his own behalf. The Solicitor-General replied on the part of the crown; after which Lord Ellenborough summed up. The jury withdrew at about twenty minutes after two o'clock on Tuesday morning to consider their verdict; they returned into court in about twenty-five minutes, with a verdict finding the prisoner—guilty. The foreman added, "My Lord, we most earnestly recommend the prisoner to mercy, on account of the high testimonials to his former good character and eminent services." The court then adjourned.

Next morning the court again met, and proceeded with the trial of the other prisoners, which lasted till

near eight o'clock the next morning, when the jury found nine guilty, and they, with Colonel Despard, were set to the bar, and Lord Ellenborough passed upon them sentence of death as follows: "That you and each of you be taken to the place from whence you came, and from thence you are to be drawn on hurdles to the place of execution, where you are to be hanged by the neck, but not until you are dead; for, while you are still living, your bodies are to be taken down, your bowels torn out and burnt before your faces; your heads are to be then cut off, and your bodies divided each into four quarters, to be at the king's disposal; and may the Almighty God have mercy on your souls!"

The whole of this sentence, which, as the punishment of treason, disgraced our law even to a late period (until altered by the 54 George III., c. 146), was too disgusting and cruel to be completely carried out. The warrant which directed the execution remitted the disembowelling and quartering. This document was sent to the keeper of the new Horsemonger-lane Gaol, at Newington, at six o'clock on Saturday evening, February 19, and included seven prisoners, three having been respited. The execution was ordered for the following Monday. When it was communicated to the unhappy persons by the keeper of the prison, Colonel Despard observed that he had not had from the first any strong expectation that the recommendation of the jury would be effectual. The mediation of Lord Nelson and a petition to the Crown were tried; but they were unavailing. Soon after the arrival of the warrant, all papers and everything he possessed were taken from the Colonel. His wife, a lady of Honduras, whom he married while in his command there, was fearfully affected when she first heard his doom was sealed, but

afterwards recovered her fortitude. At parting, on Saturday, when Mrs. Despard got into the coach that drove her away, she waved her handkerchief out of the window. The wives and near relatives of the other prisoners took their farewell of them on the same day.

At daylight on Sunday morning the drop, scaffold, and gallows on which they were to be executed were erected on the top of the gaol. The Bow-street patrol and other peace-officers were on duty all day and night, and the military near London were drawn up close to the prison. Mrs. Despard took final leave of her husband at three in the afternoon; she came again at five o'clock, but was not admitted into his cell. Between six and seven o'clock, the Colonel threw himself on his bed and fell into a short sleep; at eight he woke, and said to one of the prison-officers: "Me!—they shall receive no information from me; no, not for all the gifts, the gold, and jewels in the possession of the Crown!" He then composed himself, and remained silent. Seven shells or coffins to receive the bodies were brought into the prison, and also two large bags filled with sawdust, and the block on which the condemned persons were to be beheaded.

At four o'clock next morning, February 21, the drum beat at the Horse-Guards as a signal for the troops to assemble. At six o'clock the Life-Guards arrived, and took up their station at the end of the different roads at the Obelisk in St. George's-fields, whilst all the police-officers attended. There were parties of Life-Guards riding up and down the roads. At half-past six the prison-bell rang—the signal for unlocking the cells. At seven o'clock five of the men went into the chapel with the Rev. Mr. Winkworth; Macnamara being of another persuasion, and Despard,

being in his craziness an infidel, did not join them. The sacrament was administered in the chapel. Despard and Macnamara were then brought down from their cells, their irons knocked off, and their arms bound with ropes. The Colonel shook hands cordially with his solicitor, and thanked him for his kind attention; then, observing the sledge and apparatus, he, smiling, said, "Ha! ha! what nonsensical mummery is this?" Notice having been given that all was ready, the Colonel, who stood first, retired behind, and motioned to Francis, who was making way for him, to go before him. The hurdle, being the body of a small cart, on which two trusses of clean straw were laid, was drawn by two horses. At half-past eight the melancholy procession advanced. Colonel Despard was the last to appear; he was dressed in a blue double-breasted coat, with gilt buttons; cream-coloured waistcoat, with narrow gold-lace binding; a flannel inside-vest, with scarlet top turned over; gray breeches, long boots, and a brown surtout. He stepped into the hurdle with much fortitude, having an executioner on the right and on the left, and on the same seat, with drawn cutlasses. He was then conducted to the outer lodge, whence he ascended the staircase leading to the place of execution.

After the prisoners had been placed on the hurdle, St. George's bell tolled for some time. They were preceded by the sheriff, the Protestant clergyman, and a Catholic clergyman. The shells or coffins were now placed on the platform on which the drop was erected; the bags of sawdust, to catch the blood when the heads were severed from the bodies, were laid beside them. The block was near the scaffold. There were about one hundred spectators on the platform, among whom were some persons of distinction. Macnamara, a Ca-

tholic, was the first on the platform; and when the cord was placed round his neck, he exclaimed, "Lord Jesus, have mercy upon me! O Lord, look down with pity upon me!" The populace were much struck by his appearance.

Colonel Despard ascended the scaffold with great firmness, and his countenance underwent not the slightest change during the dread ceremony of fastening the rope round his neck, and placing the cap on his head; he even assisted the executioner in adjusting the rope. He looked at the assembled multitude with perfect calmness. The Protestant clergyman, who came upon the scaffold after the prisoners were tied up, spoke to him a few words as he passed. The Colonel bowed, and thanked him. The ceremony of fastening the prisoners being finished, the Colonel advanced as near as he could to the edge of the scaffold, and delivered an address to the multitude, in which he said: "Fellow-citizens,—I come here, as you see, after having served my country—faithfully, honourably, and usefully for thirty years and upwards—to suffer death upon a scaffold for a crime of which I protest I am not guilty. I solemnly declare that I am no more guilty of it than any of you who may now be hearing me. But though his majesty's ministers know as well as I do that I am not guilty, yet they avail themselves of a legal pretext to destroy a man because he has been a friend to truth, to liberty, and to justice." When he had concluded his address, there was no public expression either of approbation or disapprobation. The Protestant clergyman prayed with five of the prisoners, and the Catholic priest with Macnamara; but to the very last Colonel Despard obstinately refused all clerical assistance; nor would he even join in the Lord's Prayer. The executioner pulled the caps

over the faces of the unhappy persons, and descended the scaffold. Most of them exclaimed, "Lord Jesus, receive our souls!" At seven minutes before nine o'clock the signal was given, and the platform dropped. After hanging about half an hour, till they were quite dead, they were cut down. Colonel Despard was first cut down, his body placed upon the sawdust, and his head upon a block. After his coat and waistcoat had been taken off, his head was severed from his body by persons engaged for the purpose. The executioner then took the head by the hair, and carrying it to the edge of the parapet on the right hand, and on the left, held it up at each edge to the view of the populace, and exclaimed each time, "This is the head of a traitor, Edward Marcus Despard." Despard's remains were then put into the shell. The other prisoners were cut down, their heads severed from their bodies and exhibited to the populace, with the exclamation of "This is the head of another traitor," adding the name. The bodies were, like Despard's, put into their respective shells, and delivered to their friends for interment. The execution was over by ten o'clock, and the populace soon after dispersed quietly. The remains of the six common men were deposited in one grave in the vault under the Rev. Mr. Harper's chapel in the London-road. The body of Colonel Despard was taken from Mount-street, Lambeth, on the 1st of March, in a hearse drawn by four horses, and followed by three mourning-coaches, with four gentlemen in each, including a son of the Colonel. The body was interred in the churchyard belonging to the parish of St. Faith, at the south end of St. Paul's Cathedral. A great crowd had collected.

We have abridged the preceding narrative from Mr. Serjeant Burke's celebrated *Naval and Military Trials*,

published in 1866.* In conclusion, the learned Serjeant observes: "The trial of Colonel Despard presents coincidences with that of Governor Wall, that preceded it. Both Wall and Despard were men of family, and both came from nearly the same part of Ireland; both, by their own merit, rose to be colonels and governors of colonies, and both were eventually hanged in London —the one in the spring of 1802, and the other in the spring of 1803, and formed melancholy but happily very rare instances of military officers of rank suffering, for disgraceful offences, the extreme penalty of the law. Another coincidence may be mentioned. The Hon. Spencer Perceval, who was the Attorney-General at this trial, fell, in a few years afterwards, the victim of an assassin—Bellingham, who was a kind of lunatic, like Despard, and had a similar real or ideal cause of grievance, viz. the inattention of the government to the application or complaint he was making."

Despard, as we have seen, in the course of his service was the companion and friend of Lord Nelson, during his coöperation with whom at the siege of Honduras, in his zeal for the public cause, he advanced large sums of money, from his own resources, for the promotion of the operations of the war. For this, as well as for his gallantry and ability, he was thanked by Parliament, but *not repaid.* On his arrival in England, he pressed his claims for repayment upon the ministry; and irritated by the delays and difficulties thrown in the way by officials, he became irritated beyond control. He appealed to the House of Commons, but in vain. He then fell into pecuniary difficulties, became excited to desperation, wrote violent letters to

* The Trial, in Mr. Serjeant Burke's volume, occupies some 40 pages.

ministers, and having joined the London Corresponding Society, was taken up under the act for suspending the writ of Habeas Corpus, and confined in Coldbath-fields prison. Here Lord Cloncurry, then the Hon. Mr. Lawless, found Despard, who had served many years in tropical climates, imprisoned in a stone cell, 6 feet by 8, furnished with a truckle-bed and a small table; there was no chair, fireplace, or window, light being only admitted through a barred but unglazed aperture over the door, opening into a paved yard, at the time covered with snow. Despard was confined, we believe, in the winter of 1797, and during his incarceration he had grown worn and wan, and of unsound mind. In talking over the condition of Ireland with Mr. Lawless, the Colonel said, that though "he had not seen his country for thirty years, he had never ceased thinking of it and of its misfortunes, and the main object of his seeing Mr. Lawless was to disclose his discovery of an infallible remedy for the latter, viz. a voluntary separation of the sexes, so as to leave no future generation obnoxious to oppression." This plan of cure would, he said, defy the machinations of the enemies of Ireland to interrupt its complete success.

Despard's first imprisonment lasted from 1797 to 1801, when the act suspending the Habeas Corpus expired. Mr. Lawless was imprisoned in the Tower from 1799 to 1801 in the same way. He became Lord Cloncurry in 1799. He visited Despard in 1797.

FLIGHT OF YOUNG WATSON THE RIOTER.

Towards the close of the year 1816, the distress of the working classes throughout the kingdom, and the

apprehension of dearth through the newly passed Corn Laws, occasioned riotous assemblages, more especially in the metropolis. Here large and tumultuous meetings were held, particularly in Spa-fields, Clerkenwell, a district now thickly covered with houses. On the 15th of November, many thousand artisans assembled there, under the presidency of Mr. Henry Hunt—"Orator Hunt," as he was commonly styled; and he unquestionably possessed a commanding person, and ready eloquence of a certain character, such as to fit him for a popular leader. At this meeting, a petition to the Prince Regent was resolved on; and on the 2d of December another meeting was held in Spa-fields, to receive the answer to the petition, which could only be presented through the Home Secretary of State. The people were exasperated at their rebuff, and an alarming breach of the peace took place. A young man named James Watson, the son of a Bloomsbury surgeon, after uttering an inflammatory harangue, seized a flag from one of the bystanders, and, heading a party of the mob, led them into the City, where they attempted to plunder the shop of a gunsmith on Snow-hill. Watson fired a pistol at a gentleman in the gunsmith's shop, who remonstrated with him, when he was apprehended; but in the confusion that ensued he escaped. A large reward was offered by the government for his apprehension. He was ultimately concealed in the house of a shoemaker in the neighbourhood of Newgate-street, where he underwent a complete disguise. His hair was cut and dressed in a formal fashion, and his forehead and face were dyed and burnt with caustic, to give him a scrofulous appearance. Clothes of quaker-cut were prepared for him, and these were so padded as to make the wearer, young Watson, appear nearly double his usual size; whilst

shoes of an ingenious make were contrived to deceive persons as to his real height. When on his feet, the shoes seemed to be made with double soles and heels, as if for the purpose of elevating a person of very short stature, whereas they had in reality scarcely any sole or heel at all; and by this contrivance those who knew Watson well would suppose the person who stood before them to be much shorter than he really was.

These precautionary disguisings being completed, a passage to America was engaged for Watson on board the ship Venus, and he applied personally, as "Quaker Pearson" (the name assumed by him), for his passport. In leaving London he had a narrow escape: the police, having received a hint as to his place of concealment, visited and searched it an hour after he had left it, but they obtained no clue whatever to the road he had taken.

At Gravesend, Watson personally applied for and received his passport; he then went on board the ship, which remained in the river from Tuesday to Saturday, during which time it was searched by three different parties of police, accompanied by persons who knew Watson well; yet he never lost his self-possession, always made himself conspicuous to the visitors, and had the good fortune to be passed over without the least suspicion. He repeatedly entered into conversation with the passengers about himself and his escape, in which he affected so offhand a style as to obtain the name of "the proud farmer," by which he was known during the remainder of the passage.

On his arrival in America, Watson wrote a letter to his mother in England, which was received by her in July 1817. In the following October, Mr. Henry Bradshaw Fearon, who was then on his journey through the United States, during his short stay at Pittsburgh,

saw, at Carey's porter-house there, several mechanics, chiefly English, and all discontented with America. In this porter-house his attention was directed to a person sitting like a sot in a corner, who turned out to be that offspring of folly and sedition, the younger Watson, little known and less regarded. Mr. Fearon adds, in his *Sketches of America*, published in 1818: "Americans who have heard of him either care nothing about him, or despise him for the political part he has taken. . . . . I had imagined young Watson to be a daring, bold, enthusiastic, indiscreet young man; . . . . but I found him sunk to the lowest depth of wretchedness and contempt, a loathsome sot, murdering his time in miserable drinking-houses, alike shunned by and shunning all respectable society and social intercourse." This is the last account we have of this intemperate and misguided young man.

HONE'S THREE TRIALS.

"The punishing of wits," says Francis Bacon, "enhances their authority; and a forbidden writing is thought to be a certain spark of truth that flies up in the faces of them that seek to tread it out." The result of the prosecution of William Hone strikingly exemplifies the truth of this teaching of two centuries before.

On the 12th of May 1817, Earl Grey mentioned in the House of Lords that a Mr. Hone was proceeded against for publishing some blasphemous parody; but he had read one of the same nature, written, printed, and published some years ago by other people, without any notice having been officially taken of it. The parody to which Earl Grey alluded, and a portion of

which he recited, was Canning's famous parody, *Praise Lepaux*—an imitation of the *Benedicite* and of passages in Job—which was published in the *Anti-Jacobin;* and he asked whether the authors, be they in the cabinet or in any other place, would also be found out and visited with the penalties of the law. This hint to the obscure publisher against whom these *ex-officio* informations had been filed for blasphemous and seditious parodies was effectually worked out by him in the solitude of his prison, and in the poor dwelling where he had surrounded himself, as he had done from his earliest years, with a collection of odd and curious books, from which he had gathered an abundance of knowledge that was destined to perplex the technical acquirements of the Attorney-General, to whom the sword and buckler of his precedents were wholly useless, and to change the determination of the boldest judge to convict at any rate.

On the morning of the 18th of December 1817, there was a considerable crowd round the avenues of Guildhall. A bookseller was to be tried in the Court of King's Bench for printing and publishing parodies, at 55 Fleet-street and 67 Old Bailey, three doors from Ludgate-hill. The doorkeepers and officers of the court scarcely knew what was going to happen, for the table within the bar had not the usual covering of crimson bags; but ever and anon a dingy boy arrived with an armful of books of all ages and sizes, and the table was strewed with dusty and tattered volumes. A middle-aged man, with a half-sad, half-merry twinkle in his eye, took his place at the table and began to turn over the books. Sir Samuel Shepherd, the Attorney-General, took his seat, and looked compassionately, as was his nature to do, at "the pale man in threadbare black," William Hone. Mr. Justice Abbott arrived in due

time; a special jury was sworn; the pleadings were opened; and the Attorney-General stated the case against William Hone for printing and publishing an impious and profane libel upon the Catechism, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, thereby bringing into contempt the Christian religion. "It may be said," argued the Attorney-General, "that the defendant's object was not to produce this effect. I believe that he meant it, in one sense, as a political squib; but his responsibility is not the less." As the Attorney-General proceeded to read passages from the parody upon the Catechism, the crowd in court laughed; the bench was indignant; and the Attorney-General said the laugh was the fullest proof of the baneful effect of the defendant's publication. At the close of the case for the prosecution, Mr. Hone rose and addressed the court, and complained of his wrongs, his commitments, his hurried calls to plead, the expense of the copies of the informations against him. As to parodies, he maintained "they were as old at least as the invention of printing; and he never heard of a prosecution for a parody, either religious or any other. There were two kinds of parodies—one in which a man might convey ludicrous or ridiculous ideas relative to some other subject; the other where it was meant to ridicule the thing parodied. The latter was not the case here, and therefore he had not brought religion into contempt."

This was the gist of William Hone's defence. This argument was worked on three days; on the first of which the defendant spoke six hours, on the second seven hours, and on the last eight hours. It was in vain that the Attorney-General urged that to bring forward any previous parody was the same thing as if a person charged with obscenity should produce obscene

volumes in his defence. It was in vain that Mr. Justice Abbott repeated his wish that the defendant would not read such things. On he went, till interruption was held to be in vain. It was worse than vain; it was unjust. Truly did Hone reply to Mr. Justice Abbott, "My lord, your lordship's observation is in the very spirit of what Pope Leo the Tenth said to Martin Luther, 'For God's sake don't say a word about the indulgences and the monasteries, and I'll give you a living;' thus precluding him from mentioning the very thing in dispute. I must go on with these parodies, or I cannot go on with my defence." Undauntedly he went on, from the current literature of the time. The editor of *Blackwood's Magazine* was a parodist—he parodied a chapter of Ezekiel; Martin Luther was a parodist—he parodied the 1st Psalm; Bishop Latimer was a parodist, and so was Dr. Boys, Dean of Canterbury; the author of the *Rolliad* was a parodist; and so was Mr. Canning. Passage after passage did Mr. Hone read from author after author. He thought it was pretty clear that Martin Luther did not mean to ridicule the Psalms; that Dr. Boys did not mean to ridicule the Lord's Prayer; that Mr. Canning did not mean to ridicule the Scriptures. Why, then, should it be presumed that he had such an intention? As soon as he found that his parodies had been deemed offensive, he had suppressed them, and that he had done long before his prosecution. It was in vain that the Attorney-General replied that Martin Luther was a libeller, and Dr. Boys was a libeller. The judge charged the jury in vain. William Hone was acquitted, after a quarter of an hour's deliberation.

Next morning, 19th December, Mr. Hone entered the court with his load of books; he was this day in-

dicted for the Litany libel. Again the Attorney-General affirmed, that whatever might be the object of the defendant, the publication had the effect of scoffing at the public service of the Church. Then the defendant battled his judge with a firmness that rode over every attempt to put him down. Parody after parody was produced, and especially those parodies of the Litany which the Cavaliers employed so frequently as vehicles of satire upon the Roundheads and Puritans. The Lord Chief-Justice, in his charge, pronounced this to be a most impious and profane libel. The jury, in an hour and a half, returned a verdict of Not guilty.

On the 20th December a third indictment was tried by a third jury. Lord Ellenborough again took his seat on the bench. Hone came into court pale and agitated, and the Attorney-General offered to postpone the proceedings. The defendant, however, made his election to go on. This third indictment was for publishing a parody on the Creed of St. Athanasius, called "The Sinecurist's Creed." Hone asked for five minutes' delay; the judge refused; he would postpone the proceedings to another day, if requested. "No, I make no such request," was the reply. "My lord, I am very glad to see your lordship here to-day, because I feel I sustained an injury from your lordship yesterday — an injury which I did not expect to sustain. . . . . If your lordship should think proper, on this trial to-day, to deliver your opinion, I hope that opinion will be coolly and dispassionately expressed by your lordship. . . . . My lord, I think it necessary to make a stand here. I cannot say what your lordship may consider to be necessary interruption, but your lordship interrupted me a great many times yesterday, and then said you would interrupt me no more, and yet your lordship did inter-

rupt me ten times as much. . . . . Gentlemen, it is you who are trying me to-day. His lordship is no judge of me. You are my judges, and you only are my judges. His lordship sits here to receive your verdict. . . . . I will not say what his lordship did yesterday; but I trust his lordship to-day will give his opinion coolly and dispassionately, without using either expression or gesture which could be construed as conveying an entreaty to the jury to think as he did. I hope the jury will not be beseeched into a verdict of guilty."

The triumph of the weak over the powerful was complete. "The frame of adamant and soul of fire," as the biographer of Lord Sidmouth terms the Chief Justice, quailed before the indomitable courage of Hone. Yet this was a man who, in the ordinary business of life, was incapable of enterprise and persevering exertion; who was one that even his old political opponents came to regard as a gentle and innocuous hunter after "all such reading as was never read;" who in a few years gave up his politics altogether, and, devoting himself to his old poetry and his old divinity, died the sub-editor of a religious journal. It was towards the close of this remarkable trial that the judge, who came eager to condemn, sued for pity to his intended victim. The defendant quoted Warburton and Tillotson, as doubters of the authenticity of the Athanasian Creed. "Even his lordship's father, the Bishop of Carlisle, he believed, took a similar view of the Creed." And then the judge solemnly said, "Whatever that opinion was, he has gone, many years ago, where he has had to account for his belief and his opinions. . . For common delicacy forbear." "O, my lord, I shall certainly forbear." Grave and temperate was the charge to the jury this day; and in twenty minutes they returned a verdict of Not guilty.

On Sunday the 21st December, the day after this last trial, Lord Ellenborough wrote to Lord Sidmouth, stating that the disgraceful events which had occurred at Guildhall within the last three or four days had led him to resign his office.

As to the three acquittals, the three special juries would have assuredly convicted the defendant, had they not felt that the real sting of the alleged profaneness was the severity of the political satire. Although the indictments stated that these parodies were seditious as well as profane, the sedition was studiously kept in the background. Had they not been really prosecuted for their political doctrines, their unquestionable indecency and impropriety must have carried a verdict against them on the first trial. The second and third trials looked like persecution; and public opinion threw its shield over the offender.

A letter from Mr. Ward (Lord Dudley) to the Bishop of Llandaff exhibits a striking example of the difference of opinion that existed in high quarters as to the prosecution of Hone. The personal friend of George Canning, writing to a most pious and learned dignitary of the Church, responds to the sentiments of that dignitary that this transaction was uncalled for and oppressive. "I am particularly gratified with what you say about the business of Hone. It is an additional proof (if any were wanting) of your superiority to those prejudices with which place and profession might have inspired a man of less sound understanding and a less independent character. I have been inclined all along to think, and what you say confirms me in the opinion, that the prosecution was discreditable to the government and its law advisers. Not that I believe they were actuated by tyrannical principles. It was a mere blun-

der; but the success of it would have afforded a very mischievous precedent for bad times. Certainly this man meant no good either to Church or State; and that is reason enough for the whole race of methodistical Tories (who are guided entirely by their own feelings as to the particular case, without any regard to, or knowledge of, the general principles of justice), to be sadly grieved that his ears were not cropped, as they would have been by the Star-Chamber. That famous tribunal no doubt had its merits. It punished many scoundrels that could not have been got at by a regular course of law, and was therefore an object of admiration so long as it lasted, and of regret when it fell, to precisely the same sort of persons that now mourn over the acquittal of Hone." *

PILLORY PUNISHMENTS.

Persons fifty years of age may possibly recollect this barbarous punishment, which was inflicted in the streets of our metropolis so lately as the year 1830. It has a curious history. The pillory was a mode of punishment for crimes by a public exposure of the offender, used for many centuries in most of the countries of Europe, under various names. In France it was called *pillorie*, whence the English name. In England it existed before the Norman Conquest. In the laws of Canute it was called *halsfang*, catchneck; a name derived without doubt from the form of the instrument used, and the mode in which the punishment was inflicted. Hence also the Latin name of the pillory, *collistrigium*, or stretchneck. It was, in the Middle Ages, the great

* Abridged from *Thirty Years' Peace*, by Harriet Martineau.

institution for the punishment of a variety of offences. Thus, in the *Liber Albus*, or White Book of the City of London, compiled by John Carpenter, Clerk, and Richard Whitington, Mayor, in the reign of Henry V., we find "Judgments of Pillory for Lies, Slanders, Falsehoods, and Deceits;" and it played a prominent part in the penalties imposed on the offenders. There was pillory for cheating on the sale of a garland (meaning certain goldsmiths' work); pillory for the free-trading heresy of forestalling poultry; pillory for affeering, or fraudulently raising, the price of corn; pillory for selling oats good at the top, bad below; pillory for selling sacks of coals deficient in weight; pillory for selling rings and clasps made of latten, gilt and silvered over, for gold and silver; forfeiture of forestalled ducks; forfeiture of furs, for mixing new work with old; pillory for selling counterfeit cups; and there are various instances where false breeches, pouches, gloves, lures, caps, and other articles were publicly burnt.

We meet with instances of pillory for pretending to be one of the sheriff's sergeants, and meeting the bakers of Stratford and arresting them, with the view of fraudulently extorting a fine; for the offence of pretending to be the summoner of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and so summoning the Prioress of Clerkenwell—the same offender also pretending that he was the king's purveyor; pillory for cutting off pouches or purses; for taking away a child to go begging; punishment of the thewe for being a common scold; punishment of the pillory for pretending to be a king's officer; pillory again for playing with false dice and deceiving the public; for begging under false pretences; for deceiving the public with counters for gold; for using a false *queek*, which may have been a chess-board; for practis-

ing soothsaying for the discovery of a stolen mazer; for pretending to be a physician; for practising magic; for pretending to be the son of the Earl of Ormond; for bribing an approver to bring a charge against a certain brewer; for stealing a leg of mutton at the flesh shambles of St. Nicholas; for pretending to be an officer of the Marshalsea; for cutting off a *baselard*, or sword; for pretending to be a holy hermit; for pretending to be begging on behalf of the Hospital of Bethlehem; for counterfeiting the seals of the Pope and certain others, nobles of England; for exhibiting divers counterfeit Bulls.

In early times the pillory was much used for the punishment of fraudulent bakers. In the *Chronicle of the Mayors and Sheriffs of London*, under the year 1269, we read that the pillory that stood in Chepe was broken through the negligence of the bailiffs, and for a long time remained unrepaired; wherefore, in the mean time, no punishment was inflicted upon the bakers, who made their loaves just as they pleased; so much so, that each of their loaves was deficient in one-third of the weight that it ought to weigh, according to the award that had been made upon the assay of the feast of Saint Michael preceding; and this lasted for a whole year and more. Then the sheriffs had a new pillory made, and erected it in the place where the old pillory had previously stood.

The form of the pillory, as used in England in the time of Henry VII., may be seen in a collection of prints published by the Society of Antiquaries.

No punishment has been inflicted in so many different ways as that of the pillory. Sometimes the machine was constructed so that several criminals might be pilloried at the same time; but it was commonly capable of holding only one at a time. These varieties are all reducible, however, to the simplest form of the pillory.

It consisted of a wooden frame or screen raised on a pillar or post several feet from the ground, and behind which the culprit stood supported on a platform, his head and hands being thrust through holes in the screen, so as to be exposed in front of it; and in this position he remained for a definite time, sometimes fixed by law, but usually assigned at the discretion of the judge who passed the sentence. Rushworth says: "It is said by the managers of the House of Commons that this mode of punishment was first invented for mountebanks and cheats, who had abused the people from a similar station." This screen, in the more complicated forms of the instrument, consisted of a perforated iron circle or *carcan* (hence one of the names given to the pillory in French), which secured the hands and heads of several persons at the same time.

In England the form of the judgment was that the defendant should be set *in and upon* the pillory. In a case which occurred in 1759, an under-sheriff of Middlesex was fined fifty pounds, and imprisoned for two months, by the Court of King's Bench, because, in executing the sentence upon Dr. Shebbeare, who had been convicted of a political libel, he had allowed him to be attended upon the platform by a servant in livery, holding an umbrella over his head, and to stand without having his neck and arms confined in the pillory. Shebbeare wrote a scandalous paper called *The Monitor*, in which he made a pious resolution of writing himself into a place on the pillory. Horace Walpole calls him a broken Jacobite physician; he published a bitter letter to the Duke of Newcastle, which occasioned these two lines:

> "'Tis below you, dear doctor, to worry an elf,
> Who, you know, will defend anything but yourself."

However, Shebbeare earned his sentence for his "Sixth Letter to the People of England," before the conclusion of the reign of George the Second, and into a pension at the beginning of the next, for one and the same kind of merit—writing against King William and the Revolution! Dr. Johnson and Dr. Shebbeare were pensioned at about the same time. A good saying was then current, that the King had pensioned a He-bear and a She-bear.

One of the most notorious of pilloried offenders was Titus Oates. During the closing years of the reign of Charles II., Oates was protected by the government, and received a pension of 1200*l.* a year. In the following reign, as might be expected, his enemies revenged themselves. The Duke of York had not long succeeded his brother on the throne before Oates was tried and convicted of perjury, sentenced to imprisonment for life, and to be whipped, and *stand in the pillory at intervals.* The punishment was so rigidly enforced that Hume states it must have been the intention of the government that it should terminate his life; he lived, however, until William III.'s reign, received a pension of 400*l.* a year, and died at an advanced age. A clever picture of Oates in the pillory at Temple-bar was painted a few years since, and exhibited at the Royal Academy, in Trafalgar-square.

People in general were formerly brought up in a spirit of brutality, with which some of Hogarth's pictures make us acquainted; and their popular amusements were boxing, or "bruising," as it was called, and cock-fighting, and the like. In the month of February 1761 the reformers of public morals speak with horror of the cruelty which, according to annual custom, would be shown to multitudes of inoffensive cocks and pigeons,

in the practice of throwing at them, or thrashing them, on the approaching Shrove Tuesday. Various descriptions of old degrading punishments, now obsolete, were then still in use, and formed ordinary spectacles in the streets of London; and criminals were sometimes exposed in the pillory or stocks, and flogged along the streets, before undergoing the more serious punishment awarded them by the law. On the 20th of February, a man condemned to seven years' transportation for perjury stood in the pillory at the Royal Exchange before being sent away. A print representing a similar offender undergoing his punishment furnishes us with the figure of the pillory at the same period.

The pillory was originally intended more for the exposure of the person to ridicule and infamy than bodily punishment. Barrington, in his *Ancient Statutes*, writes: "It may, therefore, well deserve the consideration of a judge who inflicts the punishment of the pillory (as it becomes at present [1775] the occasion of mobs and riots) whether it can be reconciled to the original intention of the law in this mode of punishment; as also, if this riotous scene ends in the death of a criminal, whether he is not in some measure accessory both to the riot and the murder. There hath been more than one instance of such a murder within these twenty years; particularly that of Egan, who stood in the pillory on the 8th of March 1756. Salmon, who suffered this sentence at the same time, was likewise so bruised that his life was for a considerable time despaired of. The sheriffs and other peace-officers who attended them when they stood in the pillory on the 5th of March preceding were in imminent danger of their lives by endeavouring to prevent these disorders. The offence of these criminals was undoubtedly of the most atrocious

nature; nor do I see why they might not have been indicted for murder, notwithstanding Mr. Justice Foster hath, in his *Reports*, p. 142, intimated his opinion that such an indictment would not lie, and chiefly because there is no precedent. To the honour of human nature, however, such crimes are not to be heard of in every century."

On the other hand, where the unpopularity of the prosecution or other causes have occasioned a feeling in the public mind favourable to the offender, the execution has sometimes been a species of triumph. This occurred in the case of Easton, an aged person, who was convicted of an irreligious libel in 1812, at a period of much political excitement; and who, when exposed in the pillory, was received with demonstrations of respect and sympathy, the mob taking off their hats, and individuals offering him wine and refreshments.

Here is another more remarkable instance of this kind. Horace Walpole writes, Feb. 14, 1765: "Williams, the re-printer of the *North Briton*, stood in the pillory to-day in Palace-yard. He went in a hackney-coach, the number of which was 45. The mob erected a gallows opposite to him, on which they hung a boot [a jack-boot, in allusion to the Christian name and title of Lord Bute], with a bonnet of straw. Then a collection was made for Williams, which amounted to near 200*l.* [in a *blue* purse, trimmed with *orange*, the colour of the Revolution in opposition to the Stuart]."

The pillory was a Star-Chamber punishment. Down to our time it was the common sentence for perjury. The usual places where the pillory was pitched were, the Royal Exchange, the Old Bailey, Temple-bar, Lincoln's-Inn-fields, Charing-cross, New Palace-yard, and

Tyburn. About the year 1812, the writer remembers to have seen four men in the pillory, at the north end of Fleet-market, Holborn-bridge. The north-west side of Lincoln's-Inn-fields, handy to Clare-market, was another pillory "pitch." From the market the mob came with cabbage-stalks and other vegetable refuse, to pelt the pilloried persons; and not unfrequently stones were thrown. We remember to have heard a *quondam* sheriff declare that on one occasion he determined to keep the mob at a distance by a cordon of peace-officers round the pillory set up in Lincoln's-Inn-fields. He was there in his robe of office and his wand, but was abused by the disappointed mob as much as were the culprits, and narrowly escaped being roughly handled for his humanity. Barbarous treatment has almost uniformly attended the punishment. Barrington observes: "The chief intention of setting a criminal in the pillory is that he should become infamous, and known for such afterward by the spectators. Can an offender whose face is covered with rotten eggs and dirt be distinguished, so as to prevent his gaining a new credit with those who have occasion afterwards to deal with him?"

Near the old Sessions House, "Hicks's Hall," in St. John-street, Clerkenwell, was a pillory, of which we read in the *Daily Journal* for November 7, 1730, as follows: "A man stood in the pillory at Hicks's Hall for uttering base and counterfeit money, pursuant to his sentence." Thence the pillory was removed to Clerkenwell-green, when the new Sessions House was built; here John Britton remembered to have seen a man exposed in the pillory, and mercilessly pelted; and here, in 1787, a woman who was placed in the pillory for perjury was so severely used by the mob that it was

for some time feared she could not recover from the injuries she had sustained.

The last person who stood in the pillory in London was Peter James Bossy, for perjury, in the Old Bailey, June 23, 1830. It was abolished in Great Britain in 1837, by the statute 1 Vict. c. 23, which, reciting that it is expedient to abolish the punishment of the pillory, enacts accordingly that thenceforth judgment shall not be awarded against any person convicted of any offence, that such person do stand in or upon the pillory, any law, statute, or usage to the contrary notwithstanding.

A pillory is still standing at Coleshill, in Warwickshire; and in an unused chancel of Rye church, Sussex, is a pillory, last used in 1813.

The pillory was abolished in France in 1832.

Mother Needham, who has been "damned to everlasting fame" by the satire of Hogarth and the eloquence of the *Grub-street Journal*, was a wholesale pillory customer. She was reported to have been dead for some time, to screen her from prosecutions, when, April 29, 1731, she was convicted for keeping a disorderly house in Park-place, St. James's, was fined one shilling, to stand twice in the pillory, and get sureties for her good behaviour for three years. On the 5th of May she stood in the pillory, and was very roughly handled by the populace. She was so very ill that she lay along, notwithstanding which she was so severely hurt as to be expected to die in a day or two. Another account says: "She lay along on her face in the pillory, and so evaded the law, which requires that her face should be exposed." She died as above, declaring, in her last words, that what most affected her was her terror of standing in the pillory next day in New Palace-yard, "having been so

ungratefully used by the populace," &c. Pope thus perpetuates her in the *Dunciad:*

> "To Needham's quick the voice triumphal rode,
> But pious Needham dropt the name of God."

The note on this passage says she was "a matron of great fame, and very religious in her way; whose constant prayer it was that she might 'get enough by her profession to leave it off in time, and make her peace with God.' But her fate was not so happy; for, being convicted and set in the pillory, she was (to the lasting shame of all her great friends and votaries) so ill-used by the populace that it put an end to her days."

PRESSING TO DEATH AT THE OLD BAILEY.

Respiration may be prevented by mechanical pressure; but, no doubt, where death is produced in this manner, it is often accompanied by injuries to the internal organs. The barbarities of former times furnish us with dreadful instances of death resulting from compression of the chest. In order to oblige a criminal to plead at the bar when he refused to do so, he was sometimes stretched on his back, whilst a large iron weight was placed on his chest, and additions gradually made until he consented to do what was required, or sank under the infliction.

The large area in the Old Bailey between the court-house and the prison of Newgate is to this day called "the Press-yard," and its name recalls one of the horrors of the old criminal law—that of "pressing to death," or, in legal phrase, the custom of *peine forte et dure*, the strong and hard pain. For a considerable period the punishment appears to have been simply imprisonment of a hard nature; that is, the prisoner was barely kept

from perishing of cold and hunger. But in the reign of Henry IV. the judgment of persons standing mute, according to the advice of all the judges, was "that the marshal should put them in low and dark chambers, naked except about their waist, and that he should place on them as much weight of iron as they could bear, *and more*, so that they should be unable to rise; that they should have nothing to eat but the worst bread that could be found, and nothing to drink but water taken from the nearest place to the gaol, except running water, and *e contra;* and that they should be there till they were dead." And this was the custom that continued down to the last century, with the mere alteration, from humane motives, of making the weight sufficient to insure death speedily, the placing a sharp stone or piece of wood under the back with the same view, and the addition of a preliminary process of tying the thumbs with whip-cord, in order to compel the culprit to plead without resorting to the more terrible infliction. By the statute 12 Geo. III. it was enacted that persons refusing to plead, when arraigned for felony or piracy, should be convicted of the same.

One of the latest cases of pressing to death at the Old Bailey appears to have been in 1734. Previous instances at the same place are very numerous. In April 1721, Mary Andrews, refusing to plead, had her thumbs tied with whip-cord, but remained so firm under the infliction, that three several cords were broken before she would plead. In the same year Nathaniel Harvey suffered in a similar manner, without giving evidence of a faltering resolution. In consequence, he was placed under the press, where he bore, for seven minutes, the weight of 250 lb. before he submitted. But the most interesting case is the following.

In 1659 Major Strangeways was placed at the bar, charged with the murder of his brother-in-law, Mr. Fussell. The father of Strangeways left him in possession of a farm, an elder sister of the latter being executrix. Here they lived together, it is said, very happily, till the sister formed an acquaintance with Fussell, a respectable lawyer. The brother appears to have been from the first greatly averse to the connection, and once swore, "if ever she married Mr. Fussell, to be the death of him, either in his study or elsewhere." They parted, and in parting quarrelled about their property. This led to litigation, Fussell, after his marriage with his sister, presenting certain suits against Strangeways. One day, whilst the former was in London, engaged in this and similar business, he was suddenly struck, where he sat at his lodgings, by two bullets, and fell dead. Suspicion fell on Strangeways, who was taken into custody. On the day of the inquest he was conveyed by a guard "to the place where Mr. Fussell's body lay, where, before the coroner's jury, he is commanded to take his dead brother-in-law by the hand, and to *touch his wounds;* a way of discovery which the defenders of *sympathy* highly applaud—on what ground, this is no place to dispute. But here the magnetism fails; and those effusions, which, according to their opinion, being part of the *anima media*, tenaciously adhere to the body, till separated by its corruption, being the same that, by united atoms becoming visible, conjure these spectrums that wander about the cenotaphs and dormitories of the dead, and do, when hurried from the actions of vitality by a violent death, as attempting to revenge its wrongs, fly in the face of the murderer, and, though in such minute parts as are too subtle for the observation of sense, keep still hover-

ing about him, and when he is brought to touch the murdered body, which was its former habitation, by the motion of sympathy, calls from the sallyports of life some of those parts of her life which yet remains within it; who, that they may flow forth to meet it, are conveyed in the vehiculum of the blood."*

This savage expedient having failed, the foreman of the jury proposed that all the gunsmiths' shops in London and the adjacent places should be examined, to see what guns had been lent or sold on the day of the murder. The jury mostly thought the proposition impracticable, and one of them, Mr. Holloway, who was a gunmaker, said decidedly the thing was not to be done, from the great number of his profession; adding that he, for one, had lent a gun on the day in question, and no doubt many others. Strange to say, that was the very gun with which the murder had been committed, and by its means Strangeways was discovered to be the murderer. Overcome by the extraordinary nature of the proof, he confessed his connection with the alleged crime. The day of trial was the 24th day of February, when, on being asked to plead, he said "that if it might, on his being tried, be admitted him to die by that manner of death by which his brother fell, he would plead; if not, by refusing to plead, he would both preserve an estate to bestow on such friends for whom he had most affection, and withal free himself from the ignominious death of a public gibbet." This olden phraseology is quoted from the trial as reported in the *Harleian Miscellany*, already referred to.

Persisting in his resolution, Strangeways was sen-

* From the *Harleian Miscellany*, vol. iv.

tenced by Lord Chief-Justice Glynn to be "put into a mean house, stopped from any light, and that he be laid upon his back, with his body bare; that his arms shall be stretched forth with a cord, the one to the one side, the other to the other side of the prison, and in like manner shall his legs be used; and that upon his body shall be laid so much iron and stone as he can bear, and more; and the first day shall he have three morsels of barley-bread, and the next day shall he drink thrice of the water in the next channel to the prison-door, but no spring or fountain water; and this shall be his punishment till he die."

On the Monday following, at eleven in the forenoon, the sheriffs and other officers came to the Press-yard, where the miserable prisoner was presently brought. He wore a mourning cloak, beneath which he appeared clothed in white from head to foot. By the sheriffs he was conducted to a dungeon, where, after prayers, "his friends placed themselves at the corners of the press, whom he desired, when he gave the word to lay on the weights." This they did at the signal of "Lord Jesus, receive my soul;" but, finding the weights too light for sudden execution, many of those standing by added "*their burthens* to disburthen him of his pain." He died in about eight or ten minutes. The press used on this occasion was of a triangular form, and so constructed as to press upon the breast of the sufferer, about the region of the heart, as the speediest mode of relieving him from his agony.

MEMORABLE EXECUTIONS IN THE OLD BAILEY.

The place of execution was changed from Tyburn to the Old Bailey in the year 1783, when the first culprit was executed here on the 9th of December. The gallows was built with three cross-beams, for as many sufferers; and between February and December 1785, ninety-six persons suffered by "the New Drop," substituted for the cart. On one occasion the old mode of execution was renewed; a triangular gallows was set up in the road, opposite Green Arbour-court, and the cart was drawn from under the criminal's feet. Among the more memorable executions here are the following:

On the morning of June 22, 1786, six men and one woman were executed before Newgate—namely, four for robbery, one man for coining and counterfeiting a halfpenny; the woman, named Harris, for assisting in counterfeiting some shilling-pieces. Soon after the unhappy men were dead, twelve persons went upon the scaffold and had the hands of the deceased repeatedly rubbed by the executioner upon their faces and necks, as a supposed cure for the protuberances called wens. About a quarter of an hour after the platform had dropped, the female convict was led by two officers of justice from Newgate to a stake fixed in the ground, about midway between the scaffold and the pump. The stake was about eleven feet high, and on the top of it was inserted a curved piece of iron, to which the end of the halter was tied. The prisoner stood on a low stool, which, after the ordinary had prayed with her a short time, being taken away, she was suspended by the neck, her feet being scarcely more than twelve or thirteen inches from the pavement. Soon after the signs of life

had ceased, two cart-loads of fagots were placed around her and set on fire. The flames presently burning the halter, the convict fell a few inches, and was then sustained by an iron chain, passed over her chest and affixed to the stake. Some scattered remains of the body were perceptible in the fire at half-past ten o'clock. The fire had not quite burnt out even at twelve. Phœbe Harris was a well-made little woman, something more than thirty years of age, of pale complexion, and not disagreeable in features. When she went out of prison she appeared both languid and terrified, and trembled greatly as she advanced to the stake, where the apparatus for the punishment she was about to experience seemed to strike her mind with horror and consternation, to the exclusion of all power of recollectedness in preparation for the awful approaching moment.

The execution of Holloway and Haggerty, on February 22, 1807, who had been convicted on very questionable circumstantial evidence of the murder of Mr. Steele, a passenger, on Hounslow Heath, attracted here a vast crowd. Holloway, when on the scaffold, bowed repeatedly to the crowd, and, after a moment's pause, cried out loud enough to be heard by the multitude: "Innocent! Innocent! Innocent! Gentlemen!—No verdict! No verdict! Gentlemen!—Innocent! Innocent!" Just before the culprits mounted the scaffold, the feelings of the spectators were most painfully agitated by the deplorable situation of a great number of persons in the crowd (which now amounted, according to the best calculation, to nearly 40,000), who, from the extraordinary pressure and other causes, were every moment in danger of being suffocated or trampled to death. In all parts there were cries of "Murder! Murder!" particularly from the women and boys, some of whom were

seen expiring, without the possibility of the least assistance being afforded them, every one endeavouring to preserve his own life. The most affecting scene of distress was witnessed at the corner of Green Arbour-lane, nearly opposite the Debtors'-door. The catastrophe which took place near this spot is attributed to the circumstance of two piemen attending there to dispose of their pies, and one of them having his basket upset, some of the mob, not being aware of what had happened, and at the same time severely pressing, fell over the basket and the man, at the moment he was picking it up, together with its contents. Those who once fell were never more able to rise, such was the pressure of the mob. At this spot several persons were trampled to death: in other parts of the crowd some lost their lives by suffocation. As fast as the mob cleared away after the execution, and those on the ground could be picked up, they were conveyed, in carts and on boards, to Bartholomew's Hospital, when thirty-two persons were found pressed to death, and many others were severely and mortally wounded. Those who presented their sides to the pressure escaped; but those who received it on their stomachs fell dead, or suffered great injury.

On the morning of May 1st, 1820, were executed here Arthur Thistlewood and four others, for murder and treason; these persons being a portion of the Cato-street Conspirators, who met to assassinate the Cabinet Ministers, as "a rare haul, to murder them altogether," at dinner, at Lord Harrowby's, in Grosvenor-square, had they not been apprised of the plot. The conspirators had assembled at Cato-street, in a loft over a stable, accessible only by a ladder. Here, while the traitors were arming themselves by the light of one or two candles, a party of Bow-street officers entered the

stable; when Smithers, the first of them who mounted the ladder, and attempted to seize Thistlewood, was run by him through the body, and instantly fell: whilst, the lights being extinguished, a few shots were exchanged in the darkness and confusion, and Thistlewood and several of his companions escaped through a window at the back of the premises; nine were taken that evening with their arms and ammunition, and the intelligence conveyed to the Ministers, who, having dined at home, met at Lord Liverpool's to await the result of what the Bow-street officers had done. A reward of 1000*l.* was immediately offered for the apprehension of Thistlewood; and he was captured before eight o'clock next morning, while in bed at a friend's house, No. 8 White-street, Little Moorfields. The conspirators were sent to the Tower, and were the last persons imprisoned in that fortress. On April 20th, Thistlewood was condemned to death, after three days' trial; and on May 1st, he and his four principal accomplices, Ings, Brunt, Tidd, and Davidson, who had been severally tried and convicted, were hanged at the Old Bailey, and their heads cut off by a surgeon, on the scaffold. Thistlewood, and his fellow conspirators, were the first buried in the cemetery within the walls of Newgate. On the day that he was executed, his wife entreated to have his body delivered to her; but the answer returned was, that "Thistlewood was buried within the prison."

Southey, in his well-known work, *The Doctor*, chap. lxxi., relates this touching anecdote of Thistlewood's last hours: "When the desperate and atrocious traitor Thistlewood was on the scaffold, his demeanour was that of a man who was resolved boldly to meet the fate he had deserved: in the few words that were exchanged between him and his fellow-criminals he observed that

the grand question whether or not the soul was immortal would soon be solved for them. No expression of hope escaped him; no breathing of repentance, no spark of grace, appeared. Yet (it is a fact which, whether it be more consolatory or awful, ought to be known), on the night after the sentence, and preceding his execution, while he supposed that the person who was appointed to watch him in his cell was asleep, this miserable man was seen by that person repeatedly to rise upon his knees, and heard repeatedly calling upon Christ his Saviour to have mercy upon him, and to forgive him his sins."

The selection of *Cato*-street for the conspirators' meeting was accidental; and the street itself is associated but indirectly in name with the Roman patriot and philosopher. To efface recollection of the conspiracy of the low and desperate politicians of 1820, Cato-street has been changed to Homer-street.

It was formerly the usage to execute the criminal near the scene of his guilt. Those who were punished capitally for the Riots of 1780 suffered in such parts of the town as they were detected; and in 1790 two incendiaries were hanged in Aldersgate-street, at the eastern end of Long-lane, opposite the site of the house they had set fire to. Since that period there have been few executions in London, except in front of Newgate. The last deviation from the regular course was in the case of the sailor Cashman, who was hung, in 1817, in Skinner-street, opposite the shop of Mr. Beckwith, the gunsmith, which he had plundered in company with others from a Corn-law meeting in Spa-fields.

The execution of Pegsworth, for murder, on the 7th of March 1837, is described with much graphic feeling by "an Old Contributor" to *Blackwood's Magazine*. Pegsworth, about two months previously, sought an in-

terview with one Ready, a tailor, to whom he owed a trifling sum, for which he had been summoned to a Court of Requests. While standing in quiet conversation and remonstrance with Ready, who was an invalid, Pegsworth calmly drew a long, sharp knife from his pocket, and stabbed him to the heart, so that he almost instantly expired. Both were members of the same dissenting chapel, and had ever passed for quiet, reputable persons; both had wives and families. The murderer immediately surrendered himself to the officers of justice; instantly confessed the fact; and when arraigned at the Old Bailey pleaded guilty—on which he was immediately sentenced to death, and his body, according to the recent statute, to be buried within the precincts of the prison. When this part of his sentence was pronounced, and then only, he shuddered.

The "Old Contributor" procured admission into the interior of Newgate, for the purpose of witnessing the person and demeanour of the murderer, and the solemn preparations for his execution. The Press-room he describes as not very large, nor had it been used for such a purpose as the present. The window looked upon a confined yard in the centre of the prison—and the revolving iron spikes with which the tops of the walls were fortified, together with the gloomy, massive, and ponderous appearance of everything around, reminded one of the inscription,

"Who enters here gives up all hope."

At the end of the room, opposite to the door, leaning against a kind of door, stood three men; the one in the middle—a short, sallow-visaged, ill-omened wretch, in a shabby old drab greatcoat—proved to be the hangman, Jack Ketch; and the other two were his assistants. These grim ministers of death were standing in silence;

he in the middle had his hands stuck into his hind coat-pockets, where doubtless were the cords and rope, ready to be produced the instant they were wanted.

The entrance of the murderer, preceded by the sheriffs and under-sheriffs, and the ordinary (the Rev. Mr. Cotton), is thus described: Then followed a man with a slow, firm step, walking unassisted, his countenance solemn and composed, showing a mind absorbed in prayer—his eyes fixed and his hands clasped together. This was the miserable Pegsworth. He was dressed in a somewhat shabby claret-coloured body-coat with velvet collar, a black neck-handkerchief, a dark waistcoat, and corduroy trousers. He was about five feet seven or eight inches in height, and of a robust frame, with a tolerable head of dark hair, and looked just as old as he really was—thirty-six. The writer stood within a yard of him, and narrowly scrutinised his features. They appeared rigid, as if with the efforts he was making to preserve his firmness, in which he surprisingly succeeded. Their expression seemed naturally heavy and sullen. The knotted forehead, the high cheek-bones, the peculiar *setting* of the eyes, the protuberant upper-lip, the *tout-ensemble* of his features, in short, was that of a man quite capable of committing the diabolical act of cruelty for which he was now about to suffer; and not a little mitigated the agonising sympathy, or pity, his present circumstances were so calculated to excite, by reconciling one to the removal of such a being from amongst us. He walked slowly and firmly to the middle of the room, when the sheriffs motioned the executioners to advance. They instantly came forward. One of them, drawing out a slender cord, tied his hands together at the wrists; a second passed a stronger cord round his arms, and fastened it at his elbows; while a third untied

his neck-handkerchief, and thrust it into the prisoner's bosom. While this frightful ceremony was going on, Pegsworth did not move a muscle—his eyes were fixed upwards, as if in intense devotion ("I shall never," says the writer, "forget their dreadful expression") — and though his lips slightly moved, he uttered no sound. Once, and once only, did his pent bosom relieve itself by a half-suppressed sigh, when he felt the executioner's hands removing his neck-handkerchief. He behaved, in short, with amazing firmness and decorum. "Believe in the Lord Jesus," whispered the dissenting minister to whose congregation he had belonged. Pegsworth fixed his leaden eye upon the speaker for a moment, but spoke not. How fearful was his quietude—his passiveness in the hands of those thus preparing him for death—a man in the prime of life, in full health, leaving behind him wife and children!

At length the preparations, which had not occupied more than three or four minutes, were completed, and the chief executioner, gently turning the prisoner with his face towards the door, shook his pinioned hands, as if asking his forgiveness for the act he was going to perform, and passed hastily out of the room, followed by his two assistants. The procession was immediately formed, and began to move towards the gallows. * * *

The gallows stood at about six feet distance from the spot where the writer was placed. On it stood the executioner and his assistants, waiting for the prisoner, who, following Mr. Cotton, and followed by two ministers, mounted the steep steps unassisted, and walked calmly to the spot from which he was to sink into eternity, suffering the executioner to place him exactly in the drop, and under the chain to which the rope was to be attached. He continued in exactly the same atti-

tude, and with the same expression of countenance, as in the Press-room. The cap was quickly drawn over his head, down to his chin, the rope adjusted round his neck, the steps by which the hangman had mounted to attach the rope to the beam were taken down, and then every one left the gallows but Mr. Cotton and Mr. Baker. The prisoner stood, in these appalling circumstances, as firm as a rock—neither his hands nor his knees moved or trembled in the slightest degree. The executioner took his place at the foot of the gallows, out of the sight of the crowd, and, with his hand upon the lever by which the plank whereon the prisoner stood was to be let fall, fixed his eyes upon Mr. Cotton, awaiting the signal. Standing closely opposite to the prisoner, Mr. Cotton resumed, in a distinct, deliberate manner, the reading of the burial-service, an awful silence prevailing among the spectators. . . . . Pegsworth hung quivering in mortal agonies, for Mr. Cotton had given the dreaded signal, and retired as quickly as possible. Frightful as was the object, the eyes of the writer were riveted upon the swaying body with a kind of fascination. After a few convulsive heavings, life seemed extinct, and the murderer had passed into the immediate presence of Him whose decree is that "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." . . . . . The victim of Satanic passions was at that moment hanging a miserable spectacle before the assembled thousands around the Debtors'-door.

Pegsworth acknowledged to Mr. Cotton, a day or two before, that he went into Ready's parlour for the purpose of stabbing him, but that, after conversing with his intended victim, his heart failed him, and he was on the point of leaving the room, repenting of the horrid purpose for which he had entered it, when poor unconscious

Ready said to him, "And you, Pegsworth, a *religious* man! *you* not pay your just debts!" "On which," said Pegsworth, "I turned round instantly, and stabbed him to the heart. I should never have done it but for his reproaches on the score of my religion."

For about a fortnight after the perpetration of his crime, he exhibited the most hopeless hard-heartedness. "He was like a rock—no making any impression on him, or extracting any expressions of compunction or remorse." His wretched wife, when she first came to visit him, he repulsed, and told her to "go along home, and look after her children." Latterly, however, the near and inevitable approach of death, added to the unceasing exertions of his spiritual advisers, brought him to a better frame of mind. If he did not exhibit that hearty and abundant contrition for his enormous offences which could have been desired, at least he acknowledged his guilt, and fervently besought the pardon and mercy of God in the ordinances of religion. He clung to his dissenting teacher to the last.

Though the mental suffering he had experienced ever since the perpetration of his crime, and during a period of two months, must have been great, yet, even when close confinement was added, it did not make any alteration in his health or appearance. He looked as stout and as healthy at the moment of being led to the gallows as when he was first taken into custody. Surely there are not many of us who would not, in half the time, have been worn to a skeleton, and reduced to the last stage of mental exhaustion. His features evinced a sullen and ferocious disposition, as far as any reliance may be placed upon physiognomy; and his arms and legs were very muscular.

Lastly, Pegsworth passed, in his progress to the

gallows, over the very spot where his remains were, on Wednesday, March 8, interred at midnight, by torch-light, next to those of Thistlewood and Brunt, in one of the passages of the prison.

On February 23, 1864, five-of seven pirates convicted at the Central Criminal Court of the murder of the captain of the ship Flowery Land, on the high seas, within the jurisdiction of the Admiralty of England, on the 10th of September 1863, were hanged in front of the prison of Newgate, in the presence of an immense concourse of people, there not having been so many as five men at one time executed at the Old Bailey for thirty-six years—since March 1828. The circumstances of this execution were very impressive. Shortly before eight o'clock, the under-sheriffs, sheriff, and officials passed out from the Sessions-house, and descended the flight of steps into the courtyard of Newgate, where from beyond the massive stone walls the shouts and cries and uproar of the mob came with a loud indistinct noise like the roar of an angry sea. It was a positive relief to escape from hearing this ravening crowd, and to pass at once into the dim quiet of the narrow, tortuous, and almost underground passages which lead from the Court-house to what is called in the gaol the New Wing. For a short length the passage is quite subterranean, and so narrow that there was scarcely room for two to pass abreast. At nearly every forty feet there is a ponderous iron door, so closed in overhead with massive iron bars that the day is almost excluded. One passage, though wider than them all, was gloomier, in fact, than any, and absolutely terrible in its associations. Its walls were of extra height; thick black iron grating crossed above it; the pavement was ruinously uneven; and on the whitewashed walls at either side

rough capital letters, coarsely carved in stone, could just be deciphered. In this forlorn, dim, close-barred prison-alley the horrors of Newgate seemed to culminate, for this is the Aceldama of our metropolis, the burying-place of London murderers, the miserable spot which is horrible and infamous even to prisoners; where, almost immediately after coming from the gallows, the corpses of felons are huddled naked into shells full of quick-lime, and thrust beneath the pavement as soon as cold; and there could be read at a glance the dreadful tales of blood which, without words, the "G" for Greenacre, or the "C" for Courvoisier, seemed to be always disclosing.

Singularly enough, it was nearly forty years since London had witnessed so terrible an execution as that of the pirates; and then the Cato-street conspirators suffered more for their folly than their crimes. Thistlewood and his companions occupy one end of the wall of this prison cemetery, and there has been only just room left to place the five murderers under corresponding slabs of stone at the other extremity of the passage. Passing through this and the place where women murderers also find a last asylum, where even their infamy is in time forgotten, the way winds on through courts and passages till the last grated door is silently opened; and the little procession passed suddenly into a lofty, warm, and spacious building, lighted from the top, and with a series of stone balustrades or balconies one over the other, running in front of the cells built into the walls around. A large black board, marked with the single word "Silence," hung in the centre of this, the New Wing. But the injunction was unnecessary, for not a word was spoken as the little group of officials stopped in front of the condemned cells. The silence

rom this time was almost unbroken, but all the rest of the dreadful incidents of the execution were hurried rapidly to a close. A short, thickset, shabby man, with venerable white locks and beard which his sinister face belied, shuffled rapidly in, cringing with a fawning deference to all he passed; and, opening a cell, proceeded to pull out several black leather straps, with thongs and buckles, that looked at first like harness. With one of these in his hand, he proceeded to the first cell, which was at once opened, and Watto was called forth to be pinioned by the common hangman. With the first call of his name, Watto stepped forth into the corridor, and stood meekly before the executioner, a slight, fair, and very good-looking young man of 21 or 22—a lad whom, to judge by physiognomy alone, one would have chosen out of a thousand for a kind and gentle disposition. In spite of his mild appearance and now meek bearing, he was, if evidence is ever to be trusted, one of the most ruthless of all these men—foremost among the plotters—most merciless of the assassins. He looked perfectly resigned and subdued as the hangman drew the straps and buckles rigidly around. When it was done, he asked for the turnkey who had watched over him since his conviction; and, when he at once came forward, tried to shake hands with him and kiss him on the cheek. But the gaoler, almost shuddering, drew back from the salute, and then and then only did the wretched young man seem abashed and cast down beneath the ignominy of his position; nor did the explanation of his clergyman that such farewells between men were not customary in England seem at all to relieve the confusion and despondency with which he retired slowly to his cell.

The four other assassins were then brought out and

pinioned; the last to come, Leone, who spoke English tolerably well, and when his hands and elbows were closely fastened to his side he leant forward and in a few broken words said to Mr. Sheriff Cave that he quite admitted the justice of his punishment, but until then he had never seen how wicked his crime had been, or how deserving it was of death. This was the only approach to a public confession made by any of the men; but nearly all the prisoners had stated to the sheriffs since their condemnation that they would never have been driven into mutiny and murder if they had not been nearly starved and kept on a pint of water a day while in the tropics. After such statements, it was expected that the owners of the ship Flowery Land would prove how she was victualled and watered for her voyage to China, and what was the actual provision made for the crew.

When Leone retired to his cell, the hangman left; and in a minute afterwards a signal was given, and one after another the five men were brought out, each between two warders, and then a somewhat hurried move was made through the passages again, but this time across another court-yard towards the front of the gaol, over the walls of which could be heard reverberating the dismal tolling of St. Sepulchre's bell, and, worse than all, the impatient, clamorous, roaring hum of the crowd outside.

Within a heavy iron grate they were thus led to a form, and there, for the first time since their trial, they sat down side by side; and almost as they did so the bell of Newgate, with a loud, discordant boom, began to toll above their heads. Beyond where the culprits were sitting was a passage, the end of which was thinly hung with black, and which led out into the open air, as was

shown by the glare of the day coming down between the narrow, dark stone walls. Outside this was the scaffold. But it needed nothing to tell the men that within a few feet of where they sat they were to die a shameful and a violent death; for with the first boom of the bell came in the hoarse murmur that a multitude makes when talking, mingled with an indescribable trampling sound, and cries of "Hats off! hats off!" "They are coming!" amid all which, and the noise and sway of a great crowd, the bell above the heads of the now fast-dying men went tolling rapidly on. It sounded more like an alarm than a knell. Nothing now was said, as two of the murderers leant back faint, and the others seemed to listen with dreadful faces, now looking up to where the clang of the bell came down upon them; then glancing with quivering lips through the passage, which just let in the daylight and the noise of the crowd, but allowed nothing to be seen beyond. The old hangman left to take a glimpse at the scaffold, and see that all was ready; and after him went one or two officials, furtively glancing at the mass of human beings which swarmed through Newgate-street into Smithfield, which thronged the house-tops and windows far and near, all looking with white upturned faces to where the dingy gibbet, with its five short links of chain, stood in front of the Debtors'-door. Scarcely a minute was thus passed, when the hangman returned and hurried out with the murderers; they were received by the multitude with various cries, shouts, and half-screams. The most powerful of all the murderers, and supposed to have been the most hardened, had fainted with the rope round his neck, and was, in fact, hanging till the warders ran back to fetch a chair, in which the wretched man was propped up till the drop fell. There was deep

silence now within and without the gaol, and none of the officials compelled to be present looked out, for the old hangman had left the men standing in a row, and was busy beneath the scaffold. In another instant there was a heavy sound, and all turned away, while the gibbet creaked audibly, for the five murderers hung dying side by side. There was a dreadful pause inside for a minute or two, during which all spoke in whispers, as if in a sick chamber. Then the creaking ceased, and the hangman, after a few business-like looks behind, came slouching in, and his return was taken as a sign that all was quiet now, and that the last and most solemn effort which man can make for self-preservation had been exercised against five as determined murderers as have ever hung in front of Newgate.

The cutting-down of the corpses was almost more repulsive than the hanging. The noises from the crowd which accompanied the severance of each rope, the heavy lump with which the corpse fell into its shell, the speed with which it was borne in, unpinioned, cast loose from its halter, and pronounced dead, made this a painful though, fortunately, a very quick business. The countenance only of Watto was slightly changed; the rest lay tumbled in their shells as the hangman had left them, precisely as though they slept. At two in the day their clothes were cut off them to the last fragment, and burnt. The shells were then filled up with quicklime, and at three o'clock they were placed beneath the stone at the end of the gloomy burying-place we have mentioned, without form or ceremony of any kind.

The time has been, and very lately too, when the dress in which a felon died, or even a cast of his distorted features, would have been worth their weight in gold. But nothing of this catering for the wretched

curiosity of the gallows is permitted now. In whatever clothes our worst felons die, these garments, whether good or bad, are burnt before their burial, so that all that may be called the traces of their crime are destroyed with its perpetrator. There is something as just as it is painful, and as just as it is really useful, in this cold obloquy of human nature against its worst dead.

On Monday, November 14, 1864, Franz Müller was hung in front of Newgate, for the murder of Mr. Briggs upon the North-London Railway. Müller died before a concourse of 50,000 persons, who disgraced themselves throughout by their lawless ruffianism. While the murderer stood firm on the scaffold, as the hangman turned the last bolts beneath his feet, Müller with his last words owned his guilt: he bowed his head, and said, "*Ich habe es gethan*,"—"I did it." The gallows, as a moraliser, is at best but a rough one; and, viewed as a solemn warning and example, it is to be wished that this last and saddest offering to man's justice could have been less hideous than it was at this execution. The gathering of the crowd round the gallows, and their conduct throughout Sunday night, presented some of the worst specimens of a London mob. It has been admirably described. It was a clear bright moonlight night; yet, though all could see, and well be seen, it was impossible to tell who formed the staple of this crowd that gathered to their sight so early. There were well-dressed and ill-dressed, old men and lads, women and girls. Many had jars of beer; at least half were smoking, and the lighting of fusees was constant, though not more constant than the cries and laughter as all who lit them sent them whirling and blazing over their heads into the thicker crowd beyond. Occasionally as the rain, which fell heavily at intervals, came down very fast,

there was a thinning of the fringe about the beams; but, on the whole, they stood it out very steadily, and formed a thick dark ridge round the enclosure kept before the Debtors'-door, where Müller was to die. This was at one o'clock, when the moon was bright, the night was very clear indeed, and everything could be seen distinctly. Newgate was black enough in its blind massiveness, except at one little point high over the walls, where one window in the New Wing showed a little gleam of light, to which it seemed the crowd was never tired of pointing as the spot where Müller lay in his condemned cell. Truly enough, it had been known outside where he was kept, and this miserable flicker in the black outline of the great gaol, which only marked one wide division of its wards where Müller was imprisoned, became the centre of all eyes, or at least of very many.

Until about three o'clock not more than some 4,000, or at the most 5,000, were assembled; and over all the rest of the wide space the white unoccupied barriers showed up like a network of bones above the mud. But about three the workmen came to finish the last barriers after the scaffold had been carried to the Debtors'-door, and from that time the throng rapidly increased in numbers. Worse in conduct it could not be, though still night hid its ruffianism. Someone attempted to preach in the midst of the crowd, but his voice was soon drowned amid much laughter. Then there was another lull, not indeed of quiet, but at least a lull from any preëminent attempt at noise, though every now and then it was broken by that inexplicable sound like a dull blow, followed, as before, always by laughing, sometimes by fighting. Then, again, another man, stronger in voice and more conversant with those

he had to plead before, began the old familiar hymn of "The Promised Land." For a little time this man sung alone; but at last he was joined by a few others, when another and apparently more popular voice gave out some couplet in which at once, and as if by magic, the crowd joined with the chorus of

"O my!
Think, I've got to die."

Till this again was superseded by the song of

"Müller, Müller,
He's the man."

All these vocal efforts, however, were cut short by the dull rumbling sound which, amid cheers, shouts, whoopings, clapping of hands, hisses, and cries of "Why wasn't it brought out for Townley?" heralded the arrival of the dirty old gallows. This was for the time a great diversion, and the crowd cheered or hissed in parts, or as the humour took them, while the horses were removed and the lumbering black box was worked back slowly and with difficulty against the door of the gaol. The shouts and obscene remarks which were uttered as the two upright posts were lifted into their places were bad enough, but they were trifles as compared with the comments which followed the slow efforts of the two labourers to get the cross-beam into its place. At last this was finished, and then, amid such yells as only such sight-seers and so disappointed could give vent to, a strong force of police filed in and took their places, doubly lining the enclosure round the drop, right before the foremost of the hungry crowd, who had kept their places, through wet and dry, since Sunday night. * * * * *

The scenes of ribald mirth and rough play among

the struggling crowd were terrific. Far up even into Smithfield the keen white faces rose rank above rank, till even where the houses were shrouded in the thick mist of the early dawn the course of streets could be traced by the gleam of the faces alone, and all, from first to last, from nearest to furthest, were clamouring, shouting, and struggling with each other to get as near the gibbet as the steaming mass of human beings before them would allow. None but those who looked down upon the awful crowd will ever believe in the wholesale, open, broadcast manner in which garrotting and highway robbery were carried on. In Newgate-street there were regular gangs, not so much in the crowd itself within the barriers as along the avenues which led to them; and these vagrants openly stopped, "bonneted," sometimes garrotted, and always plundered any person whose dress led them to think him worth the trouble; the risk was nothing. Sometimes their victims made a desperate resistance, and for a few minutes kept the crowd around them violently swaying to and fro amid the dreadful uproar.

Such were the open pastimes of the mob from daylight till near the hour of execution, when the great space around the prison seemed choked with its vast multitude. Literally, nearly 50,000 people were crammed between the walls of this wide thoroughfare. Wherever the eye could rest, it found the same dim monotony of pale but dirty faces, which seemed to waver as the steam of the hot crowd rose high. At last, when it was near towards eight o'clock, there came shouts of "Hats off!" and the whole mass commenced, amid cries and struggles, to wriggle to and fro as the bell of Newgate began to toll, not as it sounded inside the prison, loud upon the ear of the fast-dying man, but with a muffled and foggy

boom that never would have quieted the yells of that fierce mob, but that they somehow seemed to yearn and listen always for any token of the last scene yet to come.*

A HUMANE SHERIFF.

During the shrievalty of Mr. Thomas Kelly (1825), afterwards Alderman and Lord Mayor, in not a few instances he contributed largely to the maintenance of the families of prisoners during their confinement in the City prisons; while in others he afforded them such means of employing their time as at once distracted their attention from the miserable associations around them, and enabled them to make some provision for those who were dependent upon them for support.

In the course of his year of office, Sheriff Kelly found a prisoner in Newgate who had some time previously been sentenced to death, but who, under the circumstances of a respite, was appointed by the governor schoolmaster to the boys in the prison. Observing, in his frequent visits to the school-room, that this man possessed considerable talent in painting window-blinds, which, it appears, he was allowed to do towards the support of his family; and seeing also some models and sketches in the room, which had been made by him, it occurred to the Sheriff that if the man were supplied with necessary materials, and his mind set at rest with respect to his family, he might possibly produce something of a better order. He accordingly proposed his attempting an oil-painting, and gave him as a sub-

* The powerfully-written accounts of the two latter executions are abridged from the *Times*.

ject "The Death-warrant;" in other words, the official announcement, by the ordinary, to the unfortunate criminals in their cells, of their approaching doom. The prisoner acquiesced readily in the suggestion of the Sheriff, who supplied him with materials for the work, and arranged to allow his wife a weekly sum for the maintenance of herself and her young children. Under the direction of the sheriff and ordinary, the persons introduced in the picture consented to sketches being taken of them; and the artist had also access to the prisoners then under sentence of death. The likenesses were so striking, and the picture, as a work of art, was so satisfactory, that a companion-picture was painted. This second effort, which included eighteen figures, represents "The Morning of Execution." The scene is the Press-yard, and depicts the stern and sombre circumstances which immediately precede the criminal being led out to the drop. These pictures were seen by Mr. Northcote, R.A., who admired the grouping exceedingly, and declared that the young genius who had produced these pictures, without ever having studied oil-painting, ought not to be shut up in a prison, and that if the sheriff would explain the case, he, Mr. Northcote, would refer it to Sir William Knighton, with a view to its being named to the King. The result was that a petition was presented; and in a few months afterwards, being about three years from the time that sentence of death had been passed upon him, this man was liberated, thenceforth pursued an honest and useful course, and brought up his family respectably.

But the Sheriff's sympathy for the condition of the prisoners was not confined to their temporal interests only. It might be truly said that his object was less to vindicate the majesty of the law than to preach the

glad tidings of the gospel; less to enforce the discipline of the gaol than, in the figurative language of prophecy and in a higher than earthly sense, "to proclaim liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison to them that were bound" (*Isaiah* lxi. 1). Nearly all Kelly's Sunday evenings, and many others, during his year of office, were spent in the gaol of Newgate, in the humane attempt to reclaim, comfort, and instruct the prisoners in confinement there. On these occasions, after some introductory observations addressed to the prisoners by the Sheriff, his friend Mr. Baker, who had taken special interest in the cases of Fauntleroy the forger, read, and familiarly expounded to his hearers, some suitable passages of Scripture. The evening services were concluded with prayers, in which all the prisoners who were present reverently joined. We cannot doubt what the effect of this teaching would be; nor can it excite our surprise that among the papers of Sheriff Kelly should have been found letters from some of the prisoners then under sentence of death, and subsequently executed, acknowledging their obligations to him in these particulars. It will contrast happily with the altered circumstances of the times in which we live, when a whole year sometimes transpires without a single execution,* if the terrible fact is disclosed, that, in the course of Kelly's shrievalty, the extreme penalty of the law passed upon no fewer than fourteen of the unhappy prisoners who were under his own immediate care. For many of the crimes for which these men suffered, the humane reader will doubtless think that a much lighter punishment than a capital one might have satisfied the ends of justice. The list is as follows:

* In the year 1808 there was not a single execution at Newgate.

1. Samuel Crook, burglary; 2. William Austen, stealing a post-letter. 3. Richard William Jasper, forgery, &c. 4. John Edmunds, horse-stealing. 5. Mary Cain, murder. 6. Edward Cockerell, forgery. 7. John Jones, burglary. 8. Peter Neadon, highway-robbery. 9. William Leach, ditto. 10. Robert Savage, burglary. 11. James Benfield, ditto. 12. James Taylor, horse-stealing. 13. James Johnson, stealing in a dwelling-house. 14. Charles Butcher, sheep-stealing.

As in duty bound, Kelly was present at all these executions; for his co-sheriff, Alderman Crowder, a man of nervous temperament and extreme sensibility, fainted at the first execution, and was consequently relieved of any further attendance. In one case of sincere repentance, having rendered all the instruction in his power during the previous interval of confinement, Kelly is known to have repaired to the condemned cell at six o'clock on the morning of execution, and there to have joined with the criminal in commemorating the love of their common Lord and Saviour. It was in the course of this year that Mrs. Fry—whom Kelly appears to have encouraged, not less with the weight of his authority than the influence of his purse—sent him a letter, expressing her thanks for the assistance he had rendered to her declining funds; while, in the handwriting of an evidently well-educated prisoner, was found, in an envelope addressed to the Sheriff, the following grateful effusion:

"Lines written upon a blank leaf in Baxter's *Saint's Rest*, kindly presented to the Author of them by Thomas Kelly, Esq., late one of the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex.

O blessed Jesus, send thy light,
Thy saving truth impart,
To him who makes Thee his delight,
The chosen of his heart.

And may, O may this book be bless'd,
To cheer the dreary way

Of one poor helpless soul distress'd,
Who seeks a brighter day.

O gracious Lord, thy aid impart,
And all his soul renew,
And make thy blessed word the chart,
The track he may pursue.

The known, though unknown, donor grant
That glorious rest to share,
For which thy saints on earth e'er pant—
The rest unfolded here."

We quote the above from the *Life of Kelly*, by the Rev. R. C. Fell, who, in the Preface, thus tells how he became acquainted with the alderman: "I had heard that the late Alderman Kelly had lived there (in the parish of which Mr. Fell was curate) as a boy, in humble circumstances; and that, notwithstanding his removal from thence at a very early age, and his subsequent elevation and success in the metropolis, he had been in the habit of paying an annual visit to the grave of his father and mother, whose remains, as I knew, were interred in my churchyard. In this simple but expressive act of homage to the memory of his poor parents, I caught the first glimpse of his beautiful character." After all, affection to parents is one of the least fallible evidences, as it is the most natural testimony we can have, of a rightly-minded man.

HEADS AND TALES OF TEMPLE BAR.

Temple Bar has a dark as well as a bright history. It is ancient compared with some buildings immediately adjoining it; but the Bar itself is scarcely two centuries old. Yet the present generation have witnessed here the curious ceremony of closing the gates upon the visit

of the sovereign, until admission was formally demanded —a custom now dispensed with. We have seen the Bar clothed in gloomy grandeur with the drapery of death; we have seen it glittering with emblems of triumph, and decked with the gaiety and pomp of the bridal pageant, and the emblems of wedded love. But in the rear of all these there is a terrific history of the Bar, in times when it bore revolting records of barbarous punishments, which led to its being called "The City Golgotha."

We find the earliest mention of a bar in this locality in Stow's *Chronicle*, in the pageant prepared to welcome Anne Boleyn, in her procession from Westminster to the Tower, on Saturday, May 31, 1534. On the following day (Sunday) her coronation took place. "Temple Bar," Stow states, "was newly painted and repaired, and there, also, stood singing men and children." No further mention of the Bar is made in this reign, and we have to follow the son of Jane Seymour, the youthful Edward VI., to his coronation, to find the next notice of the City entrance. On Feb. 19, 1546-7, the gate, we are informed, made a gay and handsome appearance, "being painted and fashioned with battlements and buttresses of various colours, richly hung with cloth of arras, and garnished with fourteen standard of flags; there were also eight French trumpeters blowing their trumpets, after the fashion of their country, and a pair of regals with children singing to the same." Mary Tudor, Edward's half-sister, succeeded him; and, in accordance with ancient custom, on the 27th of September 1533, being the day prior to her coronation, she rode through the City, *not*, as her predecessor had done, on *horseback*, but in a chariot of cloth of tissue, drawn by six horses trapped with the

same; and Temple Bar was then "newly painted and hanged."

There is much obscurity in the history of the Bar, which received its name from the ancient Temple, and separated the freedom of the City of London from the liberty of the City of Westminster; or, as Hatton states, "the Bar opens not immediately into the City itself (which terminated at Ludgate), but into the liberty or *freedom* thereof;" "which separation," says Strype, "was anciently only posts, rails, and a chain, such as are now at Holborn, Smithfield, and Whitechapel Bars. Afterwards there was a house of timber erected across the street, with a narrow gateway, and an entry, on the south side of it, under the house." This timber gateway is shown in Hollar's seven-sheet Map of London, and has been enlarged in a drawing in Mr. Holbert Wilson's valuable collection, and is described in its carefully-prepared catalogue. The old Bar is also clearly defined in a Bird's-eye View of London, within a bordure, inscribed "The Cittie of London," showing the conduits, crosses, and City gates, as they stood about the close of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, 1601.

The entries respecting the Bar in the City records are very incomplete; but Mr. Wilson, after a laborious search, found this record, the first entry of any matter connected with the Bar:

"1554. 1 & 2 Phil. & Mary. Mr. Chamberlain shall commit the custody of the new gates at Temple Bar to the Cittie's tenants, dwelling nigh unto the said gates; taking nevertheless especial order with them for the shutting and opening the same gates at convenient hours."

Wyat and his followers had probably, a few months previously, in his ill-contrived rebellion, destroyed or so damaged the old gates in forcing his way into the City,

that the civic authorities were compelled to erect new ones, the care of which, by the above resolution, devolved on those of the City's tenants who were living adjacent to them.

It appears that in 1669 the Court of Aldermen and Common Council resolved to rebuild the Bar, on receiving from the Commissioners of Streets and Sewers the sum of 1005*l.* towards the cost. The City had several times been pressed to do this, but had considered the above sum inadequate. The King sent for the Lord Mayor, when "the Citty's weak state and inability," on account of the great expense of rebuilding public works consumed in the Great Fire, was pleaded; but the King insisted upon the Bar being taken down, and he promised, if the 1005*l.* proved insufficient, to supply other funds to complete the work. The destruction was accordingly commenced in 1670, and the present Bar, after the designs of Sir Christopher Wren, was erected; but the royal promise was not performed.*

The Bar is of Portland stone; each façade has four Corinthian pilasters, an entablature, and arched pediment. On the west, in two niches, are statues of Charles I. and Charles II. in Roman costume; and over the keystone of the centre arch were the royal arms: on the east, in similar niches, are statues of James I. and his queen, Anne of Denmark (often described as Elizabeth); and over the keystone were the City arms. The inscription is as follows:

"Erected in the year 1670, Sir Samuel Starling Mayor; continued in the year 1671, Sir Richard Ford Lord Mayor; and finished in the year 1672, Sir George Waterman Lord Mayor."

The upper portion has two bold cartouches, or scrolls,

* Abridged from *Walks and Talks about London.*

as supporters; but the fruit and flowers sculptured in the pediment, and the supporters of the royal arms, which were placed over the extremities of the posterns (now widened), have disappeared; the inscription is scarcely legible; and the stone-work of the whole is weather-worn: in 1852 the Common Council refused to spend 1500*l.* to restore the Bar as Wren left it. The statues are by John Bushnell, who died in 1701; that of Charles I. has lost the baton. In the centre of each façade is a semicircular-headed window, lighting an apartment now held of the City, at an annual rent of 50*l.*, by Messrs. Child, the bankers, as a depository for their account-books.

We now come to the criminal records of the Bar. Upon the centre of the pediment, on iron spikes, were placed the head and limbs of persons executed for treason. The first of these revolting displays was one of the quarters of Sir Thomas Armstrong, implicated in the Rye-House plot. He was taken at Leyden, and for a present of about 500*l.* was delivered to the King's minister, who placed him on board a royal yacht, and sent him to England. He neglected, probably owing to his confusion, to plead being a native of Holland; which had he done, there is little doubt would have insured his safety. He was sentenced without trial; but upon an award of execution on the outlawry, by the inhuman Chief-Justice Jeffreys, when Sir Thomas Armstrong having urged that he should have the benefit of the law, "That you shall have," jeeringly exclaimed the chief-justice, "by the grace of God; see that execution be done on Friday next, *according to law:* you shall have the full benefit *of the law.*" He was executed at Tyburn; and after hanging half an hour, he was cut down, and, pursuant to his sentence, his heart and

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bowels were taken out, and committed to the flames; his body divided into four parts, which, with his head, were conveyed back to Newgate, and then set up on Westminster Hall, between those of Cromwell and Bradshaw, *one of the quarters upon Temple Bar*, two others on Aldersgate and Aldgate; the fourth was sent to Stafford, which borough he had represented in Parliament. Shortly after this event, when Jeffreys had an interview with the King at Windsor, Charles took from his finger a diamond ring of great value, and gave it to him; this ring was ever after called "the blood-stone."

Next, the quarters of Sir William Parkins and Sir John Friend, together with the head of the former, were placed on the Bar.* They had conspired to assassinate William III. Evelyn, in his *Diary*, says of this melancholy scene: "April 10, 1696. A dismal sight, which many pitied. I think there never was such a Temple Bar till now, except in the time of King Charles II., viz. Sir Thomas Armstrong."

* The head of Sir John Friend was set up on Aldgate, on account, it is presumed, of that gate being in the proximity of his brewery, which, after the death of Friend, was taken by the notorious swindler Joseph Crook, *alias* Sir Peter Stranger, Bart. He was the last person tried and convicted under the statute of the 5th Elizabeth, c. 14, entitled "An Act against Forgers of false Deeds and Writings." The instrument he had forged was the will of a Mr. Thomas Hawkins, and having been found guilty, the sentence provided by the statute was carried into effect. On June 10, 1731, he stood in the pillory at Charing-cross, and the common hangman cut off his ears, and slit up his nostrils and seared them; he was then in his seventieth year. The 2d George II. c. 25, recently passed, made this offence felony; and Richard Cooper, a victualler at Stepney, was the first person in London to suffer the new penalty, for the forgery of a bond of 25*l.* in the name of Holme, a grocer in the neighbourhood of Hanover-square. This execution took place at Tyburn, on Wednesday, June 16, 1731. Note: *Temple Bar, the City Golgotha;* by a Member of the Inner Temple, 1853.

Next, Colonel Henry Oxburgh, in the Pretender's army, was, on May 9, 1715, found guilty of high treason, and on the 14th of the same month executed at Tyburn; his body was buried in the churchyard of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, and his head placed upon Temple Bar; "which," says a writer of the day, "we choose to mention that the rebels may place it among their other saints' days."

Counsellor Layer, who had conspired to assassinate the King on his return from Kensington, was the next victim; after sixteen hours, he was found guilty. Seven months after, he was conducted from the Tower to Tyburn, seated in a sledge, habited in a full-dress suit and a tie-wig. The streets were never more crowded than on this occasion, and many fatal accidents occurred from the breaking down of the stands erected to accommodate the spectators. The day subsequent to Layer's execution, his head was placed on Temple Bar; there it remained, blackened and weather-beaten with the storms of many successive years, until it became its oldest occupant; it repulsively looked down from the summit of the arch; it seemed part of the arch itself. For upwards of thirty years the head remained, when on a stormy night it was blown from its long resting-place into the Strand. It was picked up by a gentleman in the neighbourhood, Mr. John Pearce, an attorney, who showed it to some persons at a public-house, under the floor of which it was buried. Dr. Rawlinson, the antiquary, having made inquiries after the head, wishing to purchase it, was imposed upon with another instead of Layer's, which he preserved as a relic, and directed to be buried in his right hand, which request was complied with.

The heads last set up here were those of Townley

and Fletcher, the rebels, in 1746. Walpole writes, August 16, 1746: "I have been this morning at the Tower, and passed under the new heads at Temple Bar, where people make a trade of letting spying-glasses at a halfpenny a look;" and in 1825 a person, aged 87, remembered the above heads being seen with a telescope from Leicester-fields, the ground between which and Temple Bar being then thinly built over. (*J. T. Smith.*)

There is an anecdote related by Dr. Johnson relative to the grim display on the Bar, which, though often repeated, must be given here. Johnson was with Goldsmith in Westminster Abbey, when, in surveying Poets' Corner, Johnson said, from Ovid,

"Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis."

When they got to Temple Bar, Goldsmith stopped Johnson, pointed to the heads upon it, and slyly whispered him,

"Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur *istis*."

Johnson, we may remark, was strongly imbued with Jacobite prejudices.

These were the last fractions of humanity that Temple Bar was destined to receive. We find, however, the following notice of them in the *Annual Register*, January 1766: "This morning (Jan. 20), between two and three o'clock, a person was observed to watch his opportunity of discharging musket-balls from a steel cross-bow at the two remaining heads upon Temple Bar. On his examination he affected a disorder of his senses, and said his reason for his so doing was his strong attachment to the present government; that he thought it was not sufficient that a traitor should only suffer death, that this provoked his indignation, and that it had been his constant practice, for three nights

past, to amuse himself in the same manner; but it is much to be feared that he is a near relation to one of the unhappy sufferers." The account of this incident given in the *Gentleman's Magazine* further states: "Upon searching him, above fifty musket-balls were found, wrapped up in a paper, with this motto, '*Eripuit ille vitam.*'"

The two grim tenants of the Bar remained until the 31st of March 1772, when one of them fell down; and very shortly afterwards, during a high wind, the remaining head was swept away from its position, and Temple Bar was left untenanted; but the last of the iron poles or spikes was not removed from the Bar until the commencement of the present century.

Mrs. Black, the wife of the editor of the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper, when asked if she remembered the heads on the spikes on the Bar, used to reply, very collectedly, and, as was her habit, without any parade of telling the story she had to relate, "*Boys, I recollect the scene well!* I have seen, on that Temple Bar about which you ask, two human heads — men's heads — traitors' heads—spiked on iron poles. There were two. I saw one fall. Women shrieked as it fell; men, I have heard, shrieked: one woman near me fainted. Yes, I recollect seeing human heads upon Temple Bar."

The old gate of Temple Bar remains; it is of oak, paneled, and surmounted by a rudely carved festoon of fruit and flowers. The gate was originally shut at night, and guarded by watchmen; and in our time it has been closed in cases of apprehended tumult. Upon the visit of the sovereign to the City, or upon the proclamation of a new sovereign or of peace, it was formerly customary to keep the gate closed until admission was formally demanded; the gate was then opened; and

upon the royal visit the Lord Mayor surrendered the city sword to the sovereign, who re-delivered it to the mayor.

At the old Bar, when Queen Elizabeth went to St. Paul's to return thanks for the defeat of the Armada, the Lord Mayor delivered to her hands the sceptre (sword), which her highness re-delivered to the mayor; and he again, taking his horse, bore the same before her. When Cromwell and the Parliament dined in the City in state, on June 7, 1649, the same ceremony was observed; the mayor (says Whitelocke) delivering up the sword to the speaker, "as he used to do to the king."

The gate has been opened to receive Charles II., James II., William III., and every English monarch

* In Baker's *Chronicle* is thus described the ceremony on the Proclamation of Charles II.: "At Temple Bar, the gates being shut, the King-at-Arms, with trumpets before him, knocked and demanded entrance. The Lord Mayor appointed some [one] to ask *who it was that knocked.* The King-at-Arms replied, *that if they would open the wicket, and let the Lord Mayor come thither, he would to him deliver his message.* The Lord Mayor came then *on horseback*, richly habited in a crimson-velvet gown, to the gate; and then the trumpets sounded, and, after silence being made, Alderman Bateman, by order of the Lord Mayor, demanded of the herald *who he was, and what was his message.* To which he answered, with his hat on, *We are the Herald-at-Arms, appointed and commanded by the Lords and Commons assembled in Parliament to demand entrance into the famous City of London, to proclaim Charles the Second King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland;* and we expect your speedy *answer to this demand.* To which, after a little consultation amongst themselves, Alderman Bateman answered, *This message was accepted, and the gates should be immediately opened;* which was done accordingly." Sir Richard Baker, it will be recollected, died in 1644-5, leaving his *Chronicle* only brought down to the commencement of the reign of Charles I.; and the above extract is from the continuation by Edward Phillips, nephew of Milton, who continued the *Chronicle* to the coronation of Charles II.; so that the above may be the description of an eye-witness, whereas Baker wrote his *Chronicle* in the Fleet Prison. This was the last ceremony of the kind at the old Bar.

since. The Elector of Hanover passed through the Bar on his public entry into London—20th September 1714—as the first of the four Georges. Next year the king, with the royal family, went in state to St. Paul's. George III. made three memorable visits to the City. In 1761, the year after his coronation, he went to the lord mayor's show in great state, the banquet costing 7000*l.* In 1789 his Majesty attended St. Paul's to return thanks for his recovery from his first insanity; and again in 1789, for the victories of Howe, St. Vincent, and Duncan. George IV. (then Prince Regent) returned thanks at St. Paul's for the general Peace of 1814. The same year the Emperor of Russia, and the Kings of France and Prussia, passed through the Bar on their way to the banquet to the Allied Sovereigns and the Prince Regent at Guildhall.

The above ceremony was also observed when Queen Anne went to St. Paul's to return thanks for the Duke of Marlborough's victories; when Queen Victoria dined at Guildhall in the year of her accession, 1837; and when her Majesty went to open the new Royal Exchange in 1844; but on the Queen's visit in 1851 the ceremony at Temple Bar was dispensed with.

The fullest observance of this ceremony was on the 9th Nov. 1837, and was as follows: Up to two o'clock there had been a constant succession of aldermen arriving in their carriages, with their grooms and beadles, at Temple Bar. There they dismounted, and entered Child's banking-house. When the road was cleared, a procession was seen advancing up Fleet-street, consisting of the state-carriages of the sheriffs, the late lord mayor, and the new lord mayor, containing their owners, their ladies, and their regular officers of state. At Temple Bar, the lord mayor and his brother offi-

cers alighted from their carriages, and then joined the aldermen in Child's banking-house. After a short deliberation, they sallied forth into Fleet-street, and marching with much state into Middle-Temple gate, there mounted the horses provided for them. Another short pause, and then each civic cavalier mounted on a charger managed by his groom, and not by himself. It was some time before they could be ranged in the order laid down in the printed programme, and before it could be effected one of the horses was unprovided with a rider. The aldermen wore their robes and chains, and carried white wands, which two or three had the courage to use as whips. After the aldermen had ranged themselves on either side of the street close to the Bar, the barriers were closed, nor were they opened again until the head of the royal cortège arrived at the gates, at half-past two o'clock. The royal carriages preceding the state-carriage having passed along, the lord mayor dismounted, and taking the city sword of state in his hand, stood on the south side of Fleet-street awaiting the entrance of her Majesty. As soon as the royal state-carriage came within the Bar, it was stopped. The lord mayor then advanced to the side of the carriage, and tendered to her Majesty the city sword of state, which the Queen immediately returned, with a gracious announcement that it could not be lodged in safer hands. Her demeanour, in saying these words, is described as most graceful and dignified. The lord mayor, by her Majesty's permission, then mounted his horse, which was waiting for him at the Bar, and receiving the city sword of state from his sword-bearer, held it aloft before him, and took his place immediately before the state-carriage of the sovereign, the city procession advancing along Fleet-street.

The ceremony on the opening of the new Royal Exchange, October 28, 1844, was as follows: Immediately before the arrival at the Bar of the first royal carriage, conveying the gentleman usher of the sword of state and other officers, the senior city marshal closed the gate. The royal carriage being announced, the marshal, at the bidding of the lord mayor, opened the gate, and Sir Peter Laurie, who had been appointed conductor of the procession by the Court of Aldermen, advanced on horseback, dressed in his scarlet gown, wearing a Spanish hat with black feathers, and bearing a white wand, which he waved invitingly for the procession to advance. The carriages then followed him within the Bar. Here the aldermen had arrived, and alighted at Messrs. Child's bank, and, headed by the lord mayor, and accompanied by several deputies and common councilmen, the latter in their mazarine gowns and cocked-hats, and all bearing white wands, proceeded along the street to the Middle Temple gate, to mount their horses. Shortly after, the head of the royal procession arrived at the west side of the Bar, and, after a momentary pause, passed within, being received by a flourish of trumpets by a party of the city trumpeters.

No sooner had the royal state-carriage drawn up than the lord mayor (who, with the city procession, was awaiting her Majesty's arrival,) alighted from his horse, and taking the city sword of state from the sword-bearer, proceeded to the side of her Majesty's carriage, and loyally tendered the sword to the Queen, who, gently touching the hilt, assured his lordship that it could not be in better hands. The civic emblem is the great pearl sword presented by Queen Elizabeth to the City of London, on the occasion of her opening the first Royal Exchange. The sword is three and a half feet in length,

the handle is of chased gold, and the sheath is richly dight with pearls. The lord mayor, after receiving back the sword, withdrew from the side of the state-coach with several obeisances, which Prince Albert acknowledged. The lord mayor, who wore a crimson-velvet robe and collar of SS, then remounted, and putting on his hat, took his place in the line of procession, immediately preceding the carriage of her Majesty.

The custom at the Proclamation of Peace, or the Accession of the Sovereign, has been for a herald, attended by trumpeters, to knock with his baton at the closed gate, when the city marshal inquired, "Who comes there?" and the herald, having replied, is admitted, and conducted to the Lord Mayor, who directs that the whole of the cavalcade shall be admitted; and the proclamation is read opposite Chancery-lane. Such was the observance upon the accession of George IV., William IV., and Queen Victoria.

Let us now turn to associations of more sombre cast. In 1806 the mortal remains of England's greatest sailor, and in 1852 those of her most renowned soldier, were borne through this gate to their last resting-place in St. Paul's. The body of Nelson was taken by water from Greenwich Hospital to the Admiralty, and thence conveyed, Jan. 8, 1806, to the Cathedral by way of the Strand and Fleet-street. Upwards of 160 carriages followed the hearse, with a military force of nearly 8000 men, a more extensive and magnificent procession than England had on any similar occasion beheld.

At the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, Nov. 18, 1852, Temple Bar was entirely covered with draperies of black cloth and velvet and cloth-of-gold, decorated with the armorial bearings and orders of the Duke in proper colours; silvered cornices, fringe, urns, and a

circle of flambeaux upon the pediment. It was draped with curtains of black cloth, relieved with white and silver, which opening in the centre displayed an area of cloth-of-gold, on which were emblazoned the Duke's arms; the curtains were also relieved by monograms of the Duke on silver. On the summit of the Bar, on the east and west sides, were placed two immense vases silvered. Who that witnessed it can forget the event? The passage of Holy Writ inscribed upon the front of old Aldersgate might have been more appropriately inscribed on Temple Bar: "Then shall enter into the gates of this city kings and princes, sitting upon the throne of David, riding in chariots and on horses, they and their princes, the men of Judah and the inhabitants of Jerusalem; and this city shall remain for ever" (Jer. xvii. 25). Many a royal procession, "riding in chariots and on horses," has passed through this last of the city gates since the year 1672.

In 1863, the Bar was converted into a triumphal arch of loyalty and orange-blossom in honour of the marriage of the Prince of Wales with the Princess Alexandra of Denmark.

The removal of Temple Bar has long been a favourite subject of agitation. When, in 1852, it was proposed to expend the sum of 1500*l.* in repairing and beautifying the Bar, it was opposed, the petitioners arguing that having been so recently erected as 1670, it possesses little or no interest for the antiquary; "that Temple Bar, moreover, was built at a period when the privileges of the citizens were by the sovereign lightly regarded, or set at naught, and therefore is but an imperfect symbol of corporation privileges and chartered rights, as it has been elsewhere styled;" that as an architectural elevation it is equally unworthy of con-

sideration, and though built by Sir Christopher Wren, is little calculated, in an artistic point of view, to add to his otherwise great reputation." The petitioners point out that "such impediments to public convenience did the ancient gates of the City [Ludgate is instanced] prove some hundred years ago, that "the Corporation was induced at that period, and on that account, to demolish those really interesting relics of ancient London." "A much better case, they consider, has been made out as to Temple Bar, which, answering no intellectual or practical purpose, offers a convenient ambuscade for pickpockets, impedes by its presence the proper ventilation of the neighbourhood, besides retarding improvements of a desirable character, and the clearance of a district lying to the north of that edifice, which, on moral and social grounds, is greatly to be desired." Finally, the petitioners pointed out that "the majority of the historic reminiscences belonging to Temple Bar are of so fearful a character that the very contemplation of them tends to degrade human nature. Your petitioners would therefore, were it possible, willingly consign the dark page of history describing them to oblivion; at all events, they trust that the prayer of this petition may be granted, and Temple Bar—the visible record of such bloody scenes—be, for the several reasons herein enumerated, removed." About the same time, certain of the citizens met to oppose the removal of the Bar, and it was spared; but the new Courts of Justice will necessitate extensive alterations in this part of the Strand, rendering the translocation of the Bar gate only a matter of time.

THE ISLINGTON GARLAND.

A merry wight in verse was Mr. George Daniel, the great collector of rare books, prints, and manuscripts, who lived in Canonbury-square, and died April 2, 1864, in his 75th year, leaving a world of curiosities, the collection of a lifetime, to be dispersed by the hammer of the auctioneer in some ten days.* He loved to group

* Mr. Daniel had collected, during his long and active life, a library of rare books, rich in first folios and first editions of Shakspeare; and he possessed the cup made from Shakspeare's mulberry-tree at New-place, and which was presented to David Garrick by the Corporation of Stratford-upon-Avon at the jubilee. Mr. Daniel had written largely on the drama and cognate subjects, with discrimination and critical acumen, for which his extensive acquaintance with his rare library preëminently qualified him. He will be remembered as the author of the "Remarks" prefixed to Cumberland's Plays, published many years since. He possessed a rich vein of humour; and in 1830 published *The Modern Dunciad*, a satirical poem, which reached its sixth edition; and in similar vein he printed, in 1852, *Democritus in London*, a poetic drama, with "Notes Festivous" of great piquancy. He also contributed to *Bentley's Miscellany* a series of papers entitled "Merrie England in the Olden Time," reprinted in two volumes, the epigrammatic notes in which bristle with comical conceits. That Mr. Daniel did not hoard his bibliographical wealth will be within the recollection of many readers of the *Illustrated London News*. He was one of the earliest and most valuable contributors to the "Memorabilia," commenced in that journal in the autumn of 1855; the first treasure being a curious Elizabethan ballad by Tarlton, from the extensive and unique collection of black-letter broadside ballads (seventy in number) in the possession of Mr. Daniel, who acquired these rarities some thirty years previously from a private source. "With the present collection" (printed between the years 1539 and 1597, says Mr. Daniel) "no other may compare for interest, variety, and number. They would almost seem, from their spotless and perfect condition, to have been rolled up, locked up, and entirely forgotten for more than two hundred years." Francis Douce was among those who fully appreciated the interest and value of these black-letter treasures. They were bought by Mr. Lilly, the well-known bookseller and publisher, for 750 guineas, and have been reprinted for him in a handsome volume.

his old neighbours at merry Islington in humorous verse, such as the following, which he wrote in what may be termed the form of a rhyming directory:

"Who has e'er been at Islington, must surely know
Upper-street, and the cot where lives Upcott the Beau,
Ideal of autograph-maniacs, and his
Round, roguish, good-humour'd, and rubicund phiz.

With a bow and a smirk, a bob and a whisk,
Dicky Suett's Ha, ha! and Jack Bannister's frisk,
He struts virtuoso and figure of fun,—
Joe Miller, Tom Hearne, bound by Momus in one.

Although he a right merry bachelor stands,
He has ask'd and obtain'd many ladies' fair *hands;*
And leading a single, respectable life,
He keeps in his harem *maid*, *widow*, and *wife!*

His cot, in a corner, quaint, antique, and modest,
Was made to contain of all odd things the oddest;
Forgotten by Time, and saved out of his wreck
By spectacled old bucks—*veluti in spec!*

Walk in, and the motley miscellany see—
Hannah More and Nell Gwynn *tête-à-tête*, *vis-à-vis;*
Saint Dunstan, Sir Jeff; Guy of Warwick, Old Guy;
Moll Flanders, Queen Bess; Mary Tofts, Mrs. Fry.

Brownrigg and Shipton (remarkable mothers);
Turpin, Jack Sheppard; Hind, Barrington (brothers);
Miss Blandy, Miss Canning (the devil's own daughters);
Will Summers, Mull'd-Sacke; Dusty Bob, Billy Waters.

Quacks, quakers, dwarfs, giants, mimes, mountebanks, mumpers;
The Hottentot Venus, and Radical rumpers;
Parson Huntingdon's pals, where Old Nick in his niche is;
Their long leather ears, and his short leather breeches.

Fleet weddings, roundabouts, raree-shows, races;
Through horse-collars clowns cutting comical faces;
Bubbles on dry land, balloons in the air;
Jack Frost on the Thames holding Bartlemy Fair.

Duck-hunters merrily hending the stile, O;
The ghost of Cock-lane, and the cradle of Shiloh;
Thimble-rigs, little-goes, Punch at his pranks,
And Members of Parliament free as their franks.

To Evelyn and Pepys, and Johnson and Bozzy,
And Goldsmith and Garrick, and Foote and Piozzi,
I often step in, and say, 'How d'ye do?'
At Autograph Cottage, 102!

And toast (not in tea—tattle's tipple!) the wight,
The famed caligraphist who taught men to write;
First dipp'd pen in ink, and his foolscap unfurl'd,
And autograph mania all over the world.

What village can boast like fair Islington town
Such time-honour'd worthies, such ancient renown?
Here jolly Queen Bess, after flirting with Leicester,
'Undumpish'd'[1] herself with Dick Tartleton her jester.

Here gallant gay Essex and burly Lord Burleigh
Sat late at their revels, and came to them early;
Here honest Sir John took his ease at his inn—
Bardolph's proboscis, and Jack's double chin!

Here Finsbury archers disported and quaff'd,
And Raleigh the brave took his pipe and his draught;
Here the Knight of Saint John pledged the Highbury Monk,
Till both to their pallets reel'd piously drunk.

Here stands the tall relic, old Canonbury Tow'r,
Where Auburn's sweet bard[2] won the Muse to his bow'r—
The Vandal that pulls thy gray tenements down,
When falls the first stone, may that stone crack his crown!

Thy green pleasant pastures, thy streamlets so clear,
Old classical village! to Elia[3] were dear;
Rare child of humanity! oft have we stray'd
On Sir Hugh's pleasant banks in the cool of the shade.

Joy to thy spirit, aquatic Sir Hugh!
To the end of old time shall thy River be New!

[1] It was a saying of the time, that "Dicke Tarleton could undumpish her majestie at his pleasure;" that is, dissipate the royal blue-devils after one of Elizabeth Tudor's wonted paroxysms of concupiscence and ferocity.

[2] Oliver Goldsmith found a pleasant retreat in a curiously oak-panelled apartment, which still bears his name, in this venerable Tower. Here he put the last hand to his *Traveller* and *Deserted Village*, and composed much of his exquisite *Vicar of Wakefield*.

[3] Charles Lamb lived near Colebrooke-row. His favourite walks were the banks of the New River and Hornsey. The writer, on these occasions, was his frequent companion.

Thy Head, ancient Parr,[4] too, shall not be forgotten;
Nor thine, Virgin (?) Queen,[5] though thy timbers are rotten.

Thy chronicler Nelson,[6] his journey is sped;
Thy guest, little Quick,[7] is the quick and the dead;
The last debt of nature he paid, as all must,
And came, like a gentleman, down with his dust.

Farewell, pious Strachan,[8] and the good shepherd Gaskin,[9]
Who joined men and maids at the third time of asking;
A sigh for John Nichols,[10] the loyal and true:
Old worthies, farewell!—now a cup to the *new*.

To Percival's[11] health fill a glass to the brim;
See Islington's great illustrator in him:
Urbanity, taste, liberality, mind—
No skylights, brave boys, and no heel-taps behind!

A bumper to Knight,[12] and each honest piscator;
Disciple of Walton—*carissimus frater!*

[4] The Old Parr's Head in Upper-street.

[5] The Old Queen's Head in the Lower-street, now razed to the ground, was one of the most perfect specimens of ancient domestic architecture in the kingdom. In this ancient hostelrie it is said Sir Walter Raleigh "puff'd his pipe." For many years it was the convivial resort of retired citizens and thirsty wayfarers, who, under its primitive porch, quaffed their genuine nut-brown and indulged in reminiscences of bygone days. The old oak parlour has been preserved from the wreck, and is well worth a visit from the antiquary.

[6] John Nelson, author of *The History and Antiquities of Islington;* the first edition of which is a valuable work: the second is waste-paper, some of the most interesting parts being omitted, and the hiatus filled up with low detail and pot-house politics.

[7] The celebrated comedian, whom George III. used to call "his actor." Quick resided in a small umbrageous cottage in Hornsey-row, Islington, the walls of which, passage and staircases, were covered with Zoffani's paintings of him in his capital characters. He lived to be an octogenarian, and was fond (moderately) of punch, entertaining and merry to the last.

[8] The Rev. George Strachan, D.D., late Vicar of St. Mary, Islington.

[9] The Rev. George Gaskin, D.D., late afternoon lecturer of ditto.

[10] John Nichols, Esq., of Highbury, late editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

[11] Richard Percival, jun., Esq., F.S.A., of Highbury; whose highly-curious and interesting collection of drawings and prints for the illustration of Islington may be truly pronounced matchless. Few libraries contain more beautifully-illustrated volumes than this gentleman's.

[12] William Knight, Esq., F.S.A., of Canonbury; a choice collector of angling books and missals.

May Death pass him by when he's throwing his hooks,
And long keep the worms from himself and his books!

Worms but remind us of coffins and knells,
And talking of coffins reminds us of shells,
And talking of shells just reminds us to drink on—
Health and long life to Conchologist Lincolne![13]

The sweet Swan of Avon, his works would you view
In rare *old* editions?—much better than *new*—
Repair to the Black-letter *Prophet*,[14] and then
He'll show you his *lions*, and cry 'Good ye *den*!'

Says Old Father Thames, 'I a toast will propose
While every man's goblet is under his nose;
My old Bridge of London was ready to fall;
Three cheers for new piers and Squire Jones[15] of Cream Hall!'

All flesh is grass—so philosophers say—
Then while the sun shines we had better make hay;
As many more worthies are still to be found,
To part on the square, let us drink them all round.

Noah in his ark had a mighty queer lot;
And who in *his* ark shall say Upcott has not?
A bumper toast fill of the best in the island
To Upcott,[16] and Autograph Cottage on dry land!

"*Canonbury-square.* G. D."

[13] Abraham Lincolne, Esq., of Highbury.

[14] "The Prophet"? What meaneth the "metre balladmonger"? We know not of any other prophet appertaining unto "Old Iseldon," save the renowned "Brothers;" but we *do* know a certain bibliographical wight with a biblical cognomen, who rejoiceth in a bundle of old black-letter ballads, in sundry tiny dingy tomes of merrie jestes, songs, garlands, penny-drolleries, and profane stage-playes, and a goodly row of Shaksperian quartos. Can *this* be "a second Daniel come to judgment"?

[15] Richard Lambert Jones, Esq., chairman of the London-Bridge Committee. The library of the City of London owes much to Mr. Jones's supervisorship and good taste.

[16] William Upcott, Esq., author of *A Bibliographical Account of the Principal Books relating to English Topography*, a work of great industry and research. Mr. Upcott possesses the most marvellous collection of autographs that was ever brought together by the unwearied research and good luck of one individual. This interesting treasure ought never to see the auction-room: its proper depository is the British Museum; and it will reflect lasting discredit on the powers that be if it is lost to the country.

SWEARING-IN AT HIGHGATE.

The old custom of swearing-in at Highgate continues to this day, and each of the older public-houses keeps the horns ready. We all have heard the old jocular inquiry, "Have you been sworn at Highgate?" The manner of honouring this old custom is as follows:

The horns are fixed on a pole about five feet in height, near the person about to be sworn, who is required to take off his hat, all present doing the same. The landlord, or person appointed, proclaims aloud: "Upstanding and uncovered! silence!" Then he addresses himself to the person he swears in, thus: "Take notice what I now say unto you, for that is the first word of your oath—mind that! You must acknowledge me to be your adopted father; I must acknowledge you to be my adopted son (or daughter). If you do not call me father, you forfeit a bottle of wine; if I do not call you son, I forfeit the same. And now, my good son, if you are travelling through this village of Highgate, and you have no money in your pocket, go call for a bottle of wine at any house you think proper to go into, and book it to your father's score. If you have any friends with you, you may treat them as well; but if you have money of your own, you must pay for it yourself. For you must not say you have no money when you have; neither must you convey the money out of your own pocket into your friends' pockets, for I shall search you as well as them; and if it is found that you or they have money, you forfeit a bottle of wine for trying to cozen and cheat your poor old ancient father. You must not eat brown bread while you can get white, except you like the brown the best; you must not drink small beer while you can get strong, except you like the small the

best; you must not kiss the maid while you can kiss the mistress, except you like the maid the best—but sooner than lose a good chance, you may kiss them both. And now, my good son, for a word or two of advice. Keep from all houses of ill-repute, and every place of public resort for bad company; beware of false friends, for they will turn to be your foes, and inveigle you into houses where you may lose your money and get no redress; keep from thieves of every denomination. And now, my good son, I wish you a safe journey through Highgate and this life. I charge you, my good son, that if you know any in this company who have not taken this oath, you must cause them to take it, or make each of them forfeit a bottle of wine; for if you fail to do so, you will forfeit a bottle of wine yourself. So now, my son, God bless you! Kiss the horns, or a pretty girl if you see one here, which you like best, and so be free of Highgate." If a female be in the room, she is usually saluted; if not, the horns must be kissed—the option was not allowed formerly. As soon as the salutation is over, the swearer-in commands "Silence!" and then addressing himself to his new-made son, he says: "I have now to acquaint you with your privilege as a freeman of this place. If at any time you are going through Highgate, and want to rest yourself, and you see a pig lying in a ditch, you have liberty to kick her out and take her place; but if you see three lying together, you must only kick out the middle one and lie between the other two. God save the king!" This important privilege of the freemen of Highgate was first discovered by one Joyce, a blacksmith, who kept the Coach and Horses, and subjoined the agreeable information to those he "swore in." —*Prickett's Prize-Essay.*

THE LAST OF GARRAWAY'S COFFEE-HOUSE.

Something like parting with an old friend is the loss of an old place to which we and our forefathers for many generations have been accustomed to resort for business or pleasure. Such was our sentiment on seeing Garraway's Coffee-house, in Change-alley, closed for the last time on Saturday, August 11, 1866. Sentiment is not the staple of city life. The property had been sold for a large sum in these over-building times. Of the future appropriation of the site we were not precisely informed. The present house is not 120 years old. Of its predecessor we have record more than two centuries ago, and its celebrity is interesting. Tea was first sold here in England; Garraway's was the head-quarters of the South-Sea Bubble; and was otherwise a place of great mercantile transactions.

The noted coffee-house, thus closed, was rebuilt after the great fire in Cornhill, March 25, 1748, which commenced at a peruke-maker's in Exchange-alley, and destroyed between ninety and one hundred houses. In Exchange-alley the Swan Tavern, with *Garraway's*, Jonathan's, and the Jerusalem Coffee-houses, were burnt down. The alley itself was not then a century old, for it was enlarged, if not altogether built, after the Great Fire of 1666, two centuries since; and in the Fire-of-London papers in the British Museum it is referred to as "the new alley, called Exchange-alley, next Lumbard-street." The basement of the existing premises is, however, of considerably greater age than either of the coffee-houses. It has been used as their wine-cellar; the walls are of rough stone in some places, and in others of fine red brick,

less in thickness than the bricks now in use. There have been in the division-walls several window-openings of different periods, which are now filled up, and the vaults extend beyond the houses underneath the alley; they are ecclesiastical, and have a piscina. Stow says of this locality: "The Pope's Head Tavern, with other houses adjoining, strongly built of stone, hath of old time been all in one, pertaining to some great estate." Again: "The Pope's Head Tavern is on the back part thereof, towards the south, as also one other house, called the 'stone house,' in Lombard-street. Some say this was King John's House, which might be, for I find in a written copy of Matthew Paris's history that, in the year 1232, Henry III. sent Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent, to Cornhill in London," &c.

The proprietor of the house in the sixteenth century, whence dates its celebrity, was Thomas Garway, tobacconist and coffee-man—the first who sold and retailed tea, recommending it for the cure of all disorders. The following (says Disraeli) is more curious than any historical account we have. It is from a single sheet in the Sloane Library in the British Museum, and is printed at length in Ellis's *Letters*, 2d series, iv. 58: "Tea in England hath been sold in the leaf for 6*l.* and sometimes for 10*l.* the pound weight; and in respect of its former scarceness and dearness, it hath been only used as a regalia in high treatments and entertainments, and presents made unto princes and grandees, till in the year 1657 the said Thomas Garway did purchase a quantity thereof, and first publicly sold the said tea in leaf and drink, made according to the directions of the most knowing merchants and travellers into those eastern countries; and upon knowledge and experience of the said Garway's continued care and industry in ob-

taining the best tea, and making drink thereof, very many noblemen, physicians, and merchants, and gentlemen of quality, have ever since sent to him for the said leaf, and daily resort to his house in Exchange-alley aforesaid, to *drink the drink thereof;* and to the end that all persons of eminence and quality, gentlemen, and others who have occasion for tea in leaf, may be supplied, these are to give notice that the said Thomas Garway hath tea to sell, from sixteen to fifty shillings the pound."

Garway had not a token for his house; indeed the word Tea occurs on no other token than those issued from the Great Turk Coffee-house, in Exchange-alley, where, in 1662-3, tea was sold at from 6*s.* to 30*s.* per pound. Pepys drank tea in 1660; the Earl of Arlington introduced it at court about 1666; and in 1668, to drink "a dish of tea" was fashionable after dinner.

Ogilby, the poet, to carry on his *Britannia,* by actual survey, had at Garway's his standing lottery of books in 1673; and in the *Journey through England,* 1772, *Garraway's,* as it was then called, was frequented "by people of quality who have business in the City, and the most considerable and wealthy citizens."

In 1673, wines were sold at Garraway's "by the candle," that is, by auction, while an inch of candle burns. In the *Tatler,* No. 147, we read: "Upon my coming home last night, I found a very handsome present of French wine left me, as a taste of 216 hogsheads which are to be put to sale at 20*l.* a hogshead at Garraway's in Exchange-alley," &c. The sale by candle is, however, a sort of *lucus a non lucendo,* being by candle-light *during the day.* At the commencement, when the auctioneer has read a description of the property and the conditions of sale, a piece of candle, usually an inch

long, is lighted, and he who is the last bidder at the time the light goes out is declared the purchaser. The great sale-room at Garraway's was on the first floor, where there was a rostrum for the seller and a few settles for the buyers. There were other sale-rooms on the second and third floors.

We now reach the scheming epoch, the year of the South-Sea Bubble, when all ranks of society came

"To venture in the alley;"

or, as Swift has admirably pictured it:

"There is a gulf where thousands fell,
Here all the bold adventurers came,
A narrow sound, though deep as hell—
Change-alley is the dreadful name.

Subscribers here by thousands float,
And jostle one another down,
Each paddling in his leaky boat,
And here they fish for gold and drown.

* * * *

Meantime, secure on Garway cliffs,
A savage race, by shipwrecks fed,
Lie waiting for the foundered skiffs,
And strip the bodies of the dead."

Dr. Radcliffe, who was a rash speculator in the South-Sea scheme, was usually planted at a table at Garraway's, about Exchange time, to watch the turn of the market. One of his ventures was 5000 guineas upon one project. When he was told at Garraway's that it was all lost, "Why," said he, "'tis but going up five thousand pair of stairs more." "This answer," says Tom Brown, "deserved a statue." Radcliffe saw his patients at Garraway's: in the last century it was the custom with physicians generally to see their patients at coffee-houses.

Garraway's was, in our time, the earliest house

opened and the latest of its class closed, the business of refection going on from ten A.M. till nine P.M. in the lower room. The accommodation in the boxes was of rather a primitive kind; but the great business was the stand-up luncheons at the bar, where the consumption of sandwiches, sherry, and pale-ale was prodigious. The house was formerly noted for its punch, which has now become an old-fashioned drink. To the last the coffee-room was hung over with bills of auction-sales, the sight of which might make a man melancholy in his cups, and set him reflecting upon the mutability of all human affairs. Twenty or thirty property-sales sometimes took place in one day in the sale-rooms up-stairs; here also sales of drugs, mahogany, and timber were periodically held. The sales of shares in public companies were also very numerous.

In special times the scene below was one of great excitement. Five-and-twenty years ago, when the tea-speculation was at its height, and prices were fluctuating 6*d.* and 8*d.* per pound on the arrival of every mail, Garraway's, we are told in *The City, or the Physiology of London Business*, "was frequented every night by a host of the smaller fry of dealers, when there was more excitement than ever occurred on 'Change when the most important intelligence arrived. Champagne and anchovy-toast were the order of the night, and every one came, ate and drank, and went as he pleased, without the least question concerning the score; yet the bills were discharged, and this plan continued for several months."

In this "sensation scene" of mixed business and pleasure, not a few philanthropic frequenters of the house enjoyed the luxury of doing good. The volume just quoted has this redeeming picture: "The members

of the little coterie who take the dark corner under the clock have for many years visited this room. They number two or three old steady merchants, a solicitor, and a gentleman who almost devotes the whole of his time to philanthropic objects—for instance, the getting up of a ball for shipwrecked mariners and their families, or the organisation of a dinner for the benefit of the distressed needlewomen of the metropolis. They are a very quiet party, and enjoy the privilege of their *séance* uninterrupted by visitors." There are many such worthies who work together for good, and thus are something better than coffee-house politicians.

The Garraway's of our time held its own bravely, and enormous has been the consumption of sandwiches, muffins, and luncheon-snacks, to say nothing of stout, pale-ale, sherry, and punch, within its old precincts. A feeling of fellowship seemed to come over even the competitors in the sale-room; and a sale at Garraway's was unlike a sale anywhere else. "It was really a cheerful sight," says the author of *London Scenes*, "entering the low wide-roofed room from the fog and cold of a November afternoon, to find all so genial; a capital sea-coal fire, red and blazing; a curious arrangement of dwarf spits, or rather polyform forks, all armed with muffins, twirling round and round most temptingly, and implying with dumb eloquence, *Come eat us*. Guests imbibing wine, sipping coffee, or munching toast, and casting at intervals a satisfied glance over the catalogues of the sales just due. The warmth and the good cheer have smoothed the wrinkles from every man's face; they are just in the humour to bid liberally. A bell rings, and they ascend the broad centre stairs to the antiquated sale-room, containing a small rostrum for the seller, and a few commonly-grained settles for the buyers. Every-

body appeared to know everybody, and the auctioneer was so cordially greeted on ascending his rostrum, that you might have fancied the wood was to be had as a gift. Large and small lots were knocked down with startling celerity. The buyers formed quite a happy family, and the competition, when any arose touching some log with an unusually fine curl, was of the politest and blandest character." Although these timber-sales were a feature of Garraway's, its sales were not confined to that ponderous speciality. It was equally notable for its sales of life-annuities and reversionary interests, and many a fair estate has been knocked down in the old rostrum in Change-alley.

THE LONDON COFFEE-HOUSE, LUDGATE-HILL.

This noteworthy coffee-house was closed in August 1867, having been purchased by the Corporation of London for 38,000*l.* It had existed nearly a century and a half. It was opened with the following advertisement:

"*May* 1731.

Whereas it is customary for Coffee-houses, and other Public-houses, to take 8*s.* for a quart of Arrack, and 6*s.* for a quart of Rum made into Punch,

This is to give notice,

That James Ashley has opened, on Ludgate-hill, the London Coffee-house, Punch-house, Dorchester Beer, and Welsh Ale Warehouse, where the finest and best old Arrack, Rum, and French Brandy is made into Punch, with the other of the finest ingredients—viz. A quart of Arrack made into Punch for 6*s.*; and so in proportion to the smallest quantity, which is half-a-quartern for 4½*d.* A quart of Rum or Brandy made into Punch for 4*s.*, and so in proportion to the smallest quantity, which is half-a-quartern for 4½*d.*; and gentlemen may have it as soon made as a gill of Wine can be drawn."

The original proprietor was a Mr. Roney, who was succeeded by Mr. Ellis. Afterwards the house was taken by Messrs. Leech and Dallimore. Mr. Leech was the father of the celebrated artist. The succeeding proprietor, Mr. Lovegrove, was known to many a citizen as the occupier of The Horn, Doctors'-commons, from whence he removed to Ludgate-hill, bringing with him the business of several clubs, and giving to the house more of a tavern character than it previously possessed. Mr. Lovegrove remained there until 1856, when Mr. Robert Clarke took possession, and was the last tenant.

Several lodges of Freemasons and sundry clubs were wont to assemble here periodically—among them, "The Sons of Industry," to which many of the influential tradesmen of the Wards of Farringdon have been long attached. Here too, in the large hall, the juries from the Central Criminal Court were lodged during the night when important cases have lasted more than one day. During the May Meetings, the London Coffee-house was frequently resorted to as a favourite place of meeting. It was also noted for its publishers' sales of stock and copyrights. It was within the rules of the Fleet Prison. At the bar of the London Coffee-house was sold Rowley's British Cephalic Snuff. A singular incident occurred here many years since: Mr. Brayley, the topographer, was present at a party, when Mr. Broadhurst, the famous tenor, by singing a high note, caused a wine-glass on the table to break, the bowl being separated from the stem.

The premises occupy a Roman site; for in the year 1800, in the rear of the house, in a bastion of the city wall, was found a sepulchral monument, dedicated to Claudina Martina by her husband, a provincial Roman soldier; here also were found a fragment of a statue of

Hercules and a female head. These relics have been preserved in the Corporation Museum, at the Guildhall.

In the house adjoining the coffee-house lived Axford, the grocer, a relative of Axford, whose name occurs in the strange story of Hannah Lightfoot, "the fair Quaker;" and subsequently, Mr. Henry Marriott, a Common Councilman, who for several years regulated the civic procession on Lord Mayor's Day.

LITERATURE OF THE SEVEN DIALS.

An author of great repute in these classic latitudes furnished the following details of his art to the *Morning Chronicle:* "The little knowledge I have, I picked up bit by bit, so that I hardly know how I have come by it. I certainly knew my letters before I left home, and I have got the rest off the dead walls and out of the ballads and papers I have been selling. I write most of the Newgate ballads now for the printers in the Dials, and indeed anything that turns up. I get a shilling for a 'Copy of Verses written by the wretched culprit the night previous to his execution.' I wrote Courvoisier's sorrowful lamentation: I called it 'A Woice from the Gaol.' I wrote a pathetic ballad on the respite of Annette Meyers. I did the helegy, too, on Rush's execution: it was supposed, like the rest, to be written by the culprit himself, and was particularly penitent. I didn't write that to order—I knew they would want a copy of verses from the culprit. The publisher read it over and said, 'That's the thing for the street public.' I only got a shilling for Rush. Indeed, they are all the same price, no matter how popular they may be. I wrote the life of Manning in verse. Be-

sides these, I have written the lament of Calcraft the hangman on the decline of his trade, and many political songs."

According to the writer of an article in the *Quarterly Review*, 1867, on Street Ballads, the celebrated Catnach, whose name is ever associated with the literature of our streets, died in 1840, aged 49. "He was" (says the writer) "in 1821 at the height of his fame as a printer of ballads in Seven Dials, where he spent a hard-working, busy life, having amassed a fortune of 10,000*l*. He was the son of a decent north-country printer, and began at first with a small shop, and a small trade in half-penny songs, relying for their composition on one or two of his 'bards,' and when they were tipsy, being driven to write himself. During the Peninsular War, and specially at the time of Queen Caroline's trial, his business had increased so enormously as at times to require two or three presses going night and day to keep pace with the demand. At a later period he turned his attention to the 'Gallows Ballads,' and here he reaped a golden harvest. He retired from business in 1839, and was succeeded by a Mr. Fortey." "Compared with a volume of the famous 'Roxburghe Ballads,' which range between the years 1560 and 1700, our present 500 from Seven Dials are models of purity and cleanliness. In the second volume of that famous collection there are about 580 ballads, or broadsides, printed as ours still are on sheets of the thinnest and commonest paper; and at least three-fourths of these (especially of the later dates) are so grossly, openly indecent, as to be incapable of quotation. A few are slightly political, and refer to such topics as the 'Meal-tub Plot,' and a few to such themes as shipwrecks and naval fights; but the majority are broadly and coarsely amorous; evi-

dently written by persons above the lowest rank, for the express purpose of raising indecent and unclean thoughts in the minds of their readers—not by hinted indelicacy or vulgar coarseness of style, but by studied filthiness. No such nastiness is to be found in the halfpenny ballads of Seven Dials; though there is abundance of slang, vulgarity, and occasional coarseness of expression. For open indecency and grosser pruriency, we must go to a class of songs and song-books, authors and customers, of a higher class—to penny and twopenny and sixpenny packets of uncleanness."

HORRORS OF OLD BETHLEM HOSPITAL.

The late Dr. Conolly, in his able work on *The Treatment of the Insane without Mechanical Restraints*, states that in the women's galleries, in Bethlem, the House of Commons Committee, in 1815, found in one of the side rooms "about ten patients, each chained by one arm or leg to the wall, the chain allowing them merely to stand up by the bench or form fixed to the wall, or to sit down on it." For a dress, each had only a sort of blanket-gown made like a dressing-gown, but with nothing to fasten it round the body. The feet were without shoes or stockings. Some of these patients were lost in imbecility, dirty, and offensive; associated with them were others capable of coherent conversation, and sensible and accomplished. Many women were locked up in their cells, chained, without clothing, and with only one blanket for a covering. In the men's wing, six patients in the side room were chained close to the wall, five were handcuffed, and one was locked to the wall by the right arm, as well as by the right leg.

Except the blanket-gown, these men had no clothing; the room had the appearance of a dog-kennel. Chains were universally substituted for the strait-waistcoat. Those who were not cleanly, and all who were disinclined to get up, were allowed to lie in bed—in what state may be imagined.

In one cell they found a patient, whose condition is represented in a plate in Esquirol's work, not much to the honour of English treatment. This patient's name was Norris. He had been a powerful and violent man. Having on one occasion resented what he considered some improper treatment by his keeper, he was fastened by a long chain, which was ingeniously passed through a wall into the next room, where the victorious keeper, out of the patient's reach, could drag the unfortunate man close to the wall whenever he pleased. To prevent this sort of outrage, poor Norris muffled the chain with straw; but the savage inclinations of the keeper were either checked by no superintending eye, or the officers of the asylum partook of his cruelty and his fears; for now a new and refined torture for the patient was invented in the shape of an ingenious apparatus of iron. A stout iron ring was riveted round his neck, from which a short chain passed to a ring made to slide upwards or downwards on an upright massive iron bar, more than six feet high, inserted into the wall. Round his body a strong iron bar, about two inches wide, was riveted: on each side of the bar was a circular projection, which, being fastened to and enclosing each of his arms, pinioned them close to his sides. The effect of this apparatus was, that the patient could indeed raise himself up so as to stand against the wall, but could not stir one foot from it, could not walk one step, and could not even lie down except on his back: and in this thraldom he had lived for twelve

years. "During much of that time he is reported to have been rational in his conversation. But for him, in all those twelve years, there had been no variety of any kind—no refreshing change, no relief, no fresh air, no exercise, no sight of fields or gardens, or earth or heaven." Lunatic asylums in the present day have "doors opening into gardens; flowers blooming round the windows; wide and light galleries; windows commanding agreeable views; sitting-rooms and bed-rooms, where neither bars, nor guards, nor heavy locks and keys are seen or required; convenient furniture; cleanliness everywhere; good bedding; baths and lavatories of the best construction; provision for warmth in winter, and for coolness and shade in summer; and every addition that can aid or protect the feeble, and benefit the sick, by day or by night, affording alleviation and comfort, and rest for all the forms of pain and sorrow, present themselves in these noble institutions to the eye of the most careless observer, and afford a deeper satisfaction to those who know the effect of all these things on the patients than the contemplation of the grandeur of temples or of palaces."

THE REMAINS OF LORD JEFFREYS.

It has formed a subject of dispute as to where the body of the notorious Lord High Chancellor of England, the Lord Jeffreys, was interred; it being generally asserted and insisted on by Lord Campbell, in his *Lives of the Chancellors*, that it had been placed in a vault under the altar of the church of St. Mary the Virgin, Aldermanbury. This church in 1863 underwent extensive alterations, and the vaults were filled up for sanitary

reasons. Nothing was discovered to confirm the above statement, but in the vault referred to was a small brass plate, in excellent preservation, inscribed as follows: "The Honble Mrs Mary Dive, eldest daughter of the Right Honble George Lord Jeffrey, Baron of Wem, and Lord High Chancellor of England, by Ann his lady, daughter of Sir Thomas Bludworth, sometime Lord Mayor of the City of London, died Oct. 4th, 1711, in the 31st year of her age." The brass has been removed from its hiding-place, and inserted in the wall of the church.

Lord Macaulay states that "the emaciated corpse of George Lord Jeffreys was laid, with all privacy, next to the corpse of Monmouth in the chapel of the Tower" (*Hist. of England*, iii. 403). So far this is true; but according to Malcolm it was subsequently removed to St. Mary, Aldermanbury. He says: "Jeffreys was privately buried in the Tower, from whence his body was conveyed to the family vault four years and six months afterwards, as a tradition in the parish of St. Mary's asserts, *by* the apprentices of Aldermanbury, in a manner rather tumultuous. But this must be a mere fable, further than that the apprentices might have run riot on such an occasion, as they frequently did a century or two past. But the body was *doubtlessly removed* by regular permission obtained by his friends. The sextoness informs me that she saw the coffin of this unpopular judge, a few years past, in perfect preservation, covered with crimson velvet, and with gilt furniture." Malcolm also prints the following extract from the register of burials: "1693, George Lord Jeffreys, baron of Wem, died the 19 April, 1689; buried in a vault under the communion-table, Nov. 2, 1693." (*Londinium Redivivum*, ii. 133, 137.) This confirms the account given by Lord Campbell, who states that "Jeffreys'

remains were buried privately in the Tower, where they remained quietly for some years. A warrant was afterwards signed by Queen Mary, while William was on the Continent, directed to the Governor of the Tower, 'for his delivering the body of George, late Lord Jeffreys, to his friends and relations, to bury him as they think fit.' On the 2d of November 1693 the body was disinterred, and buried a second time in a vault under the communion-table of St. Mary, Aldermanbury. In the year 1810, when the church was repaired, the coffin was inspected by the curious, and was found still fresh, with the name of Lord Chancellor Jeffreys inscribed upon it." (*Lives of the Lord Chancellors*, iii. 579.) A circumstantial account of the discovery of his coffin in December 1810 will be found in the *Gent. Mag.* of that month, p. 554, where it is stated that "the coffin was not opened; and after public curiosity had been gratified, it was replaced in the vault, and the stone fastened over it." (*Notes and Queries*, 3d ser. no. 97.)

PLAYHOUSES IN SHAKSPEARE'S TIME.

The late Mr. Robert Bell, the accomplished *littérateur*, has left this clever sketch of the playhouses of London in the age of our great dramatic bard:

In Shakspeare's time there were no fewer than seven principal theatres in London, besides such occasional houses as the Swan and the Rose. The Blackfriars, which Shakspeare joined in the first instance, and never left, was built in 1576. There was a space in front to turn coaches in, and part of the ground is still called Playhouse-yard. The Globe belonged to the same

company, and was their summer house. There were playbills issued, containing only the name of the play. They were pasted up on posts, and hence the term "posters," now indiscriminately applied to all bills pasted up on walls. Hence also the term "knights of the post," applied to the fellows who lurked about the posts at the inns-of-court and the doors of the sheriffs, ready to give fictitious bail or take false oaths. The Globe was open at the top; the pit, separated from the stage by a paling, was without floor or seats, and its occupants were called the "groundlings," whose "inexplicable dumb-show and noise" are alluded to by Hamlet. There was a scaffold for a gallery, with boxes underneath, and the orchestra, consisting chiefly of trumpets, hautboys, cornets, recorders, and viols, were placed in a lofty balcony, or upper stage-box. The price of admission to the boxes was 1*s.*, descending in other parts of the house to 6*d.*, 2*d.*, and 1*d.* The prices were doubled, and sometimes trebled, on the night of a new play. The performance commenced at one. Thus Sir John Davies, in one of his epigrams, says:

> "Fuscus doth rise at ten, and at eleven
> He goes to Gyls, where he doth eat till one;
> Then sees a play."

The hour was afterwards altered to three, which continued through subsequent reigns to the end of the seventeenth century. The proscenium was divided from the stage by a curtain, which opened in the middle. At the first sounding of the trumpet the curtain opened; at the third the performance commenced by Prologue coming in, in a long velvet dress. There were traverses, or curtains, at the back of the stage, and a balcony to represent battlements or any other elevation that might be required. The changes of scene were

indicated by sign-boards. The roof of the stage was painted sky-blue to represent heaven, and when a starless or tempestuous night was required it was hung with black—

"Hung be the heavens with black; yield day to night."

The stage was lighted by two branches, and the body of the house by cresset lights, formed of ropes, wreathed and pitched, and placed in open iron lanterns, occasionally interspersed with wax tapers in the boxes. The stage was strewn with rushes. Young gallants, entering through the tiring-house, sat on stools on the stage, for which they paid extra, to exhibit their finery and play at cards. The audiences were generally very vociferous, playing at cards, eating fruit, and smoking tobacco. In the midst of the uproar many were to be seen reading; for it was one of the strange features of the scene that new publications were hawked and cried through the house. When a tragedy was played, the stage was hung with black. The performance generally lasted two hours, and ended with a dance. During the early part of the reign of Elizabeth, the only day when acting was permitted was Sunday, "out of the hours of prayer;" and Gosson complains that the popular taste had so encouraged these stage-plays that they sometimes infringed upon the week-days. It was not till the following reign that public performances were prohibited on the Sunday, though even then Sunday continued to be the day for the performances at Court.

Actors were paid by shares; a primitive system still observed by many of the travelling booths in the country. It was estimated that a first-rate actor might realise about 9*s*. a night, or about 90*l*. a year. The

average receipts of the Globe or Blackfriars, after deducting the daily expenses, amounting to 45*s.*, had been estimated at about 9*l.* Considerable amusement was produced by contrasting these statistics with the sums realised by theatres and actors in the nineteenth century. Authors' profits were derived either from the sale of their copyrights or by the proceeds of the second night of performance, afterwards changed to the third. Shakspeare is said to have received 5*l.* for *Hamlet;* but the usual sum for a play was 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* The contrasts between these sums and the profits realised by plays since Garrick's time exhibit some curious items.

MRS. SIDDONS'S FIRST APPEARANCE ON THE STAGE.

The correspondence below reveals a fact in connection with Mrs. Siddons's first appearance on the London boards which appears to have escaped her biographer. It is, that she was indebted to the good offices of Lord Aylesbury, who had been delighted by her acting in the country, for an introduction to Garrick.

"The late Earl of Aylesbury having seen Mrs. Siddons perform at Cheltenham in the summer of 1773, spoke to Garrick in such admiration of her theatrical talents as to excite his earnest attention, who therefore, without loss of time, wrote to his friend Mr. Bate (afterwards Sir Henry Bate Dudley), as follows:

"Hampton, July 31, 1775. — Dear Bate, — If you pass by Cheltenham in your way to Worcester, I wish you would see an actress there, a Mrs. Siddons; she has a desire, I hear, to try her fortune with us. If she seems in your eyes worthy of being transplanted, pray desire

to know upon what conditions she would make the trial, and I will write to her the post after I receive your letter. Pay our compliments to your lady, and accept of our warmest wishes for an agreeable journey and safe return to London.—Yours, my dear sir, most sincerely, (signed) D. Garrick." Addressed to the Rev. Mr. Bate.

An immediate reply so fully confirmed the opinion of Lord Aylesbury, that a negotiation was entered into, and an agreement entered upon between Mr. Bate and Mr. Siddons, for the term of three years, at a weekly stipend of six pounds to Mrs. S., and an inferior one for Mr. S., during the Drury-Lane season, which appears to have been duly ratified, from the subjoined letter:

"Hampton, August 15, 1775.—Dear Bate,—Ten thousand thanks for your very clear, agreeable, and friendly letter; it pleased me much, and whoever calls it *a jargon of unintelligible stuff* should be knocked down if I were near him. I must desire you to secure the lady with my best compliments, and that she may depend upon every reasonable and friendly encouragement in my power; at y^e^ same time you must intimate to y^e^ husband that he must be satisfy'd with *the state of life in which it has pleased Heaven to call her.* You see how much I think myself obliged to your kind offices by the flattering quotations I make from your *own book.* Y^e^ account of the pregnancy alarms me! When shall we be in shapes again? How long does the lady count? When will she be able to appear? Pray complete your good offices, and let me know all we are to trust to. Should not you get some memorandum signed by her and her husband, and of which I will send a facsimile

copy to them, under a frank, if you will let me know their address. I laugh at the military stratagems of the Covent-Garden generals whilst I have your genius to oppose them. If she has merit (as I am sure by your letter she must have), and will be wholly governed by me, I will make her theatrical fortune. If any lady begins to play us tricks, I will immediately play off my masked battery of Siddons against her. I should be glad to know her cast of parts, or rather what parts she has done and in what she likes herself *best*—those I would have mark'd; and above all, my dear Farmer, let me know about what time we may reckon upon her appearance in Drury Lane. I repeat this to you because it is of the utmost consequence. Pray let me hear from you again in answer to this. I make no compliments or excuses to you for the trouble I give you, because I feel by myself that you take pleasure in obliging me.—I am, my dear Farmer, most sincerely yours, (signed) D. Garrick. Mrs. Garrick joins with me in every good wish for you and your lady.—Rev. Mr. Bate, Hop-Pole, Worcester."

THE OLD THEATRE IN LINCOLN'S-INN-FIELDS.*

One by one the memorials of old London are passing away. Soon there will be no link with the past; and our generation will be the last to speak of remembered vestiges of bygone times; for by those who succeed us there will be no associations to be found in the general modern metropolis. The giant hands of innovation and improvement are levelling all before them; and the last relics they have doomed to destruction are those of the

* Written by Albert Smith in 1848.

old theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-fields, on whose site in Portugal-street we have the large earthenware warehouses of Messrs. Spode.

On the 2d of July 1661 Pepys thus writes: "I went to Sir William Davenant's theatre, this being the fourth day it has begun;" and so we have at once the date of its opening. There was a greater interest attached to this theatre than to any other at that time, for it was the first house at which female characters were sustained by women. Hitherto the heroines had been enacted by the male performers; but Davenant got a clause in his patent to this effect: "Whereas the women's parts in plays have hitherto been acted by men in the habits of women, at which some have taken offence: we do permit and give leave for the time to come, that all women's parts be acted by women."

This was a great novelty. We have a record that women had before played in England. Prynne says, "In Michaelmas, 1629, they had French women actors in a play personated at Blackfriars, to which there was a great resort." Sir William Davenant engaged Mrs. Davenport, Mrs. Saunderson, Mrs. Davies, Mrs. Long, Mrs. Gibbs, Mrs. Norris, Mrs. Holden, and Mrs. Jennings. The four first, who were his principal actresses, were lodged in his house.

Another great novelty about the theatre was the introduction of scenery, or rather the establishing of scenery at a part of the playhouse; since it had been used at the Cockpit in Drury-lane three or four years before, in an entertainment called *The Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru*, "expressed by vocal and instrumental music, and *by art of perspective in scenery*."

The new speculation seems to have proved a "hit;" for two days after his last entry we find Pepys saying:

"July 4, I went to the theatre" (the Cockpit?): "but strange to see this house, that used to be so thronged, now empty since the Opera began." Tastes do not appear to have changed.

We next find Pepys at the Lincoln's-Inn-fields theatre again, on December 16, when he says: "To the Opera, where there was a new play, *The Cutter of Coleman-street.* It being the first time, the pay was doubled."

In August 15, 1664, he writes as follows: "To the Duke's house"—the Duke of York was the patron of Davenant—"and there saw the German Princess, acted by the woman herself; but never was anything so well done in earnest, worse performed in jest upon the stage." The "German Princess" was an accomplished female swindler, who pretended to this rank, and made great noise at the time. She was ultimately hanged for stealing a piece of plate.

HOW PETER OF COLECHURCH BUILT LONDON BRIDGE.

In the year 1176 the most excellent Peter of Colechurch began to build the first stone of "London Bridge," somewhat westward of the timber one. Peter was a priest and chaplain of St. Mary Colechurch, which, until the Great Fire of London, stood on the north side of the Poultry. This chapel, of which the skilful Peter was curate, was famous as the place where St. Edmund and St. Thomas à Becket were presented at the baptismal font. Peter was greatly aided by subscriptions: the names of all the benefactors were hung up in St. Thomas's Chapel, built in the middle of the bridge. The donation of King Henry II. was, doubtless, there. The king's gift, however, is supposed to have been, in fact, the gift of the people, being the

produce of a tax upon wool; and hence arose the absurd tradition that "London Bridge was built upon wool-packs." The building which Peter of Colechurch thus began took as long to complete as Solomon's Temple, for thirty-three years were employed in erecting it. Ere that period, however, the charitable priest who designed it, the learned architect and wise builder who watched its progress, went the way of all flesh. In the lower chapel on the bridge did the pious architect propose to rest his bones. His monument, remarkable only for its plainness, was formed, according to Maitland's *History*, under the chapel staircase; and from the *Annals of Waverley* we know that the relics of Peter were certainly entombed in this place: "In 1205," runs the passage, "died Peter the chaplain of Colechurch, who began the stone bridge at London, and he is sepultured in the chapel upon the bridge."

Reasoning from this statement, the late Mr. Brayley wrote: "We may, therefore, be allowed to conjecture that, if due care be taken when the old bridge is pulled down, as most probably it will be in the course of two or three years, the bones and ashes of its venerable architect will still be found." This was written in the year 1828; and, true enough, in taking down the bridge, early in January 1832, the bones of old Peter were found, in removing the centre pier, some six centuries and a half after their interment there. They were dug up "from under the floor of the chapel pier;" but that attention was not paid to their preservation which a due respect for the memory of the venerable architect demanded. Mr. William Knight, the principal acting engineer of the new bridge, told the writer that the bones in question were not preserved, but thrown into the barge alongside the pier which received the rubbish.

TRUE HISTORY OF SIR RICHARD WHITTINGTON.

Among the English merchants of the Middle Ages must be ranked highly the celebrated Richard Whittington, whose veritable history is scarcely less interesting than the well-known nursery tale.

Whittington, upon whose history some light has recently been thrown by an industrious antiquary, was the third son of Sir William Whittington, of Pauntley, in the county of Gloucester, who appears to have fallen into indifferent circumstances, and whose widow married a second time Sir Thomas de Berkeley, of Cubberley, where she died in 1373. Richard Whittington was born in 1350, and at an early age came to London to seek his fortune. He was apprenticed to one Hugh Fitzwarren, a mercer, who appears also to have been a Gloucestershire man. Becoming disgusted with the drudgery of apprenticeship, he essayed to run away, but "turned again," to his own great advantage, on the approach of night, and on hearing the sound of Bow bells, whilst resting himself on the stone cross at the foot of Highgate-hill.

The story of the cat, which laid the foundation of Whittington's good fortune, is known to every English child; it is pleasant to think that it has been lately rescued from ridicule, and that tradition in this, as in other cases, is more to be relied on than is often allowed. Whittington married Alice Fitzwarren, his master's daughter, and, no doubt, succeeded to his trade. He became a most eminent mercer. The issue-rolls show that he supplied the wedding *trousseau* of the Princess Blanche, King Henry IV.'s eldest daughter, on her marriage with the son of the King of the Romans; and also

the wedding-dresses, pearls, and cloth-of-gold, for the marriage of the Princess Philippa, the king's daughter, Queen of Sweden and Norway, with the King of the Romans. He was also the Court banker of the day, and lent large sums of money to the sovereigns, especially to Henry V., "for maintaining the siege of Harfleur."

Whittington, it is said, was "*thrice* Lord Mayor of London;" in fact, he filled the office of Lord Mayor of London *four* times. He was first appointed Mayor by the Crown, 1397 (20 Richard II.), "in the place of Adam Baunne, who had gone the waye of all fleshe." He was elected Mayor in the year following, 1398; and he was again elected in 1406 (8 Henry IV.). In 1416 he was elected Member of Parliament for the City of London; and he was again elected Lord Mayor in 1419 (7 Hen. V.).

The popularity of Whittington among his fellow-citizens appears to have arisen as well from his public acts as from his private liberality. He was one of the most strenuous supporters of the native trade, and a vigorous opponent of the admission of foreigners to the freedom of the City. He also made himself very popular by proceedings which he instituted against the Brewers' Company "for selling dear ale;" alleging that they "had ridden into the country and forestalled the market to raise its price." The Brewers, upon this information, were convicted and fined 20*l.*, and were ordered to be kept in the Chamberlain's custody until they should pay it, or find security; to which "extraordinary and arbitrary proceedings of Richard Whittington against the Company" the Brewers greatly objected, and refused "to make feasts or breakfasts, or to provide their yearly livery during his mayoralty, in consequence of the griev-

ous and great charges which Richard Whittington imposed upon them."

Whittington, in fact, was a people's champion, as well as a royal banker; and he lent his purse, as well as his influence, to raise the people in the social scale. During his lifetime he erected conduits for the people at Cripplegate and near Billingsgate; he founded a library for the Grey Friars' monastery in Newgate-street, and furnished it with books, which at that time, before the introduction of the art of printing, were extremely costly; he caused the compilation of the *Liber Albus*, a book of great importance, in which were entered "the laudable customs not written but wont to be observed in the City of London;" and he contributed largely towards the erection of the library at Guildhall. He restored the Hospital of St. Bartholomew, Smithfield, which had fallen into decay; and, by his instructions on his death-bed, he provided for the rebuilding of the prison of Newgate, which was so pestiferous a place as to cause many deaths; and for the erection of a noble set of almshouses at Highgate, which bear his name. It is stated of him that, in his last mayoralty, King Henry V. and Queen Catherine dined with him in the City, when Whittington caused a fire to be lighted of precious woods, mixed with cinnamon and other spices; and that, taking all the bonds given him by the King for money lent, amounting to no less than 60,000*l.*, he threw them into the fire and burnt them, thereby freeing his sovereign from his debts. The King, astonished at such a proceeding, exclaimed, "Surely, never had king such a subject;" to which Whittington, with courtly gallantry, replied, "Surely, sire, never had subject such a king."

Whittington lived in a house in Hart-street, "four

doors from Mark-lane, up a gateway." The residence, which was a very handsome one, existed till a recent period. He died in 1427, aged seventy-three. He was buried in the church of St. Michael, Paternoster Royal, to which he had been a liberal benefactor, and where his wife had been previously interred. He had no children, and the bulk of his estates he left to his executors, to be laid out in purposes of charity, and in completing the works he had commenced. He left his collar of SS and some silver plate to his brother, "Robert, Lord of Pauntley, and his heirs."

Whittington was in every way in advance of his age. The liberal views which he introduced into trade no doubt did much to promote legitimate commerce, as well as to show English merchants the superior advantages of an honest and liberal mode of trading.

THE PLAGUE AND THE PEST-HOUSE FIELD.

It is well known that the ravages of the Plague were most severely felt in the parishes of St. Martin-in-the-Fields and St. Paul Covent-garden, and that many thousand corpses were buried in the fields now covered by the houses of Golden-square and the neighbouring streets; a fact recalled to public attention by the fatality which prevailed in the same district during the visitation of the metropolis by cholera in the year 1854, and which was attributed to the accidental throwing open of drains contaminated with the organic remains of the corpses so buried in 1665.

It is not, however, commonly known that William Earl of Craven in 1687 purchased a piece of ground in the parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields of three acres in

extent, and then called the Pest-house Fields,—now the site of Carnaby-market and the surrounding streets,—and by a deed, dated 7th December in that year, conveyed it to a trustee, for his own use for life, and conveyed the same to his heirs and assigns for ever, in trust, after his death, out of the rents, issues, and profits, to keep in repair the houses and buildings in the Fields, for the relief of the poor of the parishes of St. Clement Danes, St. Martin-in-the-Fields, St. James Westminster, and St. Paul Covent-garden, as should thereafter be visited by the Plague, as a pest-house or place set apart for their relief. In 1732 the field became surrounded by houses, and the trust estate having devolved on William third Baron Craven, who was desirous of building over it, but was threatened, in case he should do so, with a bill of injunction by the parishes included in the gift of his ancestor, he entered into a compromise, which was carried into effect by an Act of Parliament, 7 Geo. II. c. 11, whereby three acres of land at Craven-hill, Bayswater, were substituted for the original site.

After the passing of this act, Bayard's Watering-place and the piece of land adjoining remained for many years an open piece of ground; but upon the decease of William the seventh Baron Craven, in 1825, the premises were taken possession of by the parties entitled to his estates in Middlesex, which were settled in strict settlement, and they were treated by them as part of such settled estate, without regard to the charitable trusts affecting this property, and building-leases were granted of parts of the premises, upon which dwelling-houses have since been erected of a superior description.

In these building-leases the lessors inserted, for their

protection against any future liability to fulfil the charitable trust to which the property was dedicated, a covenant by the lessee to deliver up the land demised, if and when the same should be hereafter required for the purpose of a pest-house.

However remote from town the village of Paddington and manor of Westbourne might have appeared in 1737 to the parties through whom the arrangement was made for transferring the trusts of the deed of 1687 to that district, the lapse of another century and a quarter sufficed to bring it within the ever-widening circumference of the metropolis.

A proposal was next made by the Craven family to again transport the charity to a suburban locality,—by which removal the descendants of the founder would acquire the increased value of the present site; a proposal which they justified by the improbability of the reappearance of the plague in this country.

A different view was taken by the Charity Commissioners, and an information was filed at their instance by the Attorney-general against the persons interested in the estates of the late Earl Craven, to which also the churchwardens and overseers of the before-mentioned parishes were parties, to obtain the declaration of the Court of Chancery that the premises vested in trustees by the act of 1732 were subject to the original charitable trusts, and to settle a scheme for their future administration. This information was heard by the Master of the Rolls, Sir John Romilly, who on the 11th of February 1866, pronounced a decree declaring that the interest of the Craven family in the property had ceased immediately upon the passing of the act, and that the whole was then and now devoted to charity; and referred it to future consideration in what manner

the trusts of the founder can be best carried out in future, or as near thereto as can be. We quote this interesting *précis* from the *Athenæum.*

THE LION SERMON IN THE CITY.

A discourse to which this singular title is given is occasionally preached in the church of St. Catherine Cree, to commemorate a most remarkable instance of the interposition of Divine Providence; and in token of grateful and pious remembrance of the Divine protection so opportunely afforded thereby. So long ago as the reign of James and Charles I. lived Sir John Gayor, Knight, a wealthy citizen of London, and a merchant of the first eminence. To his spirit of commercial adventure he was indebted for his elevated rank in society, and the opulence which enabled him so honourably to support it. He was an inhabitant of the Ward of Aldgate, and a liberal benefactor to the church and poor of St. Catherine Cree, in which he resided. He had planned a mercantile speculation, the success of which he conceived materially depended upon his personal superintendence. With a view to its execution, he embarked on board a vessel richly freighted with his property, and sailed to the coast of Asia. The different places he visited with his merchandise, and the accidents he encountered in so long and perilous a voyage, have not been transmitted to our times. Probably, his papers were destroyed by the Great Fire of London. The adventure which forms the present subject is the only one of which we have any distinct account.

This gentleman, travelling with a caravan of merchants across the deserts of Arabia, by some unaccount-

able fatality separated from his companions, and night overtook him before he became sensible of his danger. He in vain endeavoured to regain the caravan; it had advanced too far, and he was enveloped in all the horrors of darkness in the midst of a dreary and dismal desert. No place of refuge was near, and he seemed the destined prey of the savage animals he heard roaring for food at a short distance from him. In this awful situation, neither his courage nor his presence of mind nor his reliance on heaven forsook him. His own exertions he knew were vain; and he therefore resigned himself, like a true Christian, to the disposal of God. He did not, like Jephtha or Idomeneus, make rash vows which could not be fulfilled without crime; but, actuated by a just sentiment of religion, he fell upon his knees, prayed fervently, and devoutly promised that if God would rescue him from the impending danger, the whole produce of his merchandise should be given as an offering, in benefactions, to the poor, on his return to his native country.

At this moment, a lion of tremendous size was approaching him: death appeared inevitable; but whether it was owing to the prayers of the pious knight, or to the generous nature of the noble animal (so argues the narrative), the fact was, that the lion, after prowling round him, bristling his shaggy hair, and eyeing him apparently with fierce intent, suddenly stopped short, turned round and walked away quietly, without offering him the slightest injury. The knight continued in the same suppliant posture till the morning dawned, when he pursued his journey, and happily came up with his friends, who had considered him for ever lost. The remainder of his voyage was prosperous; he disposed of his freight to advantage, and reached England with in-

creased wealth. He was not unmindful of the vow he had made in the desert, but, without delay, proceeded to carry it into effect. To different charities he distributed considerable alms, but particularly to the poor of his own parish, and among other donations, he bequeathed 200*l.* to the church of St. Catherine Cree, to be laid out in the purchase of an estate, the profits of which were to be applied to the poor, on condition that a sermon should be occasionally preached in that church, to commemorate his deliverance from the paws of the lion.

The following account of the service on one of those occasions was given in a newspaper of October 19th, 1805: "Wednesday, the 16th, was the day appointed for the celebration of the event above related. The church-bell of St. Catherine Cree tolled, as usual, for divine service, and when the congregation were assembled, the morning prayers were read. The first lesson for the day was appropriately taken from Daniel vi., where it is recorded that after the prophet was cast into the lions' den, the Lord shut their mouths so that they did not hurt him. The verses of Psalm xxxiv., inferring that those that fear the Lord shall walk in safety, though hungry lions roar around them, was sung by the charity-children. After the service, the rector of the parish pronounced what is aptly called the 'Lion Sermon,' taking for his text 1 Peter v. 8, 'Be sober, be vigilant, because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.' After descanting upon the necessity of giving heed to the admonitory council of the Apostle, the preacher concluded his discourse by representing the virtue, charity, piety, and unshaken constancy of Sir John Gayor, as examples every way worthy of imitation."

ESCAPE OF THE DUKE OF YORK FROM ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

During the Civil War, St. James's became the prison-house, for nearly three years, of the Duke of York, the Duke of Gloucester, and the Princess Elizabeth. On April 20th, 1648, the Duke of York, who had been taken prisoner when Fairfax entered Oxford, thus effected his escape from St. James's, as narrated in the Stuart Papers, he being then in his fifteenth year: "All things being in readiness on the night of the beforementioned day, the Duke went to supper at his usual hour, which was about seven, in the company of his brother and sister; and when supper was ended they went to play at hide-and-seek with the rest of the young people in the house. At this childish sport the Duke had accustomed himself to play for a fortnight together every night, and used to hide himself in places so difficult to find, that most commonly they were half an hour in searching for him, at the end of which time he most commonly came out of his own accord. This blind he laid for his design, that they might be accustomed to miss him before he really intended his escape; by which means, when he came to practise it in earnest, he was secure of gaining that half-hour before they could reasonably suspect he was gone. His intentions had all the effect he could desire; for that night, so soon as they began their play, he pretended, according to his custom, to hide himself; but instead of doing so, he went first into his sister's chamber, and there locked up a little dog that used to follow him, that he might not be discovered by him; then slipping down by a pair of back stairs which led into the inmost garden, having found means beforehand to furnish himself with a key of a

back door from the said garden into the Park, he there found Bamfield, who was ready to receive him, and waited there with a footman, who brought a cloak, which he threw over him, and put on a periwig. From thence they went through the Spring Garden, where one Tripp was ready with a hackney-coach."

It is needless to pursue the adventure further in detail; suffice it to say that the Duke, in female attire, succeeded in reaching a distant vessel, which was waiting for him below Gravesend. Thus the graybeards were outwitted by a mere boy. James himself has recorded, with a natural feeling of triumph, the pottering search set on foot as soon as the Prince was missed:

"He had not gone," he says, "above an hour, before they began to miss him and search for him in every room in the house, where not finding him, they sent immediate notice of it to Whitehall, and to the General, Sir Thomas Fairfax. Hereupon there were orders issued out that all the passages about London, especially the Northern road, and those towards Wales, should be watched—imagining that he had either taken that way or towards Scotland." Orders were also issued to guard all ports; but James had left Gravesend before the despatch arrived. The pursuit was not relinquished till news had been received of his landing in Holland.

SPORTING IN ST. JAMES'S.

Little more than a century and a half ago the parish of St. James's was described as "all the houses and grounds comprehended in a place heretofore called St. James's-fields, and the confines thereof."

The Park and the Palace appear to be of contem-

poraneous date. Henry VIII. gave Chattisham, and other estates in the county of Suffolk, in exchange for the site of the hospital and grounds; and he proceeded to demolish the greater part of the old fabric and construct the present palace, which Stow calls "a goodly manor," it having formed part of the manor of Hyde, the property of the abbot and monastery of St. Peter at Westminster. At the same time Henry enclosed the fields in the immediate neighbourhood, which now form St. James's Park, with the apparent intention of converting it into a royal chase; within which the parks were to be appropriated as nurseries for the deer.

In a proclamation, dated July 1546, he declares, "Forasmuch as the King's most royal majesty is much desirous to have the games of hare, partridge, pheasant, and heron, preserved in and about his manor of the Palace of Westminster for his own disport and pastime;" and with a conveniently large latitude of definition as to what he considered the neighbourhood of his palace, he proceeds to mark out the boundaries of his royal preserve as being "from his said Palace of Westminster to St. Giles-in-the-Fields, and from thence to Islington, to Our Lady of the Oak, to Highgate, to Hornsey Park, to Hampstead Heath, and from thence to his said Palace of Westminster, to be preserved and kept for his own disport and pleasure and recreation: his highness therefore straitly chargeth and commandeth all and singular his subjects, of what estate, degree, or condition soever they be, that they nor any of them do presume or attempt to hunt or hawk, or in any means to take or kill any of the said game within the precincts aforesaid, as they tender his favour, and will eschew the imprisonment of their bodies, and further punishment at his majesty's will and pleasure."

Thus would have been formed a belt of royal hunting-ground. But Henry did not long survive: the plan broke down, and the City corporation continued to hunt the hare at the head of the conduit, where Conduit-street now stands, and kill the fox at the end of St. Giles's. A century later we have record of this rural and sporting character. Mr. Fox told Mr. Rogers that Dr. Sydenham, the celebrated physician, was sitting at his window, looking on Pall Mall, with his pipe in his mouth, and a silver tankard before him, when a fellow made a snatch at the tankard, and made off with it. Nor was he overtaken, said Fox, before he got *among the bushes in Bond-street*, where they lost him. Then Pennant tells us that the late Carew Mildmay, Esq., used to say that he remembered killing a woodcock on the site of Conduit-street, at that time an open country. Mr. Coke, in 1833, told Haydon, the painter, that he remembered a fox being killed in Cavendish-square; and that where Berkeley-square now is was an excellent place for snipes.

GEORGE I. AND II. AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

George I., who "could speak no English, and was past the learning of it," lived in St. James's Palace like a quiet private gentleman of independent fortune. His evening parties consisted of the Germans who formed his familiar society, a few English ladies, and fewer Englishmen, who amused themselves at cards, under the presidency of the Duchess of Kendal (Mademoiselle Schulemberg), the King's German mistress, who had apartments in the palace, as had also Miss Brett, the

King's English mistress. When seeking pleasure out of doors of an evening, the King went to the play or opera in a sedan-chair, and sat like another gentleman, in the corner of a lady's box, with a couple of Turks in waiting, instead of lords or grooms of the bedchamber.

The old King, who was "rather dull than lazy," liked to look upon pretty faces; but was sadly worried for this pleasure. In the first days of the new Court, one evening the King was agreeably surprised by the sudden return of Lady Mary Wortley Montague to the party which were assembled in his room, and which she somewhat strangely pleaded a previous engagement for quitting. She returned, borne in the arms of Mr. Secretary Craggs, junior, who had met her going away, and seized hold of the fugitive. He deposited her in the anteroom; but the doors of the presence-chamber being hastily thrown open by the pages, she found herself so astonished and fluttered that she related the whole adventure to the no less astonished King, and actually commenced the story with, "O Lord, sir, I have been so frightened!" At that moment the attendants announced Mr. Secretary Craggs, who entered with the usual obeisance, and with as composed an air as if nothing had happened, when the King inquired whether it was customary in England to carry ladies about "like sacks of wheat." "There is nothing," answered the adroit secretary, "which I would not do for your majesty's satisfaction."

Towards the close of this reign Horace Walpole, then a boy of ten years of age, had a longing to "see the King," and his wish was gratified in the following manner: "My mother," says Walpole, "carried me at ten at night to the apartments of the Countess of Walsingham, on the ground-floor, towards the garden

of St. James's, which opened into that of her aunt the Duchess of Kendal's apartments. Notice being given that the King was come down to supper, Lady Walsingham took me alone into the Duchess's anteroom, where we found alone the King and her. I knelt down and kissed his hand. He said a few words to me, and my conductress led me back to my mother. The person of the King is as perfect in my memory as if I saw him but yesterday. It was that of an elderly man, rather pale, and exactly like his pictures and coins; not tall, of an aspect rather good than august, with a dark tie-wig, a plain coat, waistcoat, and breeches, of snuff-coloured cloth, with stockings of the same colour, and a blue-ribboned over-all. So entirely was he my object that I do not believe that I once looked at the Duchess; but as I could not avoid seeing her on entering the room, I remember that just beyond his majesty stood a very tall, lean, ill-favoured old lady."

Another of the mistresses, a German, whom the King made Countess of Darlington, was "as corpulent and ample as the Duchess was long and emaciated." "She had two fierce black eyes, large and rolling, between two lofty, arched eyebrows, two acres of cheeks spread with crimson, an ocean of neck," &c.

Strange scenes occurred in this loose establishment. Three of the King's granddaughters were lodged in the palace at the same time; and Anne, the eldest, a woman of a most imperious and ambitious nature, soon came to words with the English mistress of her grandfather. When the King set out for Hanover, Miss Brett, it appears, ordered a door to be broken out of her apartment into the palace-garden. The Princess Anne, offended at her freedom, and not choosing such a companion in her walks, ordered the door to be walled up

again. Miss Brett as promptly reversed that command; and while bricks and words were bandied about, the King died suddenly, and the empire of the imperious mistress was at an end. This account of the *fracas* is from the gossiping chronicles of the time.

We may here record another act of this King's reign, from its singularity. He entertained the entire Court of Common Council at a banquet at St. James's Palace in 1727, which courtly hospitality we do not remember to have been repeated; Court and City being by no means well balanced in these matters.

George II. could speak English after a fashion. While Prince of Wales he had quarrelled with his father, and had been ordered to quit St. James's, with all his household. Though a great formalist, he was an alarming gallant. Stories are told of his cuffing his ministers, and kicking his hat about the room; and he is understood to be the King Arthur of Fielding's *Tom Thumb*. His Queen, Caroline, was an excellent wife, and was charitable to her husband's irregularities; and is said to have shortened her life by putting her rheumatic legs into cold water, in order to be able to accompany him in his walks. Here in St. James's Palace, as well as at Kensington, she held her literary and philosophico-religious levees; and here also she brought together the handsomest and liveliest set of ladies-in-waiting ever seen in these sober-looking premises before or since.

The Queen's ladies here alluded to were the famous bevy of the Howards, Lepels, and Bellendens. George II., when Prince of Wales, had probably made love to them all. He was a parsimonious prince. Miss Bellenden, who became Duchess of Argyle, is said to have observed to him one day, as he was counting his

money in her presence, "Sir, I cannot bear it. If you count your money any more, I'll go out of the room." Another version of the story says that she tilted the guineas over, and then ran out of the room while the Prince was picking them up. This is likely, for she had great animal spirits. When the Prince quarrelled with his father, Miss Bellenden is thus described, in a ballad written on the occasion, as making her way from the premises by jumping gaily downstairs:

> "But Bellenden we needs must praise,
> Who, as downstairs she jumps,
> Sighs 'Over the hills and far away,'
> Despising doleful dumps."

Gay calls her "smiling Mary, soft and fair as down."

The occasion of the quarrel between George I. and his son was curious. Like most sovereigns and heirs-apparent, they were not on good terms. The Princess of Wales had been delivered of a second son, who was to be christened; and the Prince wished his uncle, the Duke of York, to stand godfather with his majesty. The King, on the other hand, peremptorily insisted on dividing the pious office with the officious Duke of Newcastle. The christening accordingly took place in the Princess's bedchamber; and no sooner had the Bishop shut the book than the Prince, furiously crossing the foot of the bed, and heedless of the King's presence, held up his hand and forefinger to the Duke in a menacing attitude (as Lady Suffolk described the scene to Walpole), and said, "You are a rascal, but I shall find you" (meaning, in his broken English, "I shall find a time to be revenged"). The next morning Lady Suffolk (then Mrs. Howard), while about to enter the Princess' apartments, was surprised to find her way barred by the yeomen with their halberds; and the same night the

Prince and Princess were ordered to quit so unexpectedly, that they were obliged to go to the house of their chamberlain, the Earl of Grantham, in Albermarle-street. This incident was made ludicrous in the ballad,

> "A woeful christening late there did
> In James's house befall;"

and the King's turning his son and daughter out of doors after it. Though printed on the coarsest paper, sung about the streets, and sold for halfpence, these ballads often came from no mean quarter, or were purchased by people of rank to pass off as their own.

On the death of Queen Caroline, George II. brought over from Germany a Baroness de Walmsden, and created her Countess of Yarmouth. She had two sons, the younger of whom was supposed to be the King's. On the Countess's settlement in her apartments, Lord Chesterfield found one day, in the palace antechamber, a fair young gentleman, whom he took for the son in question. He was, accordingly, very profuse in his compliments. The shrewd lad received them all with a grave face, then delightfully remarked, "I suppose your lordship takes me for *Master Louis*, but I am only Sir William Russell, one of the pages." Chesterfield piqued himself on his discernment, which, however, failed him here.

There is another St. James's anecdote of Chesterfield, which shows him in no very dignified light. Mrs. Howard had the apartments in the palace which had been occupied by the Duchess of Kendal. The Queen had an obscure window, that faced into a dark passage lighted only by a single lamp at night, which looked upon Mrs. Howard's apartment. Lord Chesterfield, one Twelfth Night, at Court, had won so large a sum of money that he thought it imprudent to carry it home

in the dark, and deposited it with the mistress. Thence the Queen inferred great intimacy, and thenceforward Lord Chesterfield could obtain no favour from Court; and finding himself desperate, went into the Opposition.

The King was not allowed to retain undisturbed possession of his mistress Howard. One night Mr. Howard went into the quadrangle of St. James's, and, before the guards and other audience, vociferously *demanded his wife* to be restored to him. He was, however, soon thrust out, and just as soon soothed, selling (as Walpole had heard) his noisy honour and the possession of his wife for a pension of 1,200*l.* a year.

Enough has been narrated to show that the Palace of St. James's, during the reigns of the first and second Georges, notwithstanding the dulness of the outward appearance, has witnessed merry doings within its walls. Somewhat incline they did to romping. To such a pitch had their waywardness risen about the time of the accession of George III., that it had attracted the attention of Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, who made desperate efforts to establish a mission within the walls; to introduce Whitfield; and at one time, it would appear from her letters, that she even flattered herself that she had made an impression upon the mind of one maid of honour. The project failed; but what the preaching of the pious Countess could not accomplish was effected in a good measure by the watchful and wary discipline of the consort of George III.

THE CHAPEL ROYAL, ST. JAMES'S.

Charles I. retained through life a partiality for St. James's Palace. He enlarged it, and most of his children (including Charles II.) were born here; and here he deposited the gallery of antique statues, principally collected for him by Sir Kenelm Digby. In this reign was fitted up the chapel of the hospital, on the west side, as the Chapel Royal, between the Colour Court and the Ambassadors' Court. Here Charles I. attended divine service on the morning of his execution; "from hence the King walked through the park, guarded with a regiment of foot and partisans, to Whitehall." — *Whitelocke's Memorials*, p. 374.

This chapel is mentioned by Pepys, in his *Diary*, as used for Roman-Catholic worship for the accommodation of Catherine of Braganza and her suite; and it continued to be applied to the same use during the reign of James II. The first stone was laid by Don Carlos Colonna, and the Queen first heard mass there on Sunday September 21, 1662, when Lady Castlemaine, though a Protestant and the King's mistress, attended her as one of her maids of honour. Pepys describes "the fine altar ornaments, the fryers in their habits, and the priests with their fine crosses, and many other fine things." From this statement it would appear that the chapel was *rebuilt* for Charles the Second's queen, which seems hardly likely. It is more probable that it was only refitted for Roman-Catholic use; the interregnum had, no doubt, swept away its altar and ornaments. It was in this chapel that James II., two days after the death of his brother Charles, openly insulted the prejudices of his people, and infringed the sanctity of the Court, by pub-

licly attending mass, surrounded by all the insignia of royalty, and the splendid paraphernalia of the Romish church. He was attended both to and from the chapel by the band of gentlemen pensioners, his life-guards, several of the nobility, as well as by the Knights of the Garter in the collars of their order. (*Dr. Rimbault.*)

The German Chapel was originally situated in the interior of the Palace of St. James's, and was founded by Queen Anne and her consort, Prince George of Denmark, about the year 1700. In 1781 the German congregation exchanged chapels with the French Chapel Royal; and after this was burnt down, in 1809, the congregation used the German chapel, commencing service at ten o'clock, and making room for the Germans at half-past eleven. Mr. Husk, in *Notes and Queries*, ut supra, conjectured the Lutheran chapel subsequently to the reign of James II. to have been appropriated as a place of worship for such of the followers or domestics of the reigning king as professed different forms of faith from those of the Anglican church; since as late as 1834 a "Dutch Chapel" (in which a French service was also performed at another hour of the day) was maintained in the middle court of St. James's Palace, to which it had been probably removed, on the declination of the present German chapel to the Lutheran worship, soon after the arrival of George I. The edifice had also been occasionally used for Anglican worship at such times as the chapel next the Colour Court was under repair; it was so used ten years ago. Mr. H. G. Bohn, the publisher, states that he received his early German education in the Lutheran chapel, in the royal pew, a capacious room in the gallery. The Hanoverian *Gesangbuch* was always there, and his stentorian German chants were astounding. The last chaplain was the learned

and pious Dr. Küper, tutor of the lamented Princess Charlotte, and he must have held the appointment upwards of sixty years. The chapel was designed by Inigo Jones, who, it will be remembered, was surveyor of the works to Henry, Prince of Wales, and had "for his fee iij*s.* per diem."

The glory of the Chapel Royal is the superb ceiling, painted by Holbein in 1540, and one of the earliest specimens of the new style introduced by him into England. The rib-mouldings are of wooden framework suspended from the roof above; the panels have plaster grounds, the centre displaying the Tudor emblems and devices. The subject is gilt, shaded boldly with bistre, the roses glazed with a red colour, and the arms emblazoned in their proper colours; leaves, painted dark green, ornamented each subject. In 1834, when the chapel was enlarged under the direction of Sir Robert Smirke, the blue ground was discovered, as were likewise some of the mottoes in the small panels; thus, "STET DIEUX FELIX: HENRICQ REX 8—H. A. VIVAT REX 1540. DIEV. ET. MO. DROIT," &c.

The musical establishment of the Chapel Royal, *i.e.* choir and choristers, dates from the reign of Edward IV., when boys were *impressed* for the royal choirs, to serve the king's chapel. Tusser, the "Husbandrie" poet, was, when a boy, in Elizabeth's reign, thus impressed. The gentlemen and children of the Chapel Royal were the principal performers in the religious dramas, or *mysteries;* they were afterwards the children of the revels, and were formed into a company of players. In 1731 they performed Handel's *Esther,* the first oratorio heard in England; and they continued to assist at oratorios in Lent so long as these performances maintained their sacred character entire.

"Spur-money," a fine on all who entered the chapel with spurs on, was formerly levied by the choristers at the door, upon condition that the youngest of them could repeat the gamut; if he failed, the spur-wearer was exempt. In a tract of 1598 the choristers are reproved for hunting after spur-money; and a cheque-book, dated 1622, contains an order decreasing the custom. It is related of the great Duke of Wellington, who, by the way, was an excellent musician, that one morning in 1850 he entered the Chapel Royal "booted and spurred," and was, of course, called upon for the fine. But his grace called upon the youngest chorister to repeat his gamut, and the "little urchin" failing, the impost was not further demanded.

Formerly, when the sovereign attended this chapel, a nobleman carried the sword of state before him, and heralds, pursuivants-at-arms, and other officers, walked in procession; and so persevering was the attendance of George the Third at prayer, that Madam D'Arblay, one of the robing-women, tells us the Queen and family, dropping off one by one, used to leave the King, the parson, and his Majesty's equerry, "to freeze it out together." In this chapel were married Prince George of Denmark and the Princess Anne; Frederick, Prince of Wales, and the daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Gotha; George the Fourth and Queen Caroline; Queen Victoria and Prince Albert; and the Princess Royal and the Prince of Prussia. Before the building of the chapel at Buckingham Palace, her Majesty and the court attended the chapel of St. James's.

JOTTINGS IN ST. JAMES'S.

Amongst the memories which haunt the walls of St. James's are many grades—from the appearance of the King and Queen at the balcony, to see the treasure captured by the Hermione, in the Spanish galleons, go down St. James's-street and along Pall-Mall, to the imposing procession of the perriwig-makers of London, to present their petition that his Majesty (then in his twenty-fifth year) would most graciously condescend to wear a wig, for the encouragement of their trade.

Gaming was once a pastime at court, which the subjects of the sovereign were permitted to witness. At certain seasons George I. and II. played at hazard in public, at the groom-porter's in St. James's Palace, when the nobility, and even the princesses, staked considerable sums. This gaming in public was discontinued in the reign of George III.; but the office of groom-porter is still kept up, and the names of three groom-porters occur in the enumeration of her present Majesty's household.

A table is kept in the palace for the officers of the Foot and Life Guards on duty; the latter are stationed at the Horse Guards, and patrol the Park during the night.

The Board of Green Cloth is the general name of the office of the Lord Steward, and is so named from the table at which the Lord Steward and his officers sit. Dr. Johnson describes it as "a board or court of justice, held in the counting-house of the king's household, for taking cognisance of all matters of government and justice within the king's court royal, and for correcting all the servants that shall offend." To the board be-

longs the sole right of arresting within the limits and jurisdiction of the parks. Illegal arrests were punishable with imprisonment. Striking within the king's court was punished with the loss of the right hand and forfeiture of lands and goods, and heavy money-fines.

Chamberlayne thus describes the execution of this barbarous sentence: "The sergeant of the king's wood-yard brings to the place of execution a square block, a beetle, and a staple and cords to fasten the hands thereto. The yeoman of the scullery provides a great fire of coals by the block, where the searing-irons, brought by the chief farrier, are to be ready for the chief surgeon to use. Vinegar and cold water are to be brought by the groom of the saucery; and the chief officers of the cellar and pantry are to be ready, one with a cup of red wine, and the other with a manchet, to offer the criminal. The sergeant of the ewry is to bring the linen to wind about and wrap the arm; the yeoman of the poultry, a cock to lay to it; the yeoman of the chandlery, seared cloths; and the master cook, a sharp dresser-knife, which, at the place of execution, is to be held upright by the sergeant of the larder, till execution be performed by an officer appointed thereunto. After all, the criminal shall be imprisoned during life, and fined and ransomed at the king's will."

In the warrant-book of the board, June 12, 1816, "Order was given that the maides of honour should have cherry-tarts instead of gooseberry-tarts, it being observed that cherrys were at threepence per pound." Henry, Duke of Kent, when lord steward of the household, in part of the reign of George II., had 100*l.* allowed him, and sixteen dishes daily at each meal, with wine and beer. The poets laureate used to receive their

annual tierce of Canary-wine from this office. And "yeoman of the mouth" was formerly an office held under the Board of Green Cloth.

Plum-broth, or porridge, was eaten as soup at Christmas, at St. James's, during the reign of George II.; and a portion of it was sent to the different officers of the royal household.

FOLEY HOUSE, AND CROOKEDNESS OF LANGHAM-PLACE.*

Whoever deliberately perambulates a large town may observe many strange contortions and obstructions in the arrangement of the streets and buildings, which must appear unaccountable to those who view them in after ages. It is now more than sixty years since our Government determined to make a good leading thoroughfare from where Carlton House once stood, in Pall-Mall, to the Regent's Park (formerly Marylebone-fields), and proposed, in a limited competition, to offer a premium of 1000*l.* to the successful author of a plan for the improvement of the whole estate, which resulted in Mr. Nash's design being submitted to the Prince Regent and to Parliament, and an Act was then obtained for carrying his plan into execution. Mr. Nash was the only competitor who ventured to interfere with the aristocratic quietness of Portland-place, which, being enclosed at both ends, was not a leading thoroughfare, having only streets crossing it from east and west. This grand place was remarkable for its peaceful dignity and undisturbed character. In it few sounds were heard, except those emanating from the wheels of private carriages. During the fashionable season, after dinner, in

* By a Correspondent of *The Builder*.

the twilight of a fine evening, it was not unusual to see parties slowly walking up and down, enjoying the fresh air, with no further addition to their evening costume than a round hat for gentlemen, the ladies with an immense lace veil loosely thrown over their head and shoulders. Any interference likely to convert the retirement of Portland-place into a decided thoroughfare for all kinds of traffic would, of course, meet with considerable opposition; but the Prince Regent nodded assent, and, with the aid of his powerful party, overwhelmed all attempts at investigation. On went the public street through Portland-place, in any way that Mr. Nash and his royal master thought proper to direct, regardless of the most potent arguments of those who were termed *busy meddlers*, and of all opinions and petitions, both in and out of Parliament. This Act of the Legislature was probably the most stringent, powerful, and arbitrary of any in modern times; for it was to supersede all other acts and laws relative to buildings, streets, or public thoroughfares in any way connected with the new street.

In order to understand the cause which gave rise to the curved way between Portland-place and Regent-street, a slight sketch of the history of Langham-place and its neighbourhood may be necessary as well as interesting. William, second Duke of Portland, was married at Marylebone (commonly called Oxford) Chapel, in Vere-street, on the 11th of July 1734, to the Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, only child and heiress of Edward, second Earl of Oxford and Mortimer; hence the Marylebone estate, at that time nearly all fields, became the property of the Portland family. Soon afterwards, Lord Foley became tenant on lease of a nearly square piece of ground, about two or three

acres, in the middle of the estate, on which he built a detached residence, surrounded by a garden, from the designs of S. Leadbetter, the same architect who erected the chapel in Great Portland-street. There was a restrictive clause in the agreement between the Duke of Portland and Lord Foley, that no other buildings should be erected upon the same estate, to the north. It is probable this stipulation had no other object than to prevent incidental nuisances to Foley House; but when Lincoln's-Inn-fields, Red Lion-square, Queen's-square, Soho-square, and their neighbouring streets, became no longer fashionable town residences, hundreds of first-class houses rose in a few years in the parish of Marylebone. Lord Foley then saw the beauty of his situation preserved by the force of this stipulation; and the Duke of Portland felt that his contemplated improvements were checked by the same means. In due time both landlord and tenant, assisted by the valuable judgment of the celebrated architect, Robert Adam, brought their contending interests to a conclusion by making Lord Foley's house and garden freehold instead of leasehold, and building Portland-place 126 feet wide, exactly the width of the front of Foley House; thus conforming strictly to the original covenant, without materially affecting the prospect from his lordship's house, or obstructing the ardour of speculation on the part of his grace.

There was nothing particularly to admire externally at Foley House, nor in the arrangement of the plan, or decoration of the rooms: it was a plain brick house, with stone dressings, consisting of a basement, ground floor, and bed-rooms above. The entrance was from Chandos-street. The ground was enclosed on the east, south, and west, by the backs of neighbouring houses; and a blank

brick wall, without a door or opening of any kind, was built across Portland-place.

Mr. Nash's original plan for Regent-street was to continue Portland-place in a direct line southward, to where Hanover Chapel is situate east of Hanover-square. To attain this project, the freehold of Foley House and garden was to be sold in one lot; and Mr. Nash, being possessed of almost unbounded control, managed to become purchaser of the entire property, and thereby deal out the ground in separate lots for private houses, and a large portion for the public thoroughfare. Considerably beneath this intended straight street from Portland-place, southward, before any of the old houses were pulled down, an immense sewer was constructed by tunnelling under the houses, to convey the water and sewage from Park-crescent, perhaps even from the east side of Regent's Park, through the New-street, Pall-Mall, Charing-cross, into the Thames somewhere by Scotland-yard; and it is worthy of remark that this large sewer does not run in the crooked line of Langham-place, but straight from Portland-place to Regent-street, proving the originally intended line of thoroughfare.

As soon as possible the old house was pulled down, to make way for the public thoroughfare; and the very first applicant for a site, on which to erect a mansion and offices, was Sir James Langham, to whom the new proprietor of the Foley estate sold a plot of the freehold, conditionally that the vendor was to be architect to the new building. These terms being settled without loss of time, Mr. Nash immediately began to erect a town residence for Sir James, the principal front being in a line with the west side of Portland-place. This building was in progress before any others on the Foley estate; even the fence-wall which separated it from

Portland-place was not yet taken down. Sir James Langham's new mansion was already roofed in, when most important, extraordinary, and unwarrantable proceedings occurred, in consequence of the new structure presenting unmistakable evidence of insecurity. At this period of the building, another architect was employed to remedy the defects of construction. Mr. Nash, who had almost unlimited power as regarded the new street, was dismissed by Sir James Langham. The former then immediately commenced altering the originally intended straight line to that of the crooked one which Langham-place now presents, and prepared to erect houses with their backs close to the principal front of Sir James's new mansion. In this dilemma the worthy baronet had no alternative but to purchase, at an enormously high price, the piece of garden-ground on which the large Hotel is now erected.

A DULL SEASON IN LONDON.

Walpole, writing to Sir Horace Mann, towards the close of 1742, thus apologises, with exquisite humour, for the bare interest of his letter:

"I don't mean this as an introduction towards having done with you—I will write to you to the very stump of my pen, and, as Pope says,

"Squeeze out the last dull droppings of my sense."

But I declare it's hard to sit spinning out one's brains by the fireside without having heard the last thing to set one's hand agoing. I am so put to it for something to say, that I would make a memorandum of the most improbable lie that could be invented by a viscountess

dowager, as the old Duchess of Rutland does, when she is told of some strange casualty; 'Lucy, child, step into the next room and set that down.' 'Lord, madam!' says Lady Lucy, 'it can't be true!' 'O, no matter, child; it will do for news in the country next post.' But do you conceive that the Kingdom of the Dull is come upon the earth—not with the forerunners and prognostics of other to-come kingdoms? No, no; the sun and the moon go on just as they used to do, without giving us any hints; we see no knights come prancing upon pale horses, or red horses; no stars, called wormwood, fall into the Thames, and turn a third part of it into wormwood; no locusts, *like horses*, with their hair as the hair of women—in short, no thousand things, *each* of which destroys a *third* part of mankind. The only token of this new kingdom is a woman riding on a beast, which is the mother of abominations, and the name in the forehead is *whist;* and the four-and-twenty elders, and the women, and the whole town, do nothing but play with this beast. Scandal itself is dead, or confined to a pack of cards; for the only malicious whisper I have heard this fortnight is of an intrigue between the Queen of Hearts and the Knave of Clubs."

THE LONDON WORLD IN 1753.*

There was, as Horace Walpole wrote in 1753, "no war, no politics, no parties, no madness, and no scandal. In the memory of England there never was so inanimate an age. It is more fashionable to go to church than to either House of Parliament. Even the era of the Gunnings is over; both sisters have lain in, and

* From the *Times*, 1866.

have scarce made one paragraph in the newspapers, though their names were so known that in Ireland the beggar-women blessed you with, 'The luck of the Gunnings attend you!'" In fact, no public event of the time filled half as much space in the mouth, eye, and ear of London as the lovely Irish sisters who had been married at the beginning of 1752—the younger to the Duke of Hamilton, "hot, debauched, extravagant, and equally damaged in his fortune and person," and the elder to Lord Coventry, "a grave young lord of the remains of the patriot breed," as Walpole describes him, who seems to have been a pedant, but who was devotedly attached to his beautiful young wife. Lady Coventry died in 1759, and had the seeds of death in her when she married. Reynolds painted them both in the year in which the elder and lovelier sister died of consumption. Walpole is our great authority for the strange *furore* excited by their surpassing loveliness. He tells us how even the noble mob in the drawing-room clambered up on chairs and tables to look at them; how their doors were mobbed by crowds eager to see them get into their chairs, and places taken early at the theatres when they were expected; how 700 people sat up one night in and about a Yorkshire inn to see the Duchess of Hamilton get into her postchaise in the morning, while a Worcester shoemaker made money by the shoe he was making for the Countess of Coventry.

These reigning beauties had a rival in Lady Caroline Petersham, who, with the Viscountess Townshend and the Duchess of Devonshire, kept the town in talk —the first by her beauty and her oddity, the second by her cleverness, and the third by her meanness and vulgarity.

The manners of the town at that period are best

reflected in the letters of Walpole and the pictures of Hogarth. They were coarse, hearty times, with strongly marked demarcations of classes; times of great relish for material pleasures—eating, drinking, talking, and merry-making at clubs, taverns, and tea and supper gardens.

Faro and hazard flourished at White's and the other fashionable Clubs in St. James's-street and Pall-Mall. George Selwyn was the reigning wit; and Lord March, Sir George Bland, and Lord Mountford the boldest punsters.

The Grand Tour was still a part of every gentleman's education; a varnish of connoisseurship was thus acquired by the few, and it was thought an absolute canon of good taste to profess the most sovereign contempt for native art. The pretentiousness and utter hollowness of this connoisseurship was, of course, intolerable to such a genuine man as Hogarth; and Reynolds, in his heart, must have laughed at it, but he painted down the sneerings instead of writing and talking about them.

Murder and crimes abounded, and the law still resorted to the gallows as the great means of repression; highwaymen infested our roads, and cried, "Stand and deliver!" even in the streets of London. Seventeen wretches were turned off in a morning at Newgate, where gaol-fever decimated prisoners and counsel. Miss Jefferies, murderess of the uncle who had debauched her, and Miss Blandy, poisoner of the father whose dying efforts were all to save the life of his destroyer, were almost as great nine days' wonders as the Gunnings.

Politics this year, as a witty woman said, took rank after the two young ladies who were married, and the two young ladies who were hanged. Henry Pelham

and his brother, the Duke of Newcastle, still retained as ministers that absolute empire which the Government owed mainly to successful suppression of the Jacobite attempt of the "'45" and to Hawke's naval successes. The power of the Pelhams had been consolidated by the withdrawal of the Bedford section of the Ministry in 1751. The Four-per-Cents had been reduced in 1750. The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, concluded in 1748, inglorious as it was, was not yet unpopular. Pitt and Fox were both muzzled by office. The death of the Prince of Wales, in March 1751, had greatly checked the hopes and intrigues of the Opposition, which had made its head-quarters at Leicester House. The only stir on the surface of public affairs was in Ireland, where the Duke of Dorset, as Lord-Lieutenant, was at loggerheads with the Irish parliament; and at Kew, where a struggle was going on between the contending elements of Jacobitism and Whiggery, in the persons of the governors and tutors of the young Prince of Wales, afterwards George III., now eleven years old. That struggle ended in the resignation of Lord Harcourt, and the substitution of Lord Waldegrave as chief governor.

The field of arts and letters was as dull as that of politics. Hogarth had touched his highest point of art some years before. He now rarely worked at portraits. He had lately attempted the "grand style" in his "Paul before Felix," and was on the eve of publishing his *Analysis of Beauty*. Of all his great satirical pictures only the Election series dates after this year. Ramsay, it is probable, was still in Scotland. Hudson was the fashionable face-painter. Cotes came nearest to him. Wilson, if employed at all, had now given up portrait-painting for landscape. He had probably left Rome

about the same period as Reynolds. Such artists as Ellis, Hayman, Highman, and Pine scarcely deserve mention. Astley, who had been one of Reynolds's fellow-students at Rome, a clever, conceited, out-at-elbows and reckless fellow, came to London this year, and by his first performances greatly delighted Walpole, for whom he had painted while at Florence, for Reynolds, a portrait of Walpole's friend and correspondent, Mr. Horace Mann, then our minister at that capital; but marriage with a rich wife soon removed him from the practice of the art.

Garrick was in the zenith of his immense popularity. Burke was at the Middle Temple, nominally reading for the Bar, but already contributing to the periodicals and newspapers of the day, and casting about for settled employment; at one moment meditating emigration, at another entering the lists for a consulship at Madrid. Johnson was drowning his grief for the loss of his wife by contributions to the *Rambler*, of which the last paper appeared in the March of this year. Richardson was on the pinnacle of his fame; *Clarissa Harlowe* had been published for two years, and *Sir Charles Grandison* was on the eve of publication. Fielding had produced his *Amelia* the year before, and was now beginning to sink under the complication of ailments which carried him off in 1754. Smollett was resting his pen after the publication of *Peregrine Pickle*, and trying, without success, the experiment of a return to practice. Gray was enjoying the reputation of his *Elegy*, published in 1749, and on the point of breaking into what Walpole called his "three years of flower."

Such were the salient features of the London world of politics, fashion, arts, and letters in the year 1753.

VAGARIES OF BRANDENBURGH HOUSE.*

Brandenburgh House is now as completely departed as Gore House. It was levelled to the ground more than twenty-five years ago. It stood on Hammersmith Creek, close to the waterside, adjoining the estate called the "Chancellors," so named from being situate in the copse of the Canons of St. Paul's. The site was, in Charles I.'s time, occupied by a magnificent mansion, erected by Sir Nicholas Crispe, the great merchant prince, benefactor of Hammersmith, and English worthy generally. Long after the Restoration, in 1683, he sold his villa to Prince Rupert, who gave it to Maggie Hughes, a beautiful actress, and the favourite of "Rupert of the Rhine." She sold it to Timothy Lannoy, a scarlet dyer, and George Treadway. The house passed by marriage into the possession of the ducal family of Athol; and in 1740 they disposed of it to the well-known corpulent cynic Bubb Dodington, afterwards Lord Melcombe, who gave Sir Nicholas's old place the name of "La Trappe," and made it the abode of a Sybarite, and the seat of a sumptuous gallery of pictures. He left La Trappe by will to Mr. Thomas Wyndham; and in 1792 it became the property of Christian Frederick, Margrave of Brandenburgh, Anspach, and Bayreuth. His wife was an English lady, the widow of Lord Craven, and the sister of the Earl of Berkeley. The Margrave died in 1806; but the Margravine of Anspach long kept a gorgeous although somewhat eccentric state at Brandenburgh House. You may see the plan of the mansion as altered by Bubb Dodington in the *Vitruvius Britannicus*. As I have said, the collection of pictures was

* Abridged from the very clever *Travels in the County of Middlesex*, by G. A. Sala; written a few years since.

sumptuous; and the Margravine's palace was full of Gainsboroughs, Murillos, Rubenses, Reynoldses, Cuyps, painted ceilings, Sèvres vases, and marble busts. The Margravine had a private theatre here, too, and plays, written and acted by dandies and ladies of fashion, were frequently performed. *The Tamer Tamed*, *The Return of Ellis*, *The Gauntlet*, *The Princess of Georgia*, and *The Smyrna Twins*, are said to have been written by the illustrious *Impressaria*, assisted by the Honourable Keppel Craven. After twenty years' residence the Margravine of Anspach went to live at Naples: she had previously parted piecemeal with most of the costly gewgaws which adorned her mansion, and at last the whole fabric was sold by auction. She must have been a grandiose woman. She kept thirty servants in livery, besides grooms, and a stud of sixty horses, in which she took much delight. At the rehearsals of her private theatricals, she condescended to permit the attendance of her tradesmen and their families; and on the days of performance, Hammersmith Broadway used to be blocked up with fashionable equipages, while the theatre itself was crowded with nobles, courtiers, and high-born dames.

Poor Queen Caroline—poor stout foreign lady in hat and feathers! She, in 1820, came to live at Brandenburgh House. She too, if scandal was to be trusted, had been fond of private theatricals, and at a certain Villa d'Este had acted in a ballet-pantomime, in which she was Columbine and "Baron" Bergami Harlequin. At Brandenburgh House she received legions of congratulatory, sympathetic, and condolatory addresses. When the Bill of Pains and Penalties was abandoned, the Hammersmith tradesmen who served her illuminated their houses for three nights running, and the populace

shouted and made bonfires in front of Brandenburgh House. After her acquittal, the poor woman publicly returned thanks in Hammersmith Church, took the communion, had psalms sung to her by the charity-children, and gave ten pounds to the local charities. More deputations came to Brandenburgh House to congratulate her on her triumph. It was a far finer sight than any of the Margravine's plays. The glass-blowers came, likewise the brassfounders, attended by knights in brass and steel armour. The Odd Fellows—the Freemasons, being traditionally loyal, prudently stayed away—came and flaunted their banners and devices in the eyes of the stout foreign lady, who bowed all day from a balcony until the hat-and-feathers shook again. Watermen and lightermen and bargees, butchers and bakers and candlestick-makers, all marched to Hammersmith, and paid homage to the cast-off wife of George IV. In the midst of these carillons, rejoicings, and festivities, aldermanic caresses, deputations from the ladies of England, and the charity-school girls of England, Queen Caroline sickened and died. Standing but ten days since at Hammersmith Broadway, I asked myself with amazement whether I could be living in the self-same century that had seen the shabby, shameful, almost sanguinary, funeral of Caroline of Brunswick. 'Tis scarcely forty years since. There are plenty of elderly people alive—there must be old tradesmen in Hammersmith—who saw the funeral pass, and who chat about it now over their comfortable tumbler in tavern-parlours. But to us, fortunate enough to live under the sceptre of the best and kindest and most virtuous of Queens—of a lady beloved with an ardent and honest affection throughout the length and breadth of the land—of a wife who is a pattern to all wives, and a mother

who is a pattern to all mothers; whose name has only to be heard to be blessed; whose portraits French peasants nail up in their cabins, crying, "*Tenez; voilà la bonne Reine Victoria*," and German toymen in the Black Forest carve, and Russian *moujiks* set beside the sacred images in their poor huts,—to us, I say, whose loyalty is so strong that we can treat sedition with contempt and laugh at hole-and-corner treason, the horrible and unnatural state of things in 1821 seems monstrous, and all but incredible. That Caroline of Brunswick was no better than she should be, few sane men can doubt nowadays. That George IV. was a gross, sensual, selfish man seems equally acknowledged; but to the admirers of Queen Caroline he must have been forty years since the most hideous pagod of cruelty, vice, and depravity, that ever lived.

Was there ever such a scandalous scene witnessed as that funeral, which started from Brandenburgh House, Hammersmith, at seven in the morning, on the 14th of August 1821? It was a pouring wet day. The imposing cavalcade of sable-clad horsemen who preceded and followed the hearse were drenched to the skin. The procession was an incongruous medley of charity-girls and Latymer-boys, strewing flowers in the mud; of aldermen and barristers, of private carriages and hired mourning coaches, of Common Councilmen and Life Guards; wound up by a hearse covered with tattered velvet drapery, to which foil-paper escutcheons had been rudely tacked on, and preceded by Sir George Naylor, Garter-King-at-Arms, with a cotton-velvet cushion, on which was placed a trumpery sham crown made of pasteboard, Dutch metal, and glass beads, and probably worth about eighteenpence. How this sweep's May-day *cortège*, dipped in black ink, floundered through

the mud and slush, through Hammersmith to Kensington, Knightsbridge, and the Park, with a block-up of wagons, a tearing-up of the road, and a fight between the mob and soldiers at every turnpike and at last at every street-corner; how pistol-shots were fired and sabre-cuts given, and people killed in the Park; how the executors squabbled with Garter over the dead queen's coffin; how the undertakers tried to take the procession up the Edgware-road, and the populace insisted upon its being carried through the City; and how at last, late in the afternoon, all draggle-tailed, torn, bruised and bleeding, this lamentable funeral got into Fleet-street, passed through the City, and staggered out by Shoreditch to Harwich, where the coffin was bumped into a barge, hoisted on board a man-of-war, and taken to Stade, and at last to Brunswick, where, by the side of him who fell at Jena, and him who died at Quatrebras, the ashes of the wretched princess were permitted to rest;—all these matters you may find set down with a grim and painful minuteness in the newspapers and pamphlets of the day. It is good to recall them, if only for a moment and in their broad outlines; for the remembrance of these bygone scandals should surely increase our gratitude for the better government we now enjoy.

LONDON COFFEE-HOUSES.

Before 1715, the number of coffee-houses in London was reckoned at two thousand. Every profession, trade, class, party, had its favourite coffee-house. The lawyers discussed law or literature, criticised the last new play, or retailed the freshest Westminster Hall "bite" at Nando's or the Grecian, both close in the purlieus of

the Temple. Here the young bloods of the Inns-of-Court paraded their Indian gowns and lace caps of a morning, and swaggered in their lace coats and Mechlin ruffles at night, after the theatre. The Cits met to discuss the rise and fall of stocks, and to settle the rate of insurance, at Garraway's or Jonathan's; the parsons exchanged university gossip, or commented on Dr. Sacheverel's last sermon, at Truby's or at Child's in St. Paul's-churchyard; the soldiers mustered to grumble over their grievances at Old or Young Man's, near Charing-cross; the St. James's and the Smyrna were the head-quarters of the Whig politicians, while the Tories frequented the Cocoa-tree or Ozinda's, all in St. James's-street; Scotchmen had their house-of-call at Forrest's, Frenchmen at Giles's or Old Slaughter's, in St. Martin's-lane; the gamesters shook their elbows in White's and the chocolate-houses round Covent-garden; the *virtuosi* honoured the neighbourhood of Gresham College; and the leading wits gathered at Will's, Button's, or Tom's, in Great Russell-street, where after the theatre was playing at picquet and the best of conversation till midnight. At all these places, except a few of the most aristocratic coffee or chocolate-houses of the West-end, smoking was allowed. A penny was laid down at the bar on entering, and the price of a dish of tea or coffee seems to have been twopence: this charge covered newspapers and lights. The established frequenters of the house had their regular seats, and special attention from the fair lady at the bar, and the tea or coffee boys. To these coffee-houses men of all classes, who had either leisure or money, resorted to spend both; and in them politics, play, scandal, criticism, and business went on hand-in-hand.—*National Review*, No. 8.

TENNIS-COURTS IN LONDON.

Towards the close of the year 1866, the old Tennis-court in James-street, Haymarket, was converted to other purposes. This has often been described as the tennis-court of Piccadilly-hall, which, it must be recollected, stood at the corner of Windmill-street and Coventry-street, and to which belonged the tennis-court in Windmill-street, which lasted to our time as the "Fives-court." Opposite Piccadilly-hall, and occupying the whole side of the present Coventry-street, between the Haymarket and Hedge-lane, was the celebrated gaming-house, erected in the reign of Charles I., by a gentleman-barber, and therefore commonly called Shaver's-hall, to which belonged the tennis-court in James-street. This may be seen in the plans engraved in Smith's *Curiosities*. The court must have been some distance from the hall; but reference to the survey of 1650 (No. 73 of the *Augmentation Records*, as quoted by Mr. Peter Cunningham), shows that Shaver's-hall, its kitchens, bowling-alleys, lodges, and leaded walks, its orchard, gardens, court, and court-yards, were very extensive; and in this survey occurs: "As alsoe one faire tennis-court, very strongly built with brick and covered with tyle, well accommodated with all things fitting for the same." J. T. Smith, in his *Streets of London*, notes: "The large house, No. 17, on the south-west corner of James-street, was evidently built in the reign of King Charles II.; and tradition says that that monarch and the Duke of York used to walk through it on the tennis-court, behind which it still stands, bearing the date of 1673 on its front." Charles was an accomplished tennis-player, and had particular dresses for playing in. Tennis was much played in the sixteenth century, in

covered courts. Henry VII. and VIII. were fond of the game, and the latter added to the Palace of Whitehall "tennise-courts." In his wardrobe-roll we meet with tenese-cotes for the king; also tennis-drawers and tennis-slippers. James I. recommended tennis to his son, as becoming a prince. Gibbon's, in Clare-market, was a noted tennis-court. There are in Holborn, Blackfriars, and Southwark, thoroughfares known as "Tennis-courts," denoting the game to have been formerly played upon these sites.

By the way, among the curious charges annually made on the Consolidated Fund is "83*l.* a year to the Right Hon. W. Beresford, as keeper of the tennis-court."

CHARACTERISTICS OF CITY MEN.

A lively writer, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, describes the first impression of this phase of London life as rather disappointing to a stranger who has heard of the cares of wealth and the deceitfulness of riches. As he looks upon the men who go past him, the sight does not realise the conception of "City" life which he has formed from books or from his own imaginings. He looks in vain for the haggard look and careworn features which he has learnt (very incorrectly) to associate with City men, and especially with the dealers in money. Overburdened, no doubt, some of these men are occasionally —and in what trade or profession is it otherwise?—but, on the whole, they wear a more lively and cheerful look than any other set of business men we have seen. They are intent on their work; they have no time to stand and parley with you; but they go about their business with liveliness and zest. You never hear the slow monotonies of depression; their voices are quick and

lively; and a laugh and a bit of badinage are seldom quite absent as they fly about in search of information or in execution of commissions. They dress well, in the substantial style; and a gold chain across the waistcoat, or a flower in the button-hole, are their favourite, and not very conspicuous, modes of personal decoration. Sometimes, indeed, you will see the gay-coloured neck-scarf, buttoned surtout, white waistcoat, and light gloves, familiar to you in Pall-Mall and Piccadilly, for even the West-end swell nowadays ventures into the vortex of financial speculation; but he looks a butterfly among the busy throng, and his air (as doubtless he wishes it to be) is quite different from that of the *habitués* of the precinct. Nothing more conduces to preserve youthfulness than a considerable amount of mental activity. The alertness and vivacity of the mind transfer themselves to the personal appearance. And despite all the worry and anxieties which these money-dealers and speculators are supposed to, and sometimes do, undergo, they wear better and keep their youth longer than the farmers and provincial classes generally. There is no sauntering here; and men of threescore and upwards step out as lightly as men of half their age in provincial places. In truth, it is the elderly gentlemen who show to most advantage in this monetary metropolis; and ever and anon you meet with the fresh clear complexions, pure white whiskers, and brisk look and movement, which characterise the best specimens of our elderly English gentlemen. It seems a healthy as well as exciting pursuit which men ply in this precinct of Mammon. Even the speculators *par excellence*—men who are rich to-day and poor to-morrow—as a class, live for the bright side of the picture, and look as if they did so.

BARTLEMY FAIR AND RICHARDSON'S SHOW.

Bartlemy Fair was the scene of our old showman's principal performances. On this occasion he used to have his theatre repainted and redecorated, the cost of which, together with that of the new dresses supplied to the performers, reached no mean sum. The theatre, when fitted up, occupied one hundred feet of frontage. The outside platform or "parade" was at a considerable elevation, and the background was of green baize, with crimson curtains depending here and there. The boxes of the money-takers were fitted up in the gothic style, and adorned with columns and pinnacles. The platform was lighted by a large number of variegated lamps, disposed either as lustres or in wreaths. The band, which brayed continuously, consisted of about ten players, dressed in the style of beef-eaters. On one occasion they were dressed as bishops; but Richardson did not get all the credit he expected from this stroke of invention. The old man himself used generally to keep up a tremendous din on the gong, without which instrument he considered no theatre to be complete. This noise was made for the purpose of drawing attention to the show, and the effect of twenty or thirty different bands and gongs all going at once in different parts of the fair may be more readily conceived than described. The solemn and business-like manner in which Richardson used to rouse the echoes on this gong was the cause of much amusement. Indeed his "outside play" altogether has been declared to be worth twice as much as the inside performances of many of his "regular" rivals. . . . . The company during the intervals of the performances paraded up and down the platform, either footing it to the lively strains of the

band, or going through some other exhibition likely to draw the gaping crowds into the show. The clown was, however, the king of the parade; and when that part was filled by a good man, he was worth a great deal for his outside acting alone. The dresses of Richardson's actors were always of the best, and were sometimes very costly. They were much better than those in use at the theatres; for, as the old man used to say, "I have to show my dresses in the daylight, and they must be good, while anything will do for candle-light." He would always choose an actor with stentorian lungs to shout the usual invitation: "Walk up! walk up! the players! the players! The only booth in the fair!" He considered this a very important post; and what he called a *bould* speaker was pretty sure of getting the best of what there was in the Richardsonian pie.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

TWO HUNDRED POUNDS.—GOING TO LAW.

The following, from the Life of Johnson, by Sir John Hawkins, a successful solicitor, an active and experienced magistrate, and one who knew the world much and widely, is striking: "The chances [of eluding conviction] are these: 1. That the offender is not discovered, or, if discovered, not apprehended. 2. That the person injured is not both willing and able to prosecute him. 3. That the evidence is not sufficient for the finding of the bill; or if it be, 4. That the indictment is so framed as that the offender cannot be convicted on it; or, 5. That the witnesses to support it may die, or be prevailed upon to abscond, or to soften their testimony; or, 6. They may be entangled, or made

to contradict themselves or each other, in a cross-examination by the prisoner's counsel; or, 7. A mild judge; or, 8. An ignorant or perverse jury; 9. A recommendation to mercy; or, 10. Appeals to the public by stating his case in pamphlets or newspaper paragraphs, which the Newgate solicitors know very well how to get drawn. 11. Practices with a jury to obtain a declaration that some of them were dissatisfied with the verdict. 12. A motion in arrest of judgment. 13. A writ of error grounded on some defect or mistake on the face of the record. 14. An escape; and lastly, interest to procure a pardon. [What follows is a note on the last word.] To this purpose, and as a caveat against seeking redress for injuries by going to law, I recollect a saying of a very sagacious and experienced citizen, Mr. Selwin, who was formerly a candidate for the office of chamberlain, and missed it only by seven votes out of near seven thousand: 'A man,' says he, 'who deliberates about going to law should have, first, a good cause; secondly, a good purse; thirdly, an honest and skilful attorney; fourthly, good evidence; fifthly, able counsel; sixthly, an upright judge; seventhly, an intelligent jury; and with all these on his side, if he has not, eighthly, good luck, it is odds but he miscarries in his suit.' The same person told me the following story: He was once requested, by a man under sentence of death in Newgate, to come and see him in his cell; and, in pure humanity, he made him a visit. The man briefly informed him that he had been tried and convicted of felony, and was daily expecting the arrival of the warrant for his execution; 'but,' said he, 'I have 200*l.*, and you are a man of character, and had the court-interest when you stood for chamberlain; I should therefore hope it is in your power to get me off.' Mr. Selwin was struck with

so strange an application, and to account for it asked if there were any alleviating circumstances in his case; the man peevishly answered, No; but that he had inquired into the history of the place where he was, and *could not find that anyone who had two hundred pounds was ever hanged.* Mr. Selwin told him it was out of his power to help him, and bade him farewell—'which,' added he, 'he did;' for he found means to escape punishment."—We all know that publications of the class of *Jonathan Wild, The Beggar's Opera,* &c., throw out more than hints of such a state of things as above described. —*The Athenæum,* 1866.

"THE MARBLE ARCH" AT HYDE-PARK CORNER.

The history of the great work of art with the *omnibus* designation of "The Marble Arch" presents a ludicrous instance of a succession of failures. It was designed for the especial entrance of the sovereign and the royal family to Buckingham Palace. This is the greatest work of mere ornament ever attempted in England. In general design it resembles the Arch of Constantine at Rome; but is by no means so richly embellished: the sculpture is omitted in the attic, and in place of reversed trusses above the columns were to have been figures of Dacian warriors, and panels of sculpture intervening; indeed, the façade was to have been more fully enriched, the attic carried considerably higher, and crowned with an equestrian statue of George the Fourth, flanked with groups of military trophies, vases at the angles, &c. *As it is,* the sculpture is confined to a pair of figures and a keystone on each face of the central archway; panels above the side openings, and wreaths at the ends;

these are by Flaxman, Westmacott, and Rossi. The statue of George the Fourth was ordered of Chantrey, for 9000 guineas; the government put him to the expense of 100*l.* for parchments, and were two years after the time agreed upon for the first payment. The statue was eventually placed at the north-east angle of Trafalgar-square.

But in the gates there was more woful mismanagement. The central gates, designed and cast by Samuel Parker, are the most superb in Europe: they are of a beautiful alloy, bronzed, the base being refined copper. Although cast, their enriched foliage and scroll-work have the elaborate finish of fine chasing. They now terminate at the springing of the arch; but Mr. Parker had cast for the semicircular heading a rich frieze, and the royal arms in the central circle, flanked by state crowns: this portion, however, was irretrievably mutilated by the government removing the gates from the foundry in a common stage-wagon, without any packing, by which this head-portion was broken, and never replaced. Yet these gates cost 3000 guineas! Another blunder was,—the central archway, as at first built, was not sufficiently wide to admit the royal state-coach.

Here we see the original design of the Arch was in every respect departed from. The material, spotless marble, is altogether unfitted for the damp and sooty atmosphere of London, which makes it resemble dirty sugar; the sculpture is omitted; the gates are incomplete; the statue is taken for another site; and the emblematic groups for the platform were never executed. The result was nothing but disappointment and grumbling at a large outlay of money for a failure. Nothing could be less effective than this "triumphal arch:" it was cold, blank, unfinished, and unmeaning. Had it

been connected with the main building of the Palace by a stone arcade or colonnade, as originally intended, the unity would have been improved; as it was left, the Arch was an isolated nonentity. It could therefore be easily got rid of; and when it was resolved to expend some 200,000*l.* more upon the Palace by erecting the present ineffective front towards the Park, with its cheap sculptures—in material and design equally discreditable—the Arch was condemned and removed to the site of Cumberland Gate, Hyde Park. The handsome iron gates, presented to the country by Mr. Henry Philip Hope at an expense of some 2000*l.*, were then placed on each side of the Arch; the cost of removing and rebuilding which amounted to 4340*l.* Such is the history of the Buckingham-Palace arch and gates; and a more capricious exercise of taste it would be hard to find.

MEMORABILIA OF HOLLAND-HOUSE.

When Walter Scott was last at Holland-House, Kensington, he said of it: "It will be a great pity when this ancient house must come down, and give way to rows and crescents." The ancient house, built by Thorpe for Sir Walter Cope in 1607, still stands; but "rows and crescents" are already defacing the grand old park on the north or Notting-hill side, and certain indications of marked allotments show that the isolated and secluded mansion will soon be shut out from public view on the south or Kensington side. The latter suburb will then lose one of its most attractive features. The house passed, by marriage with the heiress of the Copes, to the Rich family, and thence to the Edwardes, whose chief bore the title (in the Irish Peerage) of Baron Ken-

sington. The domain was subsequently purchased by Henry Fox, the first Lord Holland of that name, and father of Charles Fox. It is now the property of Lady Lilford, sister of the late and last Lord Holland. The house will probably disappear, as the domain is gradually covered with Scott's dreaded "rows and crescents;" or, if left standing, will be converted into an "establishment" or an "hospital," as was the case with one of the old mansions at the "Bayswaterings," which some of us may remember as Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital.

At all events, the character of the place will be extinguished, and will live only in men's memories, where incidents will be treasured of the gallant Earl of Holland, of the Rich family, who is said to have been the devoted admirer of Henrietta Maria; of the legends which give the greensward here as the scene of conferences between Cromwell and his most trusted generals; of the gay scenes enacted there in the great Republic time, and, indeed, of a later period, when the house was the rendezvous of the wits among the Whigs, and Lady Holland made the boldest of them stand in awe of her, except Sydney Smith, who was fearless in the presence of the most audacious of women. The journals of Moore will be of use to the future historian of the house, around which so much is perishing. The avenue down which Sheridan used to walk unsteadily into the town is no longer recognisable; and the Adam-and-Eve tavern in Kensington, where he used to tarry and get a little "more drunk" on his way, is as changed also, for the finer and the worse. Of all the good things uttered in this now departing house, the first Lord Holland of the Fox line gave expression to one perhaps the most genuine for its quiet humour. When the Earl was dying, George Selwyn, who so loved to see executions,

left his card. "If Mr. Selwyn should call again," said the moribund lord, "show him up. If I am alive, I shall be glad to see him; if I am dead, he will be glad to see me." In the last century the north side of the park was the only pleasant portion of the long and dreary walk from Tyburn to Shepherd's Bush. It was a promenade which began and ended in any but a lively manner; for in Tyburn Field stood the permanent gallows, and at the east corner of Shepherd's Bush Common two ghastly gibbets reared their disgusting height, and held, rocking in the wind, the rattling bones of murderers "hung in chains."—*Athenæum*, No. 1775.

THRALE'S VILLA AT STREATHAM.

In the year 1865 we parted with a Johnsonian link. The mansion of Mr. Thrale, on the southern verge of Streatham Park, between Streatham and Tooting, was then dispersed by auction in lots of materials, in which oak and mahogany, silvered plate-glass doors, marble slabs and chimney-pieces, bespoke the taste of the affluent brewer of Southwark, who expended large sums in enlarging and embellishing the house. After his death his widow continued to reside there, and married, secondly, Gabriel Piozzi, by whom the villa and grounds were considerably improved. The property was sold in 1816. Dr. Johnson was here, through fifteen years, the almost constant guest of Mr. Thrale; and two apartments occupied by the doctor were pointed out—one with a bow-window at the west end, on the first floor, and a bedroom on the second floor. Johnson's friends grew jealous of Thrale House, "where," says Boswell, "as Mr. Strahan once complained to me, he was in a great measure

absorbed from the society of his old friends." And Boswell further complains of being in London, separated from Johnson for a week, when they were so near; however, Boswell joined him at Streatham in a day or two.

Dr. Johnson was first invited to Thrale's table to meet a Mr. Woodhouse, a shoemaker, whose verses were then much talked of. The great man came, and was so well satisfied with his reception both by Thrale and his lady, and they were so much pleased with him, that his invitations to their hospitable board were more and more frequent, till at last Johnson became one of the family, and apartments were appropriated to him both in their house in Southwark, and in their villa at Streatham. It was here that the doctor told the story of Parson Ford's ghost, as he was looking at Hogarth's "Modern Midnight Conversation," among the numerous prints *pasted* on the walls of Thrale's dining-room. Boswell tells us that nothing could be more fortunate for Johnson than this connection. He had at Mr. Thrale's all the comforts and even luxuries of life. His melancholy was diverted, and his irregular habits were lessened by association with an agreeable and well-ordered family. He was treated with the utmost respect and even affection. In a secluded part of the park, upon a knoll, was a rustic summer-house, the favourite retreat of Johnson; and here he made those pious resolutions, which are headed in one of his memorandum-books as follows: "August 9, 3 P. M., ætat. 72, in the summer-house at Streatham." This peaceful hermitage has been engraved.

RECOLLECTIONS OF BATTERSEA.

This parish and manor, three miles south-west of London, on the Surrey bank of the Thames, appertained, from a very early period, to the Abbey of St. Peter at Westminster, and are conjectured by Lysons to have been therefrom named, in the Conqueror's Survey, Patricsey, which in the Saxon is Peter's water, or river; since written Battrichsey, Battersey, and Battersea. The manor passed to the Crown at the dissolution of religious houses: in 1627 it was granted to the St. John family, in whose possession it remained till 1763. Here, in a spacious mansion at the east end of the church, was born, in 1678, the celebrated Lord Bolingbroke; and his house became the resort of Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, Thomson, Mallet, and other contemporary geniuses of England. Lord Marchmont was living with Lord Bolingbroke, at Battersea, when he discovered that Mr. Allen, of Bath, had printed 500 copies of the *Essay on a Patriot King* from the copy which Bolingbroke had presented to Pope—six copies only were printed. Thereupon Lord Marchmont sent Mr. Gravenkop for the whole cargo, who carried them out in a wagon, and the books were burnt on the lawn in the presence of Lord Bolingbroke. His Lordship died at Battersea in 1752. He sunk under the dreadful malady beneath which he had long lingered—a cancer in the face—which he bore with exemplary fortitude; "a fortitude," says Lord Brougham, "drawn from the natural resources of his mind, and, unhappily, not aided by the consolation of any religion; for having early cast off the belief in revelation, he had substituted

in its stead a dark and gloomy naturalism, which even rejected those glimmerings of hope as to futurity not untasted by the wiser of the heathens."

Bolingbroke, with his second wife, niece of Madame de Maintenon, lie in the family vault in St. Mary's Church, where is an elegant monument by Roubiliac, with medallions of the great lord and his lady; the epitaphs on both were written by Bolingbroke: that upon himself is still extant, in his own handwriting, in the British Museum: "Here lies Henry St. John; in the reign of Queen Anne, Secretary of State, and Viscount Bolingbroke; in the days of King George I. and King George II., something more and better." Against the south wall of the church is a monument to Sir Edward Wynter, who died 1635-6; it has a bas-relief representing the feats thus commemorated in the inscription:

> "Alone, unarm'd, a tiger he oppress'd,
> And crush'd to death the monster of a beast;
> Twice twenty mounted Moors he overthrew
> Singly on foot; some wounded, some he slew,
> Dispers'd the rest. What more could Samson do?"

At the top is a large bust of Sir Edward, in a flowing peruke and lace shirt. In the church are some curious portraits on glass of Henry VII., his grandmother the Lady Margaret Beauchamp, and Queen Elizabeth. Here also is a tablet to the memory of Thomas Astle, F.S.A., keeper of the records in the Tower; and in the churchyard are buried Arthur Collins, editor of the *Peerage* which bears his name; and William Curtis, the botanist, author of the *Flora Londinensis*.

The greater part of Bolingbroke House was taken down in 1778. In the wing of the mansion left standing, a parlour of brown polished oak, with a grate and ornaments of the age of George I., was long pointed out

as the apartment in which Pope composed his *Essay on Man*. The mansion was very extensive—forty rooms on a floor. By some, the cedar or round room is said to have been Pope's room. The walls may still be seen, but they support a new roof, and can only be distinguished from the rest of the building by their circular form. (*Notes and Queries*, 2d series, ix.)

Some sixty years after Bolingbroke's death, Sir Richard Phillips, in 1813, met with an ancient inhabitant of Battersea, a Mrs. Gilliard, a pleasant and intelligent woman, who well remembered Lord Bolingbroke; that he used to ride out every day in his chariot, and had a black patch on his cheek, with a large wart over his eyebrow. She was then a girl, but she was taught to look upon him with veneration as a great man. As, however, he spent little in the place, and gave little away, he was not much regarded by the people of Battersea. Sir Richard mentioned to her the names of several of Lord Bolingbroke's contemporaries; but she recollected none, except that of Mallet, whom she said she had often seen walking about in the village while he was visiting at Bolingbroke House. (*A Morning's Walk from London to Kew*, p. 54.)

On part of the site of Bolingbroke House was erected a *horizontal mill*, by Captain Hooper, who also built a similar one at Margate. It consisted of a circular wheel, with large boards or vanes fixed parallel to its axis, and arranged at equal distances from each other. Upon these vanes the wind could act, so as to blow the wheel round; but if it were to act upon the vanes at both sides of the wheel at once, it could not, of course, turn it round; hence one side of the wheel must be sheltered, while the other was submitted to the full action of the wind. For this purpose it was enclosed in a large

cylindrical framework, with doors or shutters on all sides, to open and admit the wind, or to shut and stop it. If all the shutters on one side were open, whilst all those on the opposite side were closed, the wind, acting with undiminished force on the vanes at one side, whilst the opposite vanes are under shelter, turned the mill round; but whenever the wind changed, the disposition of the blinds must be altered, to admit the wind to strike upon the vanes of the wheel in the direction of a tangent to the circle in which they moved. (Dr. Paris's *Philosophy in Sport.*) This mill resembled a gigantic packing-case; which gave rise to an odd story, that when the Emperor of Russia was in England, he took a fancy to Battersea Church, and determined to carry it off to Russia, and had this large packing-case made for it; but as the inhabitants refused to let the church be carried away, the case remained on the spot where it was deposited. The upper part of the mill was taken down; the lower part is still used for grinding corn. The situation of the old estate is indicated by the names of Bolingbroke-gardens and Bolingbroke-terrace.

York House, the mansion of Booth, Archbishop of York, who died in 1480, and bequeathed it to his successors in the see, was mostly taken down some sixty years ago. Archbishop Holgate was one of the few prelates who resided here; he was imprisoned and deprived by Queen Mary for being a married man, and lost much property by illegal seizure.

In Strype's *Life of Cranmer*, p. 308, it is stated that the officers who were employed to apprehend the Archbishop rifled his house at Battersea, and took away from thence 300*l.* of gold coin, 1600 ounces of plate, a mitre of fine gold set with very fine diamonds, sapphires,

and balists, other good stones and pearls; some very valuable rings; the Archbishop's seal and signet.

Battersea was long famous for growing in its rich alluvial soil the finest asparagus, of such extraordinary size that 110 heads, in a state fit for the kitchen, have been known to weigh more than 32 lbs. The garden-ground is, however, now much reduced, and Battersea-fields have been converted into a public park.

The old wooden bridge at Battersea was built 1771-2, at the expense of fifteen proprietors, each of whom subscribed 1500*l.*; its yearly income is some 5000*l.*

DEATH OF WILLIAM DE LA POLE.

From the detailed contemporary account in the *Paston Letters*, it appears that William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, being with two ships off Dover, in April 1450, was taken prisoner by the master of a large ship, called Nicholas of the Tower, sent in search of him. He asked the name of the ship; and when he knew it, he remembered Stacy had said, if he might escape the danger of the Tower, he should be safe; and then his heart failed him, for he thought he was deceived. He was then removed into a boat, where his head was cut off with six strokes of a rusty sword. His body was afterwards laid on the sands of Dover, with his head on a pole near it.

A similar account of the death of the Duke of Suffolk, though without any mention of the prophecy, is given in *William of Worcester*. Stow, Fabyan, Grafton, Hall, Holinshed—all agree in stating the name of the ship to have been the Nicholas of the Tower. Stow says

that it belonged to the Duke of Exeter, constable of the Tower of London, which probably explains the origin of the name.

In this story the equivocation is made to depend upon the word *Tower*. The saying of Stacy evidently referred to the danger which the Duke had incurred of being sent as a prisoner to the Tower of London. The version of this prophecy followed by Shakspeare, a century and a half afterwards, is quite different. In the Second Part of *Henry VI.* (act i. sc. 4), the spirit raised by the exorcists makes the following reply, when questioned respecting the death of the Duke of Suffolk:

> "*Boling.* Tell me what fates await the Duke of Suffolk.
> *Spirit.* By water shall he die, and take his end."

In act iv. sc. 1 the Duke of Suffolk is represented as a prisoner, having been taken at sea by pirates, and as being given by the captain to one Walter Whitmore, who immediately declares that he will put Suffolk to death. The following dialogue thereupon ensues:

> "*Cap.* Be not so rash; take ransom; let him live.
> *Suf.* Look on my George, I am a gentleman;
> Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.
> *Whit.* And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.
> How now? Why startest thou? What, doth death affright?
> *Suf.* Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.
> A cunning man did calculate my birth,
> And told me that by *water* I should die:
> Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded;
> Thy name is Gualtier, being rightly sounded.
> *Whit.* Gualtier or Walter, which it is, I care not;
> Ne'er yet did base dishonour blur our name,
> But with our sword we wiped away the blot."

Suffolk is shortly afterwards led away by Whitmore, who cuts off his head, and returns with the lifeless body.

The same version of the prophecy is also alluded to in Drayton's *Epistle of Queen Margaret to the Duke of Suffolk:*

> "I pray thee, Pool, have care how thou dost pass:
> Never the sea yet half so dangerous was.
> And one foretold by water thou shouldst die.
> Ah, foul befall that foul tongue's prophecy!"

The fluctuating character of this story is shown in the wide discrepancy between its two versions. The origin of Shakspeare's version is obscure.—*Notes and Queries*, 2d ser. No. 176.

THE YOUNG PRETENDER.

In the year 1864 Mr. B. B. Woodward, Librarian to the Queen, at Windsor, addressed to the Editor of the *Times* the following very interesting letter, headed, "Prince Charles Edward's visit to London in 1750, and his profession of Protestantism:"

"Among the treasures of the Royal Library are two collections known respectively as the *Cumberland Papers* and the *Stuart Papers*. The first consists of letters, &c. collected by William Henry, Duke of Cumberland, the victor at Culloden, and uncle of George III., and relates to the affairs of England and Europe during the whole of his official life. The other consists of a series of letters, documents, &c., many thousand in number, collected by the exiled Stuarts, containing important materials for the history of England during the last century, and particularly for the period between 1716 and 1770, when the last hopes of the restoration of the dispossessed house were abandoned. They were acquired by George IV. when Prince Regent, in part by pur-

chase, and in part by the gift of Cardinal Gonsalvi; and the Prince set so high a value on them that he intrusted the examination of them to a commission, which was not dissolved till 1829. One document of great length was printed by his Royal Highness's historiographer, Stanier Clarke, and a few of the letters in collections published at that time. The papers were deposited in the Royal Library at its formation by William IV. Lord Stanhope (then Lord Mahon) had access to them by permission of the King, and employed them in writing his valuable *History of England* from 1713 to 1783; and some of the letters of Bishop Atterbury were published by my predecessor, Mr. J. H. Glover. As soon as I had ascertained the nature and interest of these collections, I submitted to the Prince Consort a plan for rendering them available to students of English history, which his Royal Highness accepted. In conformity with this plan, the whole of these papers have been arranged in chronological order; and a calendar is being made, the Prince desiring that, if possible, this calendar should be printed for general use; and that as soon as the papers were in a condition to be consulted by those who required more specific information than the calendar could give, they should, under the needful restrictions, be made accessible to them.

In the course of this work many documents of great interest have fallen under my notice, and among them some relating to the secret visit made by Prince Charles Edward (the young Pretender) to London in the year 1750, and to his profession of Protestantism. Two of these were known to the Commissioners; and the whole of them having been submitted by me to the notice of the Queen, her Majesty has been pleased to command me to make them publicly known, considering them too

valuable a contribution to the exact knowledge of our history at that time to wait until the Calendar should be published. The facts themselves have long been known or strongly suspected; but Lord Stanhope, attributing too great value to a vague statement by the Prince in 1783, has been misled regarding the length of his visit; and assigns the profession of Protestantism to 1752, on the ground of a medal struck in that year. Jesse, in his *Lives of the Pretenders*, is also at fault respecting them.

The first of these papers is a copy of a 'Manifesto,' dated 1745, and addressed by the Prince to Scotland. It is appended to a 'Commission' from his father, dated in 1743. At the end of it we find some 'remarks,' one of which is this:

'8ly. To mention my religon (which is) of the Church of England as by law established, as I have declaired myself when in London the year 1750.'

The next three are memoranda for letters or reports, in the Prince's handwriting: the first two written on torn scraps of paper, the third on a thin card.

'Parted ye 2d Sept. Arrived to A[*ntwerp*] ye 6th, parted from thence ye 12th Sept. E[*ngland*] ye 14th, and at L[*ondon*] ye 16th. Parted from L[*ondon*] ye 22d, and arrived at P[*aris*] ye 24th. From P[*aris*] parted ye 28th, arrived here ye 30th Sept. If she dos not come, and yr M. agreed on to send bac for yr Letter and Procuration; ye House here of P. C. and her being either a tretor or a hour, to chuse which, not to send to P. even after her coming, unless in absolute necessity, or her requiring it then at her dor.'

Verso. 'The letter to Godie retarded a post, ye Lady being arrived or her retard to be Little if she is true stille.'

'Ye 5th Sept., O. S., 1750, arrived; ye 11th, parted to D[*over*]; ye 12th, in ye morning, parted and arrived at B[*oulogne*]; and ye 13th at P[*aris*]. R.S., ye 16th Sept., ye 22d, 23d, and 24th.

'Either ill counsiled or She has made a Confidence. Mr. Lorain's being here ye 12th Sept. Mr. Duran his discorces to amuse not

having to do with anybody but ye Lady, and Mr. Lisle's not marrieeng, or appearing; to go ye same day with ye King, speking to W. ye last day.

'Md. H. here this six weeks.'

Verso. 'The Vignion for W., and letters K and L, the money and *adresses.* (*In pencil,* 'The money for Dormer.')

'Je ne puis pas envoie pour ne pas doner du subson et si jenvoi pas je donc encore.'

The last sentence, notwithstanding its bad French, is clearly indicative of the Prince's growing hopelessness in his own cause.

'Lux. Novemr. ye 26th. Mrs. Tomson. Ye P.M. is the best time for me to go. Rue Verneuil, visavi La Rue Ste. Marie faug. St. Germin, Ju. Waters. . . . . ye Ordonances; ye Lady; my being a Republican; Sr. J. Grems [*Graham's*] being sent; Sr. J. Stuard; ye Envoy of P[*russia?*] at Lu.; Charles Smit; Mr. Heborn [*Hepburn*]; my resons of Declaring myself a Protestant at ye age of 30ty. my being at London ye yr. 50ty. K. of P[*russia's?*] uniform for to go Lu. ye 50 Louidors for Ca: Kely; Wm. Murray,' &c.

On the *verso* of the card are some memoranda of money-matters, and the date 'ye 21st March 1754.'

The letter now to be given contains neither date nor signature; but I think the name of the writer (evidently a Scotchman) will be ascertained from a comparison of the writing, and with other papers of the same period. The date is approximately determinable as 1769 or 1770, from the references to the death of the Chevalier de St. George (the old Pretender) and to the flight of Miss Walkinshaw with their child. The proposal to repudiate the National Debt is very curious and amusing:

'It was most certainly a very great affront and Injury done to the Prince to carry from him his Daughter, that behoved to be a fine amusement to Him in his solitary way of liveing, while still expecting better Times.

'When He Discovers Him that acted it, or had a share in the

Crime, He or they should be punised, tho' with much goodness, to imitate our great Creator. In the meantime it should not be resented to His own Disadvantage, or that of his most sincere Weal Wishers, but a proper time waited when it can be done more effectualy. If his Majesty had any share in it, It can be imputed to nothing else than a wrong principle in his Religion, and ought therefore to be heartyly forgiven, and a good Understanding fully reestablish'd. It must be a great Loss to His Royal Highness and all true subjects to have the intercourse betwixt Him and them intirely cutt off by his Resolution of so strict a Retirement which they most earnestly wish and beg He would change to their Vast Comfort; And it is the greatest Glory of a man to forgive ane Injury. I hear'd more than three years ago, That the Prince (upon the King's Death) was resolved to goe to Rome, of which I took no notice, haveing hear'd long before, That he said That He would never return to Rome. It is most earnestly Wished That He would be so good as Change his intention of goeing there, if He ever had it. It may happen That his Affairs in Britain might be at the Crisis in his favours at the time he was there, which could not faill to make a very bad turn, even with his friends upon hearing it. But hou would his Enemies Triumph and be Overjoyed. Yea, his best Wishers might justly belive, That he was not fully settled in his principles of religion, which being the same with their Own, gave them the best grounds to believe, That they would get Him safely settled on the Throne of his Fathers, as there was no other possible objection against Him But upon his being there, they might suspect; That He was resolved at the bottom to continue in his Fathers Principles of Religion. Besides if He should go there and retain his present Opinion He might be exposed to great Hazards amidst a People so bigotted to a different way of thinking, and Its not to be Doubted but they would contrive something against Him, at least to Disappoint Him of the Desine he had for goeing, and whatever View He has, It is not to be compared with the gaining the Crowns of Scotland, England and Ireland; But not to pry into what the Desine of his Journey may be He is sure to Obtain it more easiely when he is possessed of these Crowns.

[turn over]

'The Present State of Britain is in a very Unsettled way, Their Vast Load of Debt must Ruin them, And they have no other way to get Clear of it but by settleing the Royal Family on the Throne, When One Act of Parliament will Discharge It, As haveing been contracted to Exclude and keep them from their Just Right, and Those who suffer will have themselves only to blame, tho' These who shall

be reduced to great Indigence by this Act, can from time to time be provided so as to live, they and their Familys in a Comfortable Way. Every Reasonable Man would aprove of this Conduct, as the most effectual Beacon against new Usurpation; But If the Debts should be annulled dureing the Present Usurpation, It would bring ane Indelible Ignominy upon the whole Nation.

'I most sincerely wish his Royal Highness would frequently correspond with his Friends in Britain; And if He would allow me to his Prescence I would Begg on my Knees That He would never goe to Rome on any Account Whatever.

'This is from a faithfull Subject who does not want five months of being seventy two years of age Compleat.'

I append the following fragments, which are of the class which Lord Stanhope has printed, as *Lays of the Last Stuart*. If they do not illustrate the poetical genius of the Prince, they show, I think, that he was *negatively* sincere in his profession of Protestantism. They occur among the numerous scraps of paper on which he was accustomed to scribble memoranda of every conceivable kind:

'Papish, Irish, such is fools,
Such as them Cant be my Tools.'

'I hete all prists, and the regions they rein in,
from the pope at Rome to the papists of Britain.'

And to this he has added a couplet from Rochester's well-known poem, which similarly illustrates his being a 'Republican:'

'I hete all Kings and the Throns the sit on,
From the H[ector] of France to the Culia [Cully] of B[ritain].'

'*Vice versa* at present,' he adds, which seems to show that he appreciated the difference between the wretched Louis XV. and our valorous George II., who certainly were *vice versa* to Louis XIV. and Charles II. in Rochester's time.

Hoping that the historical interest of these papers may excuse the length of my communication, and with

many thanks for your courteous reception of it, I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

B. B. WOODWARD,
Librarian to the Queen at Windsor.

"Windsor Castle, Dec 24."

THE OLD COURTS IN DOCTORS'-COMMONS.

One of the most mysterious places in London to strangers is that called "Doctors'-Commons." Many persons understand the term generally as applied to the great depository of wills, and others perhaps know that it has something to do with matrimony; but few are aware how many courts of law until lately held their sittings in this old locality. It is true that novelists have been accustomed to take their heroes and heroines to Doctors'-Commons; but the actual situation of the place is comparatively little known. Thousands who are familiar with the archway in the south-western corner of St. Paul's-churchyard are little aware of the full extent of "the Commons," their interest in the place generally halting at the most attractive portion—the Will Office, where many thousand searches are made during a single year. The office is situated in Great Knightrider-street, named, as Stow supposed, "of knights well armed and mounted at the Tower Royal, riding from thence through that street west to Creed-lane, and so out at Ludgate towards Smithfield," there "to tourney, joust, or otherwise." We leave the Will Office, and advancing up the street, soon reach the site of the buildings which were taken down in 1867—Doctors'-Commons or the College of Advocates, more properly called the College of Doctors of Law, being a "common house," and the residence of the doctors of the civil law practising in London, who

lived there (for diet and lodging) in a collegiate manner, and *commoning* together; and the doctors still dine together on every court-day.

The former house in Great Knightrider-street was provided for the civilians and canonists, about the reign of Queen Elizabeth, by Dr. Henry Harvey, Dean of the Arches, before which time they were lodged at a tavern in Paternoster-row. Sir George Buc, Master of the Revels, states that "the late most renowned and pompous prelate, Dr. Thomas Wolsey, Cardinal of York," had designed to build a fair college of stone for them in London, of which Sir Robert Cotton had seen "the plot and model in papers." The house in Great Knightrider-street was destroyed in the Great Fire, when the civilians and canonists removed to Exeter House in the Strand, until the rebuilding of the college, at the charge of the profession, in 1672. Hatton, in 1708, describes the buildings as "spacious and commodious, with ambulatories." These were of red brick, of the style that prevailed shortly after the Great Fire. The property possessed a frontage to Great Knightrider-street of 186 feet, and to Benet's-hill of about 62 feet, in each of which were entrances, also with a foot-access to Thames-street; the total area, including the garden, being more than three-quarters of an acre. The interior consisted of two quadrangles, chiefly occupied by the doctors, a hall for the hearing of causes, dining-room, and library over. The houses occupied by the doctors were seventeen in number, and contained upwards of 140 rooms. The dwellings appear to have provided for comfort as well as study, and were mostly supplied with larder, pantry, and coal, wine, and beer cellars; although one dwelling consisted only of a room on the first-floor, and an office on the ground-floor. Each outer door bore the

name of the tenant, the doctor—these names mostly familiar to the public in connection with the reports of trials in Doctors'-Commons.

Here was, 1. the Court of Arches, named from having been held in Bow Church, Cheapside, which was arched, and the supreme ecclesiastical court of the province of Canterbury. The court of Arches was occasionally held at Bow Church down to the year 1825, if not later, in the part now the vestry. It has jurisdiction over thirteen parishes, or peculiars, which form a deanery exempt from the Bishop of London, and attached to the Archbishop of Canterbury; hence the judge is named the Dean of the Arches. His salary is but 20*l.* per annum, but the appointment is always combined with the judgeship of the Prerogative Court. The business included, in Chaucer's time, and down nearly to the present, cases

> Of defamation and avouterie,
> Of church reves and of testaments,
> Of contracts and lack of sacraments,
> Of usury and simony also;

besides those of sacrilege, blasphemy, apostasy from Christianity, and partial or entire divorces; also brawling and smiting in churches or vestries; but the majority of cases were matrimonial. All these are now transferred to the Divorce Court, and the wills to the Court of Probate, where wills may be proved, and letters of administration obtained by personal application, without the aid of a proctor or solicitor.

The Divorce Court, established by the 20th and 21st Victoria, cap. 85, whether sitting in the City or Westminster, is now the only court of original jurisdiction for the trial of causes matrimonial, and for breaking the marriage-tie. There may be from this Court an

appeal to the House of Lords in decrees of absolute divorce; otherwise the House of Lords only hears questions of divorce as one of the members of the Legislature, by which a special Act of Parliament must be passed to effect a divorce.

Next was, 2. the Prerogative Court, in which wills (until the establishment of the Court of Probate) were proved, and all administrations granted within the prerogative of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

3. The Court of Faculties and Dispensations, "whereby," says Strype, "a privilege or special power is granted to a person by favour and indulgence to do that which by law otherwise he could not—as, to eat flesh upon days prohibited; to marry without banns first asked in the church three several Sundays or holydays; the son to succeed his father in his benefice; for one to have two or more benefices incompatible; for non-residence, and in other such-like cases."

4. The Consistory Court of the Bishop of London, which only differs from the other Consistory Courts throughout the country in its importance as including the metropolis in its sphere of operations.

5. The High Court of Admiralty, consisting of the Instance Court and the Prize Court. The Instance Court has a criminal and civil jurisdiction. To the former belong piracy and other indictable offences on the high seas, which are now tried at the Old Bailey; to the latter, suits arising from ships running foul of each other, disputes about seamen's wages, bottomry, and salvage. The Prize Court applies to naval captures, or proceeds of captured slave-vessels. A silver oar is carried before the Judge as an emblem of his office. The business is very onerous, as in embargoes, and the provisional detention of vessels, when incautious deci-

sions might involve the country in war; the right of search is another weighty question. Lord Stowell, the Judge, in one year, pronounced 2,206 decrees. The practitioners in this Court are advocates, doctors of civil law, or counsel, and proctors or solicitors. The Judge and advocates wear in Court, if of Oxford, scarlet robes and hoods, lined with taffeta; if of Cambridge, white minever, and round black-velvet caps. The proctors wear black robes and hoods lined with fur. The college has a good library in civil law and history, bequeathed by an ancestor of Sir John Gibson, Judge of the Prerogative Court: and every Bishop, at his consecration, makes a present of books.

Defoe, in his *Journey through England*, 1722, has this sarcastic saying upon the stringent powers of the Admiralty Court—"that England was a fine country; but a man called Doctors'-Commons was the devil, for there was no getting out of his clutches, let one's cause be never so good, without paying a great deal of money."

The college hall, wherein the several courts held their sittings, though without architectural pretension, was a handsome apartment, the walls wainscoted to half their height, above which were the richly emblazoned coats-of-arms of all the doctors for a century or two past; and a triple-arched screen, and the raised galleries for the opposing advocates, with their costume of scarlet and ermine, and the proctors in their ermine and black, invested the Court with a judicial aspect.

The college property—the freehold portion, subject to a yearly rent-charge of 105*l.*, and to an annual payment of 5*s.* 4*d.*, both payable to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's—was put up for sale by auction, in one lot, on November 28, 1862. It has now been demolished,

and the materials have been sold, the site being required in forming the new street from Earl-street, Blackfriars, to the Mansion House; the roadway to pass directly through the college-garden, where we scarcely remember to have seen a handful of vegetation. Meanwhile the Courts which have been thus swept away will be provided for in the plan for concentrating the Law Courts upon the "Carey-street site."—*Illustrated London News.*

RESTORATION OF THE GUILDHALL OF LONDON.

During the progress of this costly work two mayoralty festivals were held beneath the new roof, the main feature of the restoration, and that which led to several minor works and the entire redecoration of the ancient edifice. This is, altogether, a labour of such cost and magnificence, as to render it worthy of special commemoration. The history of the Guildhall is familiar to every lover of old London: it is second only in interest and importance to the history of the Tower, and the striking character of its events renders it of national as well as civic claim.

The Guildhall, or hall for the meeting of the Guilds, says Mr. Horace Jones, the City architect, is of very early date. The first entry he has been able to find is in the year 1212, 14th of John. It is in a roll of the Hustings Court, which was held here, and must have been a very large building, from the number of persons stated to have been present. "This," says Mr. Jones, "was undoubtedly the original Guildhall spoken of by Fabyan, Grafton, and Stow: the old Berry Court, or

Hal, continued. The Courts of the Maior and Aldermen were continually holden there. They had an entrance in Aldermanbury. This we will call the first Guildhall."

The second Guildhall, according to the Corporation records, was built in 1326, 20th Edward II. Part of the crypt of this building still exists, though much defaced by fire; it extends to half the present hall, and adjoins the present crypt, being divided by a stout brick wall. We might reasonably infer from this evidence that the second building was a part, or occupied a part, of the present site. In Aggas's Map, 1560, there is a representation of the old entry from Aldermanbury. The present front, although being erected, was covered from sight by the building, and there was no entry for carriages, or even an opening into Gresham-street, as now.

We next come to the present, or third Guildhall, "begun to be builded new," says Fabyan, in the year 1411, the 12th of Henry IV., "by Thomas Knoles, then Maior, and by his brethren the Aldermen; and the same was made of a little cottage and a large and great house, as it now standeth." The cost was defrayed by benevolences, fees, fines, and amercements, and from various sources. Among the individual contributions was the making and glazing of "two lowers," for which Sir W. Harryot, Mayor, gave 40*l.* The hall was twenty years in building; the kitchen was erected "by procurement" from the Companies, of Sir John Shaw, goldsmith, Mayor, knighted on Bosworth Field; and the kitchen was then first used for dressing Sir John's mayoralty banquet in 1501; and he "was the first that kept his feast there."

In the Great Fire the open oak roof was entirely de-

stroyed, and the principal front much injured. "That night (Tuesday, Sept. 4, 1666) the sight of Guildhall was a fearfull spectacle, which stood the whole body of it together in view for several hours together, after the fire had taken it, without flames (I suppose because the timber was of such solid oake), in a bright shining coale, as if it had been a pallace of gold or a great building of burnished brasse." It was an open timber roof, springing from the capitals of the clustered columns, which subsequently bore guideron shields with the arms of the twelve great Companies. An additional story was then raised to the lofty pitch of the original roof, the ceiling covering this being flat and square-paneled. Eight circular-headed windows on each side were added. These reparations have been attributed to Sir Christopher Wren: this is doubted by Mr. Horace Jones. We perceive that Elmes acknowledges "the modern roof and ceiling of Guildhall" to be Wren's, but "built over it in haste and for immediate use, and evidently a temporary covering." (See *Wren and his Times*, p. 266.) The present mongrel front was erected by George Dance, the City architect, in 1789.

The chief approach to the hall was by a two-storied porch, far in advance of the main building. It was much altered in the reign of Elizabeth or James I. It had, on each side of the entrance, two ornamented niches, and two other figures in niches, with figures in the upper story. These figures were taken down by Dance in 1789, and they lay in a cellar until Alderman Boydell induced the Corporation, in 1794, to permit them to pass into the hands of Thomas Banks, the eminent sculptor, who held them in great estimation as works of art; and after his death, in 1809, they were purchased by Mr. Bankes. These figures have been

placed in the screen at the east end of the hall. The crypt beneath is the finest and most extensive now remaining in London. Its height is 13 feet from the ground to the crown of the arches. In 1851 the stonework was rubbed down and cleaned, and the clustered shafts and capitals were repaired; and, on the visit of her present Majesty to Guildhall, July 9, a banquet was served to the Queen and suite in this crypt, which was characteristically decorated for the occasion. This crypt is the only intact portion of the ancient edifice. In the chambers and offices all sorts of styles and decorations of all periods prevail—poor gothic and painted ceiling, and marble sculpture, and mean wall decoration, and the floors are of various levels. The interior of the superstructure, the Great Hall, in coarse imitation of the nave of Winchester Cathedral, was also poor and mean.

For more than 150 years did the citizens bear the reproach of having their Guildhall disfigured by the incongruous upper story and flat roof. A pointed roof was modelled, but proceeded no further. With increasing public taste the anomaly became more understood. It was dilapidated and unsightly, and its removal was long pressed upon the Court of Common Council, chiefly by Mr. Deputy Lott, F.S.A., as a work of necessity, in consideration that it was not at all in harmony with the structure itself, and was therefore offensive to architectural and archæological taste.

At length a committee of the Court of Common Council, to whom the subject had been referred, reported in favour of a series of extensive improvements, involving the entire reconstruction, on a new plan, of most, if not all, the offices of the Corporation. First, however, it was resolved to proceed with a new roof for

the Guildhall; and the committee of the Corporation, with Mr. Kelday as its chairman, set about this great work, and determined upon an open oaken roof, with a central louvre, and a tapering metal spire.

The roof and other restorations were confided to Mr. Horace Jones, the City architect, with the assistance of Mr. Digby Wyatt and Mr. Edward Roberts, F.S.A.; and the work has been executed by Messrs. Myers, under a contract with the Corporation. The first stone of the new internal cornice of the roof was laid, with some ceremony, on the 22d day of June 1864, when the members of the Improvement Committee, thirty-five in number, including four of the aldermen (Musgrove, Hale, Abbiss, and Stone), with Mr. Kelday, their chairman; Mr. Chaplin, chairman of the City Lands Committee; the Rev. Mr. Simpson, chaplain to the Lord Mayor; and the principal officers of the Corporation, assembled on the roof. Mr. Kelday, in a brief address, recounted the history of the hall itself, with a passing allusion to the character and purposes of the ancient guilds in the city of London, of which it was the chief gathering-place; and to the way in which the guilds differed from the livery companies as they exist at the present day. In the course of his address he stated that the roof having provoked the unfavourable criticism and comment of men of taste for the last 150 years and more, and the covering having fallen into decay, the Corporation had resolved "to restore the roof after its pristine style, and so wipe out the reproach which attached to them in connection with the old roof." In a cavity of the bed of the stone a bottle containing a number of coins, with photographs of the whole of the members of the Improvement Committee, was put; and that done, the stone was lowered into its place by Mr.

Myers; and the Rev. Mr. Simpson having asked a blessing on the work of which it was the beginning, the ceremony was brought to a close.

The new roof and its general construction are as nearly as possible in accordance with the period in which the hall was originally built, and with a drawing, still extant, of the old roof as it existed before its destruction in the Great Fire. A number of windows by which the interior of the building was lighted from the south side, and which had been closed for generations, have been reopened with excellent effect; and, by the removal of an unsightly coating of plaster and cement, all the characteristic outlines of the internal architectural embellishments have been brought prominently out. One of the southern windows has been filled with stained glass, designed by Mr. F. Halliday, and executed by Lavers and Barraud. The subjects refer to the granting of charter, coining money, Wat Tyler, and a royal tournament. The new roof is of oak, with rather a high pitch: it is lighted by sixteen dormers, eight on each side, and from the centre springs a louvre for the purposes of light and ventilation, as well as ornament, it having a lofty metal spire. Mr. Horace Jones, in an able paper read by him to the Royal Institute of British Architects, June 26, 1865, gives the following dimensions: "The fair average width of the hall is 49 ft. 6 in. The cluster of shafts project about 2 ft. on each side, and their height to the springing of the arch ribs is 34 ft. The height from the present pavement to the underside of the ridge is 89 ft. The total length is 152 ft., and there are eight bays and seven principals. The length of the collar between the queen post is 29 ft., and was cut out of timber about 2 ft. 8 in. square. One peculiarity of the construction of the roof is that

there is a double lining, one of 2-in. oak and another of 1½-in. deal. On this latter the slates are laid."

The interior decoration is not yet completed; but the hall, as fitted up for the inauguration banquets, presented a magnificent scene. It was lighted by sixteen gaseliers, after designs prepared by the architect. Among the works projected are a screen, with dais or hustings, in carved oak, at the east end; also a minstrels' gallery, and a new stone floor with coloured bands and ornamental brasswork.

At the close of the reading of Mr. Jones's paper at the Institute, a discussion arose as to the roof of Guildhall previous to the Great Fire—whether it was of stone groined, or wood, or wood and stone intermingled. Mr. Roberts maintained that all the writings about the period of the Great Fire went to show the roof to have been of wood, and he regarded the restoration of the roof in that material as a proper and consistent one. Mr. J. H. Parker, of Oxford, expressed his pleasure at the restoration of the magnificent hall in a manner so consistent with the original design of the building, and it appeared to have been well carried out; and he was glad to see that the authorities of the City had at length the good taste, first, to appreciate a fine mediæval structure, and, in the next place, to restore it properly. With regard to the material of the roof, Mr. Parker said: "The new roof of the Guildhall was a very good one, consistent with the architecture of the period and the style of the building, and he did not think the question of stone or wood principals affected the character of it in any way."

Mr. Burges, Fellow of the Institute, said that, in justice to Mr. Jones, it should be remembered that all the timber was already sawn out for a very hideous design, which had been contracted for, in the first instance,

before his plans were made. It was entirely owing to Mr. Jones that they had the present roof, his appointment to the office of City architect having been very opportunely made in relation to this work.

PANICS OF THE PRESENT CENTURY.

The number of well-defined and purely monetary panics that have been witnessed in the present century have been six in number. In the early part of the century there were numerous others—indeed, they were then of rapid occurrence; but those up to 1815 were all connected with the varying fortunes of war. It was in 1826 that the first purely speculative panic took place. In the preceding year Consols had steadily advanced from 84⅞ to 96⅝, and this upward movement had been accompanied by a *furore* for the establishment of joint-stock companies of all descriptions. Mines in Mexico and other parts of South America were chiefly in favour; but when the mania was at its height there was scarcely a conceivable branch of occupation, from pearl-fishery in the Pacific down to the washing of linen, and an equitable system of pawnbroking at home, that was not organised in a prospectus or that failed to command a premium. Bank directors were in the vortex; and in some of the most ludicrous concerns the names of leading merchants figured. The proposed capital of each company was, however, in those days much more modest than now, the usual range being from 50,000*l.* to 300,000*l.*, instead of from half a million to five millions, "with power to increase," as at present. At length a rapid drain of bullion set in, the Funds precipitately went down, and Consols in 1826 touched 73¾. Uni-

versal ruin ensued, a run upon the banks took place, and Lombard-street and Bartholomew-lane presented a scene not unlike that of the South-Sea panics. In this emergency the pressure put upon the Government for aid was so great that it was resolved to authorise an advance, not exceeding three millions sterling, to be made upon goods, merchandise, and other securities. Commissioners were appointed to carry out the arrangement in the principal commercial towns, and confidence was almost immediately reawakened. The applications for assistance proved to be much fewer than had been expected, and in many places the commissioners had almost a sinecure.

The second money-panic arose in 1832, when the Duke of Wellington was very unpopular as a minister, and it was believed that he had formed a cabinet which was calculated to add to his unpopularity. A few agitators got up "a *run* upon the Bank of England," by the predictive means of placarding the streets of London with the emphatic words:

TO STOP
THE DUKE,
GO FOR GOLD.

advice which was followed to a prodigious extent. On Monday, May 14 (the bills having been profusely posted on Sunday!), the run upon the Bank for coin was so incessant that in a few hours upwards of half a million was carried off. We remember a tradesman in the Strand bringing home in a hackney-coach 2,000 sovereigns. Mr. Doubleday, in his *Life of Sir Robert Peel*, states the placards to have been "the device of four gentlemen, two of whom were elected members of the Reformed

Parliament. Each put down 20*l.*, and the sum was expended in printing thousands of these terrible missives, which were eagerly circulated, and were speedily seen upon every wall in London. The effect is hardly to be described: it was electric." The executive was a tradesman, of kindred politics, in business in the east end of Oxford-street; and it must be admitted that he executed the order completely.

The next panic occurred in 1837, but this was of a more restricted character, and was not attended with any violent fluctuations in the Funds or in the rates of discount. It arose from an eagerness to make loans to the various States of the American Union, and from a system of "open credits" to the merchants of New York, New Orleans, &c. The chief London houses, by whom these credits had been granted, were in the first danger assisted to an extraordinary extent by the Bank of England; but it was ultimately found impossible to prevent a total break-up.

The next, the fourth panic, occurred in 1847. The preceding years had been marked by the introduction of railway projects to the amount of about 300,000,000*l.*, and by the elevation of Mr. Hudson, the great railway speculator, as a chief promoter. Consols on the 1st of January had stood within a fraction of 94; and in October they were down to 78¾. The drain of gold was extremely severe, and on the 25th of October, the Bank reserve having been reduced to 1,170,740*l.*, the Government, on a representation from the principal discount houses, authorised the suspension of the Charter Act, which had then been three years in operation. The minimum rate at which advances were to be made was on that occasion fixed at 8 per cent. The effect was as sudden as had been that of the Government resolve to make

advances on goods in 1826. In two months, Consols recovered from 78¾ to 85⅛; and within seven months the rate of discount was down to 3½ per cent. In the following year it went to 2½, and it then remained with little variation (ranging between 2 and 3 per cent) for nearly three years. In the panic of 1857, which was brought about by the most wild speculation on the part of exporting merchants, chiefly supported by reckless credits from banks at Liverpool, Glasgow, and elsewhere, the suspension of the Act took place on the 9th of November; and the minimum rate for advances was fixed at 10 per cent, being 2 per cent higher than on the previous occasion. Consols, which had previously stood at 94½, went during the panic to 86½, and the Bank reserve was down at 957,710*l.*; but on this, as in former instances, the recovery was rapid and continuous. In the next year, Consols stood at 98¾, and the rate of discount had fallen to 2½ per cent, after which, for two years, it ranged between 2½ and 5.

In the panic of 1866, the chief feature was the high point at which our stock of gold was maintained, through the steady exaction for eight months of full rates of discount by the Bank of England — a process which at the same time tended to precipitate the breaking down of the speculative mania before it had reached a degree to compromise very seriously the commerce of the country. In one week's return the stock of bullion is shown to have been nearly twice as great as that which was held in the panic of 1857, and 50 per cent in excess of that in 1847. This was a peculiarly favourable circumstance, and seemed to warrant the generally-expressed belief that the restoration of confidence would be a work of much more smoothness than at any of the former periods of difficulty, and that the losses from the

break-up even of speculative property would be less permanent and serious than anyone would have supposed.*

Annexed is a comparison of the state of the Bank accounts, and the price of Consols in each of the panics that have happened since the passing of the Act of 1844:

Years.	Bank Bullion.	Notes in reserve.	Rate of discount per cent.	Price of Consols.
Panic of 1847	£8,408,750	£1,176,740	8	78¾
„ 1857	6,484,096	957,710	10	86½
„ 1866	12,323,805	730,830	10	84¾

FUNERAL OF LORD NELSON.

The funeral of our great naval hero took place in January 1806: the remains were brought up the Thames on January 7: in one of the large rooms at the Admiralty they lay in state, January 8; and next day took place the solemn funeral procession, with a military force of nearly 8000 men, from this spot to St. Paul's Cathedral. This is one of the public incidents given in detail in Miss Berry's journal as follows:

"On the water it was a crowd of boats, in which the immense city barges only were conspicuous. It is much easier to set down upon paper the regulations of a ceremony, such as that the boats of the river fencibles are to line each side of the procession, &c., than to give the effect of a procession so lined on the water in the foggy atmosphere of the Thames. The distance of time between the minute-guns fired by these river fencibles

* Abridged from the *City Press*; with interpolations.

was too long to command continued attention, and therefore, I think, failed in their effect. The music, too, was not sufficiently loud to have any effect at all; and the barge which contained his honoured remains was neither sufficiently large nor sufficiently distinguished to command the eye and the attention of every spectator, which by some means or other it ought to have done.

"I was looking over the wall of Lord Fife's garden, which forms one side of Whitehall-stairs, so that I saw the coffin in the very act of being landed; saw it placed on the bier on which it was borne to the Admiralty. The only really impressive moment was that in which the coffin first touched the ground. At that instant the sky, which but a few minutes before had been clear, poured down at once a torrent of rain and hail, and a sudden gust of wind arose, the violence of which was not less remarkable than the moment at which it took place. In ancient Rome, or in later days of modern superstition, such a circumstance would have been recorded as the moment in which his spirit sought its native sky, or as an omen of future bad luck, from the instant his last remains quitted that element on which he had so often triumphed. On shore the whole ceremony was still less calculated to gratify the feelings it naturally inspired, and in which (to do them justice) not one of the thousands collected as spectators but seemed to participate. Never was there so decent, so quiet, so serious, so respectful a mob. Instead of presenting to their eager eyes the surviving heroes of Trafalgar, following the corpse of their illustrious leader, the naval officers were all put into mourning coaches, which immediately became equally uninteresting to the spectators, whether they contained a vice-admiral or a herald; indeed the heralds, from their dress, were the only conspicuous

persons. The sailors, too, of the Victory, the immediate witnesses of their Nelson's glory, who had indignantly opposed the idea of transferring his corpse to a frigate, and who had insisted on its remaining with them in the ship, on whose deck they had seen him fall —these sailors, instead of being allowed to surround the coffin from which they had proved themselves so unwilling to separate, were marshalled by themselves in another part of the procession, without music, without officers, without any naval accompaniments whatsoever. Although few in number, and thus separated from everything that would have added consequence to their appearance, such was the impression that their serious, quiet, decent deportment made on the multitude, that they were repeatedly and almost continually cheered as they passed along. What a deep and lasting impression would the whole of this ceremony have made on the minds of the spectators had the naval part of the procession, as well as the military, been conducted on foot; had the companions of his glory and his danger, exposed to the regards of their grateful and admiring country, immediately surrounded the car which bore his remains; had the whole been accompanied by appropriate music—one band taking up the melancholy strain when another dropped it; and had the passage of the procession been marked by the solemn tolling of the different bells! I will not talk of the disproportions and perfect bad taste of the funeral-car, because good taste in forms I never expect here; but I did expect sufficient good taste in moral feeling not to have intrusted the conduct of such a ceremony, the tribute of such a nation to such a chief, as a job to the Heralds'-office and their hireling undertakers. The only moment in which the mind the most disposed to enthusiasm could

for a moment indulge it (I speak not of the ceremony in St. Paul's, which I did not see) was that in which the funeral-car passed Charing-cross."

These obsequies made a great impression on Miss Berry; for, writing of Lafayette's funeral in Paris in 1834, she thus recurs to what she had witnessed in 1806: "It was in every respect as ill-managed, and as little imposing, as if it had been in England, *et c'est beaucoup dire*. . . . The catafalque on which the body was carried was a great awkward machine, almost in as bad a state as that of Nelson. . . . The court carriages, too, were in no pomp—with two horses only, and with two, indeed, some with one footman only behind; and whenever the procession (from its great length) stopped, these footmen got down and talked to their friends in the crowd."

The house, No. 141 New Bond-street, is memorable from having been the residence of Lord Nelson previously to his departure for Trafalgar; but his movements in London after leaving that house may be traced further. His lordship's secretary at that time lodged at the house now known as No. 1 Lamb's Conduit-street, at the corner of Theobald's-road, a neighbourhood at that time considered to be very genteel; and his lordship, after leaving his own lodgings on the day of his departure from town, came and dined with his secretary, and after dinner in the evening they both left the house in Lamb's Conduit-street in a hackney-coach and drove to the coach-office on Holborn-hill, from which started the coach by which they travelled to Portsmouth.

THE ANCIENT PRISON OF LUDGATE.

The changes in the manner of warfare, the increase of commerce, and the altered conditions of the people, have caused the ancient walls of the City and the gates which stood upon them to be removed. The railway passes close to where formerly stood the gate which was called after the mysterious King Lud. Here, says Geoffrey of Monmouth, was a gate built by the British king, about sixty years before the birth of Christ,—so reports tradition,—and to this we are bound to pay that degree of deference which it deserves. Other historians say that this name is, with much greater appearance of probability, derived from the rivulet Flood—Flud—Vloat—Vleote, or Fleet, which ran into Fleet-ditch, and was very probably called Ludgate instead of its original name of Fludgate. To leave these hazy ideas, it is clear that in 1373 the gate here was constituted a prison for poor debtors who were free of the City, and it was afterwards greatly enlarged by Sir Stephen Forster.

The history of Forster is romantic; for when the management of the prisons rendered it necessary for those who were confined to beg at the grates* or windows of the prison, this Stephen Forster was standing at the grate, asking for help, when a rich widow passing by inquired what sum would procure his discharge: on his answering twenty pounds, a sum much more considerable in those times than in the present, she advanced the money, took him into her service, where he was so indefatigable in his attention to business, that he gained his mistress' favour, and married her. After great success in trade, he became Lord Mayor of London, and ob-

* Or crossed iron bars: hence the old phrase of "begging at the grate."

tained the honour of knighthood. In the midst of his prosperity Sir Stephen did not forget his old prison-house. His lady and himself, to enlarge the prison, caused several of the houses near the gate to be pulled down, and in their stead erected a strong square stone building, containing the following rooms, viz. the porch, the paper-house, the watch-hall, the upper and lower lumberies, the cellar, the long ward, and the chapel. In the chapel there was the following inscription:

"This chapel was erected and ordained for the divine worship and service of God, by the Right Hon. Sir Stephen Forster, Knight, some time Lord Mayor of this honourable city, and by Dame Agnes his wife, for the use and godly exercise of the prisoners of this prison of Ludgate. Anno 1454.

"Devout soules that passe this way,
For Stephen Forster, late Maior, heartily pray;
And Dame Agnes, his spouse, to God consecrate,
That of pitie this house made for Londoners in Ludgate,
So that for lodging and water prisoners here nought pay,
As their keepers shall all answer at dreadful domesday."

These lines show a curious phase of the old prison-life. The founder provided an income for the chaplain, and ordered that all the rooms in the additional buildings should be for ever free to all unfortunate citizens; and that they, on their discharge, provided they found their own bedding, should pay nothing for lodgings or chamber-rent. Notwithstanding the good intentions of the founder, and the threatening in the inscription, the provisions of Sir Stephen were neglected. When the gate was taken down, the prisoners were removed to the London Workhouse in Bishopsgate-street. As one of the curiosities of the past, the provision made by the prisoners is worthy of note. For the sake of preserving order, the master, keeper, and prisoners chose from

amongst themselves a reader of divine service; an upper steward, called a master of the box; an under steward, and seven assistants, by turns daily; a running assistant, two churchwardens, a scavenger, a chamberlain, a running post, and the criers or beggars at the grate, who were generally six in number.

The reader, besides attending to the prayers, was obliged to ring the bell twice a day, and also for the space of a quarter of an hour before nine o'clock, to warn all strangers to depart the prison. The salary of the reader was two shillings and eightpence a month, a penny of every prisoner at his entrance if his garnish amounted to sixteenpence, and a dish of meat out of the Lord Mayor's basket. All the prisoners held the master of the box in equal esteem with the reader; and to him was committed the several orders of the house, with the accounts of cash received upon legacies; the distribution of all provisions sent in by the Lord Mayor and others, and the cash received for garnish and begging at the grates, which he used to expend weekly in bread, candles, and other necessaries. He likewise kept a list of all prisoners, as well those who were upon charity as those who were not; to each of whom, by the aid of the assistant of the day, he used to deliver his share of bread and other provisions; it was also his business to receive the gifts of the poulterers, fishmongers, and other market-people, sent in from the clerk of the markets by the running post, for which he gave a receipt; and afterwards, in the presence of the assistant of the day, exposed all for sale to the charity-men in a fair-market, and the money arising therefrom was deposited in the common stock. This officer, with the under steward, assistants, and churchwardens, was elected monthly by the suffrages of the prisoners; the election

of the other officers was conducted in the most orderly manner, and no doubt the best men in the prison were selected for those places of trust. The officiating assistant was invested with the power of a magistrate, and could commit a prisoner to the stocks or shackles for abusing any person. His business was also to see the cellar cleared at ten o'clock, for which he received 6*d.* out of the charity-money; 2*d.* of which was for the upper steward, 2*d.* for the running assistant, and 2*d.* for himself.

The running assistant was to attend to the criers at the gate, to change money, to open the boxes, to put candles in their respective places, to look after the clock, &c.; his salary was 4*s.* 8*d.* a week. The business of the churchwardens, who were selected from amongst the younger prisoners, was to call to prayers after the bell had done ringing, and to do some other trifling duties; the salary of those officers was 4*d.* a month. The duty of the scavenger was to keep the prison clean, to fetter offenders, to put them in the stocks; he had a fee of 1*d.* for each culprit, and a salary of 5*s.* 8*d.* a month.

The chamberlain took care of all the bedding and linen belonging to the prison, appointed lodging for newcomers, furnished the prisoners with sheets, and gave notice to strangers to leave at ten o'clock.

The business of the running post was to fetch in a basket the broken meat from the Lord Mayor's table; provisions from the clerk of the market, from private families, and the charities given in the streets; which, when so inconsiderable as not to admit of being divided among them all, were publicly sold. The salary annexed to this office was 4*s.* a month, 1*d.* out of each man's dividend, and 1*d.* out of every 1*s.* 4*d.* garnish. Two of the criers begged daily at the grates; he who

stood at Ludgate-street was allowed a fourth of what was given, and he on the Blackfriars side one-half of the money collected there.

Notwithstanding this complex machinery for the management of the prison, corruption seems to have crept in. On the Monday following every election the accounts were audited and passed, and the balance divided; but if it amounted to 3*s.* 4*d.* a man, the keeper of the prison, without the least right or reason, used arbitrarily to extort 2*s.* 4*d.* from each prisoner, the remainder being placed to the account of the prisoner, to be paid at the time of his discharge.

The prisoners were also obliged to pay the turnkey 12*s.* a month for no other service than that of opening the door to admit gifts and charities sent to the prison, which frequently amounted to little more than he received.

The fees must have been a sad trouble to prisoners. At the coming of every prisoner 1*s.* was paid to the turnkey. The prisoners had to pay 3*d.* for the best lodgings; for the second, 2*d.*; and the third, 1*d.* Notwithstanding the provisions which had been made by Sir Stephen Forster for the furnishing of clean sheets, they were charged 8*d.* a month; if the prisoners found their own beds, the keeper still charged 3*d.* a week for bedroom, or 4*d.* at the most; and not above two to lie in a bed.

If the prisoner by his inability could go no further than a couch, he had to pay only 1*d.* per week for chamber-room, and 1*d.* per week for lamps and candles. A freeman of the City, on being arrested for debt, could insist upon being carried to the Ludgate Prison; but a fee of 4*s.* or 5*s.* was extorted by the bailiffs, the due being but 2*d.*

For entering his name on the prison-books each prisoner had to pay 1*s.* 2*d.*; and his fellow-prisoners demanded 4*s.* for garnish, 1*s.* 6*d.* for sheets, and 1*s.* 6*d.* for coals and the use of the house; and if these charges were not paid, the clothes of the poor prisoner were privately taken from him and not returned until the money was paid. He was, however, allowed to go abroad on giving good security to return at night, or for a consideration, in the charge of a keeper. For the latter he had to pay 2*s.* 6*d.* to the head turnkey, and 1*s.* 6*d.* to the keeper who attended to him.

On being discharged, the prisoner had to pay 2*s.* to the master keeper, 1*s.* 2*d.* to the turnkey, 1*s.* for every action entered against him, and if he was taken in execution, 2*s.* 6*d.* for every action. Often the fees came to more than the debt; and prisoners were kept in this and other prisons when the charges against them had been withdrawn in consequence of the want of sufficient funds to discharge their debt. Hungry, and at times almost naked, the poor debtors lay in those unsanitary dens until death mercifully relieved them from their sufferings. There was a gift to this prison called Nell Gwynne's Dole, which used to be distributed to prisoners every ninth week.

Such are some of the memories of the ancient gate, which before the Great Fire was a time-worn weather-beaten object. So far as we know, nothing but some of the old statues which were fixed upon it now remain; and the wayfarer no longer hears the tinkling of the little bell and the voice repeating, "Pray pity the poor debtors." The locomotive whistle sounds shrilly as the trains rattle over the site, and the tide of busy human life rolls on from morning till night.—*Communicated to the Builder.*

PETER THE GREAT IN LONDON.

Peter, Czar of Russia, was deservedly named the Great, for he was one of the most extraordinary men that ever appeared on the great theatre of the world, in any age or country—a being full of contradictions, yet consistent in all he did; a promoter of literature, arts, and sciences, yet without education himself. "He gave a polish," says Voltaire, "to his people, and was himself a savage; he taught them the art of war, of which he was himself ignorant; from the sight of a small boat on the river Moskwa he erected a powerful fleet, made himself an expert and active shipwright, sailor, pilot, and commander; he changed the manners, customs, and laws of the Russians; and lives in their memory as the father of his country."

His taste for everything connected with ships and navigation amounted, in early life, to a passion. When he had resolved to visit the countries of Western Europe, to learn how to improve his own barbarous subjects, he went straight to Saardam, in Holland, and there, with his companions, worked in the dockyards as a common shipwright, by the name of Pieter Timmerman. He rose early, boiled his own pot, and received wages for his labour. When well advanced in the manual art, he proceeded, in January 1698, to England, to study the theory of ship-building, and the method of making draughts and laying them off in the mould-lofts. Arriving in honourable state with his companions, in three English ships which had been despatched for him, he was kindly received by King William, but without state ceremonial, his wish being to remain in England simply as a private gentleman. Accordingly, his name never

once appears in the *London Gazette*—then, as now, the only official paper. A large house was hired for him and his suite at the bottom of York-buildings, now Buckingham-street, in the Adelphi,—the last house on the east side, looking on the Thames. It contains spacious apartments, in which some of the decorations that existed at the time of the imperial visit may still be seen.* As the Czar came not in any public character, he was placed under the especial charge of the Marquis of Carmarthen, with whom he became very intimate. It is stated in a private letter that they used to spend their evenings frequently together in drinking hot pepper-and-brandy. Peter loved strong liquors; and we learn from one of the papers of the day that he took a particular fancy to the *nectar ambrosia*, a new cordial which the compounder presented to his Majesty, who sent for more of it.

The Czar sojourned in England four months. In the *Postboy* it is stated that, on the day after his arrival, he went to Kensington Palace to dine with King William and the court; but he was all the while *incognito*. On the Saturday following, the Czar went to the Opera; and on the Friday night he was present at the last of the Temple revels. On the following Sunday he went in a hackney-coach to Kensington Palace, and returned at night to his lodgings (in Norfolk-street), where he was attended by several of the King's servants. His movements during the rest of the month were a journey to Woolwich and Deptford, to see the dockyards; then to the theatre, to see the *Rival Queens, or Alexander the Great;* to St. James's, to be present at a fine ball; to Redriff, where a ship was building for him;

* Pepys, the diarist, lived in the house opposite, the last on the west side of the street; but it has been since rebuilt.

and he was present at the launch of a man-of-war at Chatham.

The Czar was continually annoyed by the crowds in the streets of London, as he had been at Amsterdam; and he could not bear the jostling with becoming patience. As he was one day walking along the Strand with the Marquis of Carmarthen, a porter with a load on his shoulder rudely pushed against him and drove him into the road. He was extremely indignant, and ready to knock the man down; but the Marquis, interfering, saved the offender, only telling him that the gentleman he had so rudely run against was "the Czar." The porter, turning round, replied with a grin, "Czar! we are all czars here."

After a month's residence in London, the Czar and his suite removed to John Evelyn's house, Sayes Court, close to Deptford Dockyard. It had been let by Evelyn to Admiral Benbow, whose term had just expired. A doorway was broken through the boundary-wall of the dockyard, to communicate with the dwelling-house. The grounds, which were beautifully laid out and planted, had been much damaged by the Admiral: but the Czar proved a worse tenant. Evelyn's servant wrote to him, "There is a house full of people *right nasty*. The Czar lies next your library, and dines in the parlour next your study. He dines at ten o'clock and six at night; is very often at home a whole day; very often in the King's yard, or by water, dressed in several dresses. The King is expected there this day: the best parlour is pretty clean for him to be entertained in. The King pays for all he has." But this was not all: Evelyn had a favourite holly-hedge, which the Czar is said to have spoiled by trundling a wheelbarrow through it every morning, for the sake of exercise. The

Czar and his retinue remained here only three weeks; but the damage done to the house and gardens was estimated at 150*l.*

We have scarcely any evidence that the Czar ever worked in Deptford Dockyard as a shipwright; he seems to have been employed in collecting information connected with naval architecture from the Commissioner and Surveyor of the Navy, Sir Anthony Deane. Peter might be seen almost daily on the Thames in a sailing yacht, or rowing a boat; and the King made him a present of the Royal Transport, with orders to change her masts, rigging, sails, &c., in any such way as the Czar might think proper for improving her sailing qualities. But his great delight was to get into a small decked boat from the dockyard, and taking Menzikoff and three or four of his suite, to work the vessel with them, he being the helmsman; by which practice he said he should be able to teach them how to command ships when they got home. Having finished their day's work, they used to resort to a public-house in Great Tower-street, close to Tower-hill, to smoke their pipes and drink beer and brandy. The landlord had the Czar of Muscovy's head painted and put up for a sign, which continued till the year 1808, when a person named Waxel took a fancy to the old sign, and offered the then landlord of the house to paint him a new one for it. A copy was accordingly made, which maintained its station until the house was rebuilt, when the sign was not replaced, and the name only remains.

The Czar, in passing up and down the river, was much struck with the magnificent building of Greenwich Hospital, which, until he had visited it and seen the old pensioners, he thought to be a royal palace;

and one day, when King William asked him how he liked his hospital for decayed seamen, the Czar answered, "If I were the adviser of your Majesty, I should counsel you to remove your court to Greenwich, and convert St. James's into a hospital."

It being term-time while the Czar was in London, he was taken into Westminster Hall. He inquired who all those busy people in black gowns and flowing wigs were, and what they were about. Being answered, "They are lawyers, sir," "Lawyers!" said he, much astonished; "why, I have but *two* in my whole dominions, and I believe I shall hang one of them the moment I get home."

Two sham fights at sea were got up for the Czar. The ships were divided into two squadrons, and every ship took her opposite, and fired three broadsides *aloft and one alow*, without shot. On returning from Portsmouth, Peter and his party, twenty-one in all, stopped at the principal inn at Godalming, and according to the landlord's bill, which is preserved in the Bodleian Library, they consumed, at breakfast, half a sheep, a quarter of lamb, ten pullets, twelve chickens, three quarts of brandy, six quarts of mulled wine, seven dozen of eggs, with salad in proportion: and at dinner five ribs of beef, weighing three stone; one sheep, 56 lbs.; three quarters of lamb, a shoulder and loin of veal boiled, eight pullets, eight rabbits, two dozen and a half of sack, and one dozen of claret. Peter was invariably a hard drinker, for he is known to have drunk a pint of brandy and a bottle of sherry for his morning draught, and after dinner eight bottles of sack; "and so went to the playhouse."

The Czar had an extraordinary aversion to a crowd: at a birthday-ball at St. James's, instead of joining the

company, he was put into a small room, whence he could see all that passed without being himself seen. When he went to see the King in Parliament, he was placed upon the roof of the house to peep in at the window, when the King and people so laughed at him that he was obliged to retire. The Czar had a favourite monkey, which sat upon the back of his chair, and one day annoyed the King by jumping upon him while he paid Peter a visit.

Bishop Burnet accompanied the Czar to show him the different churches in the metropolis, and to give information upon ecclesiastical matters. While residing at Deptford, Peter frequently invited Dr. Halley from the Royal Observatory in Greenwich Park to dine with and give him his opinion and advice, especially upon his plan of building a fleet. He also visited several manufactories and workshops in London, and bought a famous geographical clock of its maker, Carte, at the sign of the Dial and Crown, near Essex-street, in the Strand. The Czar was very fond of mechanism, and it is said that before he left England he could take a watch to pieces, and put it together again. The King promised Peter that there should be no impediment to his engaging and taking with him to Russia English artificers and scientific men; and when he returned to Holland, there went with him captains of ships, pilots, surgeons, gunners, mast-makers, boat-builders, sail-makers, compass-makers, carvers, anchor-smiths, and copper-smiths; in all, nearly 500 persons. At his departure, he presented to the King a ruby valued at 10,000*l.*, which he brought in his waistcoat-pocket, and placed in William's hand, wrapped up in a piece of brown paper.

To this narrative, which we quote from Chambers's *Book of Days*, we add a rider of considerable interest.

It has already been mentioned that Evelyn let Sayes Court to Admiral Benbow before the Czar, who proved even a more careless and less cleanly tenant. When Mr. Serjeant Burke was preparing for the press his *Celebrated Naval and Military Trials*, in 1866, he visited Deptford. "But," he writes, "to look at Sayes Court now! The free-and-easy way of living, common to the rough seaman, and the rude northern potentate, could not, in wildest mood, have contemplated such a condition. It has gradually sunk from bad to worse; it has been a workhouse, and has become too decayed and confined even for that. It is now attached to the Dockyard, as a kind of police-station and place for paying off the men. The large hall, used for the latter purpose, was no doubt the scene of many a jovial night spent by the Admiral and his successor the Czar. What remains of Evelyn's garden is now a wilderness of weeds and rank grass, hemmed in by a dingy wall which shuts out some of the filthiest dwellings imaginable. The avenue of hovels through which we passed from this abode of former greatness bore the name of Czar-street, a last lingering memento of the imperial sojourn. The illustrious Czar was so great a man that he could nowhere set his foot without leaving an imprint behind. A monument to him is not needed; but it would be pleasing to have found in Deptford some memorial carved in brass or stone of our gallant Benbow. Yet, after all, it matters not much while the British public, ever mindful of greatness in the British navy, permits no oblivion to rest on his personal worth, his achievements, and his fame."

PHOSPHORUS FIRST MADE IN COVENT-GARDEN.

Until the year 1863 there flourished in Southampton-street, Covent-Garden, the establishment of Messrs. Godfrey and Cooke, noted as the oldest chemists and druggists' shop in London, and reputed for the excellence of the drugs and chemicals there sold. The house has a handsome modernised front. *Here phosphorus was first manufactured in England;* the premises having been the house, shop, and laboratory of Ambrose Godfrey Hanckwitz, who, immediately after the discovery of phosphorus by Brandt, the alchemist, under the instructions of the celebrated Robert Boyle, succeeded in preparing an ounce of the substance, and presented it to his master. Boyle's accounts of it, and his experiments, caused a demand for phosphorus; and Hanckwitz, working under Boyle's direction, commenced to manufacture it, and produced it in larger quantities than any other person. In his advertisement he says: "For the information of the curious, he is the only one in London who makes inflammable phosphorus, which can be preserved in water. Phosphorus of Bolognian stone, flowers of phosphorus, black phosphorus, and that made with acid oil, and other varieties. All unadulterated; every description of good drugs. He sells wholesale and retail.—N.B. He sells solid phosphorus wholesale, fifty shillings an ounce, and retail, three pounds sterling the ounce."

Bedford House was taken down in 1704, and Southampton-street was then commenced: here, in 1706, Hanckwitz built his premises, the business of a chemist having been carried on by him in the neighbourhood since 1680. Jacob Bell, in his *Historical Sketch of the Progress of Pharmacy in Great Britain*, tells us that

Hanckwitz "was a maker of phosphorus and other chemicals which were rare at that period, and which he sold in different parts of the country during his travels. His laboratory was a fashionable resort in the afternoon on certain occasions, when he performed popular experiments for the amusement of his friends. It opened with glass-doors into a garden, which extended as far as the Strand, but which is now built upon. Four curious old prints of the laboratory in its former state are in the possession of Messrs. Godfrey and Cooke (removed to Knightsbridge); also a portrait of Hanckwitz, engraved by Vertue (1718), which he had distributed among his customers as a keepsake." Hanckwitz died in 1741. His successors, Godfrey and Cooke, maintained the date 1680 on their premises in Southampton-street, and upon a board over the entrance to the laboratory in Maiden-lane; where the seat of the important chemical manufacture is now a potato-store! We confess that we look upon this change with a feeling of regret. Perchance some reader may say, "What care I about phosphorus!" Many a better-informed one will remember that to the utilisation of this elementary body we owe that domestic wonder—the lucifer-match, accidentally discovered by a chemist and druggist of Stockton-upon-Tees some forty years ago, and brought into general use by Faraday.

PAGEANTS OF THE NIGHTLY WATCH.

"I hold the world but as the world,
A stage, where every man must play a part."
Shakspeare.

The life of our eminent City is to be found in many a fond record of the painted pomp, the sights and shows,

of times when a man of fashion was nothing less than a man of letters. Indeed, this sort of life has a literature of its own. Andrew Fletcher, of Saltoun, knew a very wise man who believed "if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of the nation. And," continues Fletcher, "we find that most of the ancient legislators thought they could not well reform the manners of any city without the help of a lyric, and sometimes of a dramatic poet." The learned John Selden, who was nothing if not political, saw through this love of shows and said, "We see the pageants in Cheapside, the lions and the elephants, but we do not see the men that carry them; we see the judges look big like lions, but we do not see who moves them." We have no such grave designs, but propose to show how far "the business of pleasure" was carried in the olden time, when newspapers were not; every journal of the present age will attest how far such pursuits occupy the brains of those who take especial care that the public shall not die of ennui.

As an example, let us take an institution of six centuries since—the Nightly Watch. It appears that in ancient times an armed force was employed for the protection of fortified towns, and for the purpose of giving notice of the approach of friend or enemy. This armed watch was continued in after times as a local guard, when the employment of soldiery became unnecessary, on account of the more civilised state of the community. Cities, towns, and boroughs, according to the number of their respective inhabitants, were bound to maintain a certain number of men for watch by night and for ward by day; hence the division of London and other places into *wards*, of which the alderman was more especially the magistrate. The watch had power to search out al-

improper or even suspected persons, and to keep them in custody until the following day.

The first notice we have of a Nightly Watch in the City of London is in the year 1263, when the disputes between King Henry III. and the citizens ran high. During this troublesome time, a strong guard was kept in the City; and by night, a party of horse, supported by some infantry, incessantly patrolled the streets. However, the citizens of London disgraced themselves at this early period of the service. We read in the *Chronicles of the Mayors and Sheriffs*, that about 1262, "the citizens kept watch and ward, riding by night through the City, with horse and arms, though among them a countless multitude of persons obtruded themselves; some evil-minded among whom, under pretext of searching for aliens, broke open many houses belonging to other persons, and carried off such goods as were there to be found. To restrain the evil designs of these persons, the watches on horseback were therefore put an end to, and watch was kept by the respective wards, each person keeping himself well armed within his own ward."

In 1500, at the beginning of the reign of Henry VIII., that monarch made his entry into the City in state, and was received by the citizens with great pomp and pageantry. The watch had then become a large and well-constituted body, and were paraded before him; and the King was so pleased that he returned shortly afterwards to the City, accompanied by his queen and the principal nobility, when the procession was repeated, and afterwards it was continued every Midsummer night.

The march was begun by the City music, followed by the Lord Mayor's officers in particoloured liveries; the sword-bearer on horseback, in beautiful armour, preceded the Lord Mayor, mounted on a stately horse,

richly trapped, attended by a giant and two pages on horseback, three pageants, morris-dancers, and footmen; next came the sheriffs, preceded by their officers, and attended like the Mayor; and after them marched a great body of demi-lances, in bright armour, on stately horses; next followed a body of carbineers, in white fustian coats, with a symbol of the City arms on their backs and breasts; then marched a division of archers, with their bows bent and shafts of arrows by their sides; next followed a party of pikemen in their corslets and helmets; after whom marched a column of halberdiers in their corslets and helmets; and the march was closed by a great party of billmen, with helmets and aprons of mail. The whole body, consisting of about 2000 men, had between every division a certain number of musicians, who were answered in their proper places by the like number of drums, with standards and ensigns, as veteran troops.

This nocturnal march was illuminated by 940 cressets: usually two men were appointed to each cresset—one to carry it, and another to bear a bag with light, and to serve it; so that the men pertaining to the cressets, taking wages, besides everyone having a straw hat with a badge painted, and his breakfast in the morning, amounted in number to almost 2000. The cressets were a sort of open iron cage, filled with a light, made of ropes wreathed and pitched, or other combustibles, and carried at the end of a long pole; or the larger cresset was stationery upon the top of a lofty pole, access to light which was gained by projecting step-rests. An early black-letter poet notices these cressets borne in pageants:

"Let nothing that's magnificent,
Or that may tend to London's graceful state,

Be unperformed,—as shows and solemn feasts,
Watches in armour, triumphs, cresset-lights,
Bonfires, bells, and peals of ordnance,
And pleasure."

We remember to have seen the City watchmen upon old London Bridge, habited as they were centuries since. The bellman, as Stow tells us, "especially in the long nights, went through the streets and lanes ringing a bell, and saluting his masters and mistresses with some rhymes suitable to the festival and season of the year, at the same time bidding them look to their lights." But the watchman was of a much earlier period. The chroniclers tell us that in 1416, the Mayor, Sir Henry Barton, ordered lanterns and lights to be hanged out on the winter evenings, betwixt Allhallows and Candlemas. The watchman's cry was:

"Lantern, and a whole candle light!
Hang out your lights! Hear!"

This practice lasted, with occasional evasions, for three centuries—or up to the time of Queen Anne. A worthy alderman, in the reign of Queen Mary, provided the watchman with a bell, with which he accompanied his cry to the days of the Commonwealth. Stow says "that in Queen Mary's time one of each ward began to go all night with a bell, and at every lane's end, and at the ward's end, gave warning of fire and candle, and to help the poor, and pray for the dead." Dekker describes the bellman with a difference, as "a child of darkness; a common night-walker; a man that had no man to wait upon him, but only a dog; one that was a disordered person, and at midnight would beat at men's doors, bidding them (in mere mockery) to look to their candles, when they themselves were in their dead sleeps."

The lantern, we may here remark, had long been indispensable in the streets of London; for a law of

Edward I. enjoined that none be so hardy as to be found going or wandering about the streets of the City *after curfew* tolled from the lofty tower-spire of the collegiate church of St. Martin's-le-Grand (on the site of our General Post-office) with sword or buckler, or other arms for doing mischief, or whereof evil suspicion might arise, nor in any other manner, unless he be a great man, or other lawful person of good repute, or their certain messengers, having their warrants to go from one to another, with lantern in hand.

There is a pleasant story of the young King's ramble, on the vigil of St. John the Baptist, in 1510, with Charles Brandon, who had been his companion from childhood, and Wolsey, then upon the lower rounds of the ladder of preferment. The King and Brandon wore the dress of the King's Guard, and came in a common wherry from the water-gate at Westminster, and landed at a private stair of Bridewell, where being joined by Wolsey, they passed through the gardens of Empson's deserted palace, the ground now known as Dorset-street, Salisbury-square; with a master-key they sallied forth into the public street, and crossing Fleet-bridge they pursued their way towards West Cheap. Ludgate was not closed. There was a bonfire inside the City wall, and another in the open space before St. Paul's cathedral, "which threw its deep light upon every pinnacle of the vast edifice, and gleamed in its many windows as if a thousand tapers were blazing within its choir and transepts." The street was full of light. It is curious to find Stow describing "lamps of glass, with oil burning in them" over the door-ways; and iron branches, "containing hundreds of lamps lighted at once." Cakes and ale were set upon tables before the houses, and over the doors were hung branches of birch, and wreaths of lilies,

and St. John's wort; and "pots of the green orpine, in the bending of whose leaves the maiden could read her fate in love." Henry whispered to Wolsey, "This is a merry land;" and the courtier answered, "You have made it so." The three visitors moved on with the crowd towards the Cross in West Cheap. The galleries of the houses and the windows were filled with ladies; between the gabled roofs stood venturous servants and boys; tapestry floated from the walls, and music and the singing of many voices came from within. Then came a loud sound of trumpets, a brighter flood of light, and the procession approached, and, familiar as he was with jousts and tournays, "the young, lusty, and courageous prince, entering into the flower of pleasant youth," was delighted. He stood beside the Cross in West Cheap, mixing unknown amidst his subjects. Onward came the Marching Watch, winding into Cheap by the little conduit from Paul's-gate. The burning cressets sent up their tongues of fire, "playing upon the tops of the tall spires." Then came demi-lances, gunners, archers, pikemen, and billmen; constables of the Watch, in bright armour, scarlet scarves, and golden chains; henchmen, minstrels, and cresset-lights; the waits of the City, and morris-dancers; and the Mayor and Sheriffs in state.

"The goodly buildings, that till then did hide
Their rich array, opened their windows wide,
Where kings, great peers, and many a noble dame,
Whose bright pearl-glittering robes did mock the flames
Of the night's burning lights, did sit to see
How every senator in his degree,
Adorned with shining gold and purple weeds,
And stately mounted on rich trapped steeds,
Their guard attending, through the streets did ride
Before their foot-bands, graced with glittering pride
Of rich gilt arms."

The mighty cavalcade swept on past the Cross at Cheap, along Cornhill, and by Leadenhall to Aldgate; to return by Fenchurch-street and Gracious-street, and again into Cornhill and through Cheapside. The vast crowd followed; but the three strangers remained almost alone. Now a colloquy arose. The King asks, "How looks the City on other than festival nights?" "It is a melancholy place, your highness. After curfew not a light to be seen; the one cresset in a street makes it more gloomy; and masterless men cut purses in the dark, while the light-bearer tells the rogues where there is no watch." "Ha!" exclaimed the King. "This should be remedied," added the statesman. "The cost of one Midsummer Eve would double the Watch for the rest of the year."

The yearly pageant of the Watch on Midsummer Eve was discontinued by desire of the King in 1539, on account of its great expense to the City; but it was again set on foot in 1548, during the mayoralty of Sir Henry Amcoats, who succeeded Sir John Gresham; and in about twenty years after this Marching Watch and its procession were entirely remodeled, and a standing Watch, much more useful and less expensive, appointed in its stead.

The lantern reform led to some odd incidents. In the *Pleasant Comments of Old Hobson, the Merry Londoner*, 1606, we read that when "the order of hanging out lanterne and candle-light front of all was brought up, the bedell of the warde where Maister Hobson dwelt, in a darke evening crieing up and downe, 'Hang out your lanternes! hang out your lanternes!' using no other wordes, Maister Hobson tooke an emptie lanterne, and, according to the bedell's call, hung it out. This flout by the Lord Mayor was taken in ill part, and for

the same offence Hobson was sent to the counter; but being released the next night following, thinking to amend his call, the bedell cried out with a loud voice, 'Hang out your lanternes and candles!' Maister Hobson hereupon hung out a lanterne and candle unlighted, as the bedell again commanded; whereupon he was sent again to the counter; but the next night the bedell, being the better advised, cried out 'Hang out your lanterne and candle-light!' which Maister Hobson at last did, to his great commendation, which cry of lanterne and candle-light is in right manner used to this day."

Defoe has left us the following sketch of the City Watch in his time (1714): "All the streets are extremely well guarded by watches on guard, who carry no other arms about them than clubs, or great staffs; for within is a country of drinking, which often makes mankind foolhardy, fire-arms would be of dangerous consequence if used here, as they are in the more southern countries. The watchmen are generally so civil as to lead a strayed stranger to his lodgings with a lantern; and if he prove mutinous, but not outrageous, they only carry him to their round-house, where he passes the night at a small expense, till the fumes of his wine are evaporated; but for ignorant rogues they are very useful in carrying them immediately to prison; and thus they keep the peace of the City."

Sometimes bequests were made for the lantern and candle-lighting. In 1656, John Wardall gave by will to the Grocers' Company a tenement called the White Bear, in Walbrook, to the intent that they should yearly pay to the churchwardens of St. Botolph, Billingsgate, 4*l.*, to provide a good and sufficient iron and glass lantern with a candle for the direction of passengers to go with more security to and from the water-side, all night

long, to be fixed at the north-east corner of the parish church of St. Botolph, from the feast of St. Bartholomew to Lady-day; out of which sum 1*l.* was to be paid to the sexton for taking care of the lantern. This annuity is now applied to the support of a lamp in the place prescribed, which is *lighted with gas*. John Cooke, by will, 1662, gave to the churchwardens of St. Michael, Crooked-lane, 76*l.*, to be laid out for various uses; and amongst them for the maintenance of a lantern and candle, eight in the pound, at least, to be kept and hanged out at the corner of St. Michael's-lane, next Thames-street, from Michaelmas to Lady-day, for affording light to passengers.

The Watch shows were very costly, and to furnish them with figures, different artificers were kept at the City's expense. Stow tells us that in his memory, great part of Leaden Hall was appropriated to the purpose of painting and depositing the pageants for the use of the City: fauns, satyrs, devils, savages, dragons, knights, buffoons, and dwarfs; indeed, all sorts of grotesque figures, accompanied by hobby-horses, minstrels, and choristers.

A Lord Mayor's Pageant passing through a street of the picturesque old London was a grand sight. As befits our marine nationality, a favourite figure was Neptune, in "a sea-chariot artificially made, proper for a god of the sea to sit in," drawn by two sea-horses. "His head circled with a coronet of silver scallop-shells, stuck with branches of corrall, and hung thicke with ropes of pearle; because such things as these are the treasures of the deep, and are found in the shels of fishes. In his hand he holds a silver trident, or three-forked mace, by which some writers will have signified the three natural qualities proper to water; as those of

fountaines to bee of a delitious taste, and christalline colouring; those of the sea to be salted and unpleasant, and colour sullen and greenish; and lastly, those of standing lakes, neither sweete nor bitter, nor cleare, nor cloudy, but altogether unwholesome to the taste, and loathsome to the eye. The time being ripe, Neptune's breath goeth forth in speeches of euphonistic verse," which, both from its long-winded extent and quality, we shall not quote. A choice selection was made by the late Mr. Fairholt, F.S.A., and printed for the Percy Society: the pageants are well characterised in the epigraph chosen, as

"Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces."—*Pope.*

In these scenes the angels at the corner of the street recited the praises of the great man of the day. The balconies were hung with tapestry; spectators of the better class were at the windows of the houses, and alike with the crowd in the street, gazed with wonder at the marine deity as he sat enthroned amidst gigantic reeds, and the anchor-fluke at his feet. The sea-horses were as grotesque as the Leaden Hall artists could make them. A line of blazing cressets headed the procession; and then came the conventional City giants, Gog-Magog and Corinœus, which City folks have long corrupted into Gog and Magog. They still occupy their pedestals in the Guildhall, under the glory of its new roof.

BLANKET OR FROST FAIRS ON THE THAMES.

Although our great metropolitan river has been several times frozen over, so that horses and carts and great crowds of people passed over the ice as if on *terra firma*, the great fairs held upon it were principally in

the 17th and 18th centuries. One of the most celebrated of these is the Fair of 1683-4, which is described as streets and shops, with rich furniture; carriages and grotesque diversions; and that old English celebration, an ox roasted whole. Evelyn mentions a printing-press, at which persons had their names *printed on the Thames;* and the printer is stated to have gained 5*l.* a-day by printing a line only, at sixpence a name, besides ballads and broadsides. Coaches plied from Westminster to the Temple. There were sliding, skating, and bull-baiting; horse and coach racing, puppet-shows, tippling, &c. King Charles II. visited these diversions, and had his name, and those of other personages of the royal family, printed on the ice, on coarse Dutch paper, within a type border: one of these records is a great curiosity.

Four years after, there was another great Frost, when the Thames ice was covered with streets of shops and shows; hackney-coaches plied; and a coach and six horses was driven from Whitehall almost to London Bridge.

In 1740 was another severe Frost, when among the strange incidents was the following: some vintners in the Strand bought a large ox in Smithfield, to be roasted whole on the ice; and one Hodgson, a butcher in St. James's Market, claimed the privilege of killing or knocking down the ox as a right inherent in his family, his father having knocked down the ox roasted on the river in the Great Frost of 1684, as himself did in 1715, near Hungerford Stairs—Hodgson to wear a laced cambric apron, a silver-handled steel, and a hat and feathers.

We now reach the great Frost Fair of our own times—1813-14, which commenced December 27 with a thick fog, followed by two days' heavy fall of snow.

The cold was intense. The Thames was covered with vast heaps of floating ice bearing piles of snow, which, by the end of January, floated down, and filled the space between London and Blackfriars Bridges. Next day the frost recommenced, and lasted to Feb. 5, uniting the whole into a sheet of ice. Jan. 30, persons walked over it; and on Feb. 1 the unemployed watermen commenced their ice-toll, by which many of them received 6*l.* per day. The Frost Fair now commenced: the street of tents called the City-road put forth its gay flags, inviting signs, and music and dancing; a sheep was roasted whole before sixpenny spectators, and the "Lapland mutton" sold at a shilling a slice! Printing-presses were set up, and among other records was printed the following:

> "You that walk here, and do design to tell
> Your children's children what this year befell,
> Come buy this print, and then it will be seen
> That such a year as this hath seldom been."

"OMNIPOTENT PRESS! Tyrant Winter has enchained the noblest current that flows to the main; but Summer will return, and set the captive free. So may tyranny for a time 'freeze the genial current of the soul;' but a Free Press, like the great source of light and heat, will ere long dissolve the tyranny of the mightiest. Greatest of Arts! what do we not owe to thee?—the knowledge which directs industry; the liberty which encourages it; the security which protects it. And of Industry, how precious are the fruits!—glowing and hardy temperaments which defy the vicissitudes of seasons, and comfortable homes which make you regret not the gloom that is abroad. But for Industry, but for Printing, you might now have been content, like the Russ and Laplander, to bury yourselves under that snow over

which you now tread with mirth and glee.—Printed on the River Thames, and in commemoration of a Great Fair held upon it on the 31st of January 1814, when it was completely frozen over from shore to shore. The frost commenced 27th December 1813; was accompanied by a thick fog that lasted eight days; and after the fog came a heavy fall of snow, that prevented all communication with the northern and western parts of the country for several days."

Another bill on the same subject ran thus:

"Friends! now is your time to support the freedom of the Press! Can the Press have greater liberty? Here you find it working in the middle of the Thames; and if you encourage us by buying our impressions, we will keep it going in the true spirit of liberty, during the Frost."

In the fair were swings, book-stalls, dancing in a barge, suttling-booths, playing at skittles, frying sausages, &c. The ice and snow in upheaved masses, as a foreground to St. Paul's and the City, had a striking effect; and the scene by moonlight was singularly picturesque. On Feb. 5 the ice cracked, and floated away with booths, printing-presses, &c.; the last document printed being a *jeu-de-mot*:

"*To Madam Tabitha Thaw.*

Dear Dissolving Dame,

FATHER FROST and SISTER SNOW have *Bonyed* my borders, formed an *idol of ice* upon my bosom, and all the LADS OF LONDON come to make merry: now as you love mischief, treat the multitude with a few CRACKS by a sudden visit, and obtain the prayers of the poor upon both banks.

Given at my own press, the 5th Feb. 1814.

THOMAS THAMES."

The newspapers of the time described the scene vividly enough. "Bands of pandean minstrels, relieved by the dulcet strains of the tin trumpet on all sides, delighted the ear. In the centre of the river a narrow stream defied the power of the frozen region, and marked the path 'where once the current ran.' This interruption, however, so far from impeding the gambols of the day, increased the sport and added to the profit of the stewards of the scene. A few small planks in some cases, and an old boat or two in others, with the simple addition of Charon's fare, kept the communication entire and enlivened the pastime. In some parts of the stream, where the width of unfrozen water admitted it, boats completely bent for sail, with their full equipment, attracted the heedless throng. In these were placed food for the hungry, and for the thirsty relief: gin and gingerbread, with other cordials, were here on sale at a moderate price. 'Ubi mel, ibi apes.' The crowd poured towards this magnetic point with extraordinary avidity. Men, women, and children were often seen in one promiscuous heap. Although it was impossible not to feel anxious to afford every opportunity of cheering by playful pastime the nipping severity of the weather, yet we cannot disengage our mind from the hazardous consequences of such an exhibition as we are now noticing. Between the bridges the river is now entirely covered, not with a regular even-frozen surface, but with an incongruous accumulation of icy fragments and congealed piled snow, which during the partial thaw was disengaged up the river and floated downwards; this having been interrupted by the intervention of the bridges, and partially reunited by the frost of the last two or three days, has completely covered the surface of the water. It is yet extremely dangerous, and was in

many places last night set in motion by the influx of the tide, and carried with extreme velocity against the piers of the bridges. Some waterman, more foolhardy than others, ventured to cross opposite Temple-gardens, and nearly lost his life in the attempt."

A clever contributor to *All the Year Round* has thus rewritten the gay scene and its sequel: "While the crowd danced and blew trumpets, sprang rattles, drank gin, and ate gingerbread, scientific men disputed whether the ice rose and fell in one solid mass with the ebb and flow, or whether it remained steady at the greatest flood height and bore its own weight in suspension during the ebb. In the mean time dandies from Bond-street and the Row, sporting-men from Tattersall's, soldiers from Knightsbridge, graziers from Smithfield, and ladies from everywhere, crowded the noisy shows on the ice-bridge opposite Queenhithe, where the centre of the fair was. It was one long carnival, and everybody went to see it.

"At last the thaw came; the rain fell and the wind blew, and the river broke from its prison, eager to see again its mighty and innumerable ships and its brave lovers the seamen. Poor people waking that night (February 7) heard the rain pelt at the windows and the wind shout down the chimney-pots, and thanked God that the hard time of dear bread and no work was over. The great snow-drifts melted at the stern call of the sou'-west wind, and the great shroud was drawn back from the face of Nature waking from her long death-like trance. This change also Death followed silently. Many perished in the floods in Lincolnshire. Even the Frost Fair had nearly been fatal to a few of its lingering frequenters. Nine men were left on the ice in a booth to guard it for the proprietor,

Mr. Lawrence, of the Feathers public-house, Timber-street, Queenhithe. He left it safe at nine, not fearing the thaw, and took with him all the spirits and other liquors, except a pint of gin, which he gave the men to drink. At two in the morning the sleeping custodians were awakened by a movement in the ice, which was breaking up and dashing against the bridges. They ran out and found themselves, in the darkness, sweeping with the speed of the rapids towards Blackfriars Bridge, against which their ice-raft was about to dash." While they were staring horror-stricken their fire caught the booth, and it broke into a flame. The men with great difficulty leaped into a lighter which, broken from its moorings, was drifting past; the next moment that too crashed against the bridge and went to pieces. Again the men threw themselves into the water, clung to the bridge, and saved their lives just as they were at the last point of exhaustion."

Well do we remember watching the life of this Frost Fair through the balustrades of old London Bridge—by no means our favourite look-out, as the parapet was more than breast high, and made the sight a strain upon tiptoe. There has been no such scene as this, though more than half a century has elapsed.

A duodecimo volume, entitled "*Frostiana; or a History of the River Thames in a Frozen State, with an Account of the late Severe Frost*, &c.; *to which is added the Art of Skating*," was printed and published on the Ice on the *Thames, February* 5, 1814. The title-page was worked upon a large ice-island between Blackfriars and Westminster Bridges.

Luke Clennell, the Northumberland painter, sketched the above Frost Fair from near London Bridge.

HOW LONDON IS SUPPLIED WITH WATER.

This is a subject of great importance, affecting the interest and comfort of upwards of 3,000,000 persons. London is supplied with water, as in 1848, by ten companies, and every individual receives 22 gallons daily. The supply is, of course, irregular and uncertain, and only the average can be given. The Registrar-general's Report for March and April 1866 asserted the daily supply to be 88,000,000 or 89,000,000 gallons; but as during those two months less water was pumped into London than during any other period of the year, the daily supply may be fairly estimated at 100,000,000 gallons a day, or perhaps a little less. If the population were estimated at 3,000,000, the supply for each person would be about 30 gallons a day. This is a large supply, and shows clearly that the reason the poorer classes of London do not get sufficient water arises from some other cause than the insufficiency of the gross quantity of water supplied to the metropolis. The fault is believed to lie in the manner of the supply. The Act of Parliament regulating the Water Companies orders that means should be provided for giving a constant supply of water to every part of the metropolis; but this order is subject to certain specified exceptions. And London, like almost all large towns in England, is, as a matter of fact, furnished with an intermittent supply. The mains are, of course, constantly supplied, principally in case fire should break out; but the service-pipes are shut off from the mains during certain hours of the day, and the consequence is that every householder has to provide himself with a cistern, which entails upon him the necessity of providing storeage for two days' supply of water, because during Sunday the

service-pipes are not turned on at all; consequently, at least 100,000,000 gallons of water remain stored in London cisterns every day. For this system it has been proposed to substitute a continuous supply, as in the case of gas-lighting. The chief objection to the constant supply of water is that there would be a great waste; but it is stated, upon good authority, that in all those towns where the inhabitants have a continuous supply, the consumption is not so great as in London.

THE UNDERWRITER.

In the *Maritime Register* we find the following interesting sketch of this important person in the mercantile world:

The Underwriter is essentially a dealer in marine stores; his whole ideas are marinated. There is naught about him but hath suffered a sea change. The future presents to him its waves of hope and its quiet harbours of rest, even though the past may be a wreck with a very small salvage. When all things go smoothly, and the wind keeps in the right quarter, he floats placidly along the tide of life; but when risks run cross, and the magnetic telegraph announces that a vessel with silk and tea is on the Goodwin, the clouds descend at once, and he accepts an abandonment of all joy with a graceful melancholy. We are, of course, speaking of the true, old-fashioned Underwiter; *vir gregis*—the representative man. There is a new class of men sprung up, a spurious edition, who may be styled men of pleasure, with parentheses of business. But to the commercial man business was his life, interrupted by intervals for sleep. And if a dream did come, he dreamed consols

or cotton or premiums, according to his avocation. This supremacy of business still exists vigorously "in another place." We lately met a friend near the Hercules-passage, whose family were suffering from scarlet-fever. Full of sympathy, our earnest inquiry was, "How are things in your house!" "Better—an eighth," was his reply; though, on reaching home, we found that his seventh child had sickened that morning.

Not to wander from Lloyd's, the Underwriter is a man of exact proportions. The standard of measure in all things is a hundred. Time, he considers, is very properly divided into centuries, and the ratio of all things else, including marine risks, is per centum. He finds the proportion of unhappy marriages among his acquaintance to be about $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent, and that 50 per cent of butlers marry the ladies'-maids. Similarly to the statistics of matrimony, he discovers that accidents on horseback arise from carelessness to the extent of 25 per cent, and that a mounted cockney is usually one-third off, or, as he would usually express it, $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. The facility of computing by a mental arithmetic the value of any given risk, and combining several elements to a monetary result, and reducing it to a common formula, is the special gift of the experienced Underwriter. In life-assurance the data are for the most part fixed, and mathematical science has produced from them tables proceeding on certain defined ratios; whilst deteriorating circumstances come in as exceptions, or, in the majority of cases, are inoperative. But the risk offered to any Underwriter must be composed from data, not one of which is constant, and, at best, the resultant is not capable of any scientific proof. The sufferer from grave mistakes will be the Underwriter himself, and half a lifetime may be required to acquire the quick and

practised eye necessary for carrying on an extensive business at Lloyd's. When it is considered that the risks taken by an individual writing in three or four names during the course of a year sometimes reckon by millions, it may be imagined what care and acuteness, what knowledge and experience, are demanded to avoid a fatal result.

A chief element of safety consists in writing even lines; or taking as equal an amount as can be obtained on a great variety of risks. But at best this can only be done when names are known; and open ship or ships' policies disturb the best intentions, and throw out the best-made book. For insurances on the body of ships, the principal elements are age, class, and size, material, ownership, season, voyage, and trade. The voyage would include not only the known dangers of that particular navigation, but the state of weather, &c. These and smaller considerations must all have their influence in deciding on a premium. For goods, add to the risks enumerated above the state of markets, and the difficulty of distinguishing with certainty damage to goods by sea-water, and by other causes. Political events, too, have to be weighed, and their issues and tendencies estimated; so that to compute a premium with any degree of exactness, rapidity of thought is necessary, as well as the experience of past years. The responsibility is greater than usual for the first or leading Underwriter on the policy, who may be considered to settle the premium, for others will always be ready to follow, trusting in a well-known name. An error of judgment of the leading Underwriter may be productive of very extensive loss to others. It is the penalty paid for name, and the greater that name the deeper the responsibility.

THE TRIAL OF THE PYX.

On the 19th of January 1866 this very ancient custom, which literally may be said to date from time immemorial—for none can trace with certainty the period when it was first established—was formally observed, in the presence of the Lord Chancellor and other high functionaries of state, at the offices of the Controller-general in Old Palace-yard. The ceremony of the Pyx is, of course, of the most routine and formal kind. At one, and indeed no very distant, time it occurred yearly; long ago it was gone through four times in the year. Now, however, it only takes place at intervals of five, six, or seven years. The last ceremony of the Pyx was in 1861, and before that there had been none since 1854. A passing notice of its routine, therefore, may be interesting, if only as illustrating the tenacity with which old customs and old laws are adhered to in this country, even when the very date of their origin is lost in the twilight of tradition. The ceremony of the Pyx has nothing Romish about it, as its name would seem to imply, beyond that it was instituted at a time when any other religion than the Romish was little thought of. The ceremony is virtually nothing more nor less than a sort of trial of the Master and officers of the Mint, to ascertain if the coinage which they have issued is pure and standard gold and silver of nothing less than their fair weights, and with nothing more than their proper quantities of alloy.

The custom is first named in an Act passed in the first year of the reign of Edward III., which directs that the ceremony of the Pyx—that is, the assay of the specimen coins deposited in the pyx or box—shall be made before

the proper officers of the Crown four times every year. Even this statute, however, says in its quaint old Norman French that the examination shall be made "according to ancient custom,"—a statement which sufficiently shows that even at that period it was long established. From this it has been traced back to the reign of Henry II., though even then nothing was found to show that it had not existed before that again. Until the Civil War and the Commonwealth the quarterly examinations of the coin were continued regularly; after that, they gradually became half-yearly, then annual, then biennial, till now, as we have said, they only occur at irregular intervals of several years apart. This infrequency of examination of the coinage is, however, not due to any neglect of supervision, but solely to the increase of it. In bygone times, when the poor trick of debasing the coinage was as common a remedy as forced loans, and much more common than new taxes, the ceremony of the Pyx was a necessary safeguard which the people extorted from the Crown. It is needless to say how long this state of things has ceased to exist, and the system of checks at the Mint, by which for every pound of gold delivered so many full-weighted sovereigns must be returned, has arrived at such perfection that fraud has become impossible, and the ceremony of the Pyx is now as much an empty form as the *Nolo episcopari* of bishops elect.

The Pyx, as many of our readers know, is simply a corruption of the Greek word πυξίς, or box. Apparently the word was first used as applied to the box in the Roman Catholic Church in which the consecrated Host was kept. In that Church, however, it has gradually been transferred to the chalice from which the Communion is administered. This pyx or chalice

is now regarded in the Romish Church as a vessel of peculiar sacredness, which none but the priests can touch. People in olden times used to swear by it, and it is generally believed that the old saying of "please the pigs" is nothing more than a modern corruption of "please the pyx."

This pyx or box, latterly used by the Mint, is a much larger one than formerly, and this again accounts for the long intervals between which the examination of its contents is made; for until the Master of the Mint notifies to the Privy Council that it is full, no ceremony can be held. The box is a plain iron safe, divided into three compartments, two for silver coinage and one for gold. It is secured by three intricate locks, each opened by different keys, which are intrusted to distinct officials at the heads of the chief branches of the Mint. In the upper lid are carefully-protected apertures which allow the money to be put in, but by no means permit of its extraction. The way it is filled is this: each milling of either gold or silver, and its subsequent coinage, is called a "journey," a mere corruption of the old French term a *journée*, or day's work. A *journée*, or day's work, was in old times supposed to mean the melting of 15 lb. of gold, or 60 lb. of silver. Now, however, these terms are merely arbitrary as to the quantity coined, and vary from as low as 50 sovereigns up to 300; while in silver the variation is even greater, though the amount of mintage is of course infinitely less valuable. From each and all of these journeys, no matter how small or large, specimen coins of each denomination that have been made from it are deposited in the Pyx, marked with the date and number of the pyx or crucible from which they were smelted. From the 31st of December 1861 till the 31st of December 1865 this process of de-

positing had been going steadily on from day to day till the Pyx became full, and when brought up for examination, it had representative specimens of a coinage of 34,927,008*l.* 8*s.* 0¼*d.* in gold, and 1,556,100*l.* 11*s.* 10*d.* in silver.

The formal proceedings of January 19, 1866, were as follows, and commenced at nine o'clock: the officials present consisted of the members of the Privy Council who constitute the Court of Pyx, not less than five being present to form a quorum, of whom the Lord Chancellor is one, and acts as president. The Duke of Argyll, as Lord Privy Seal, was also present; the Right Hon. Mr. Göschen, M.P., the Right Hon. Mr. H. A. Bruce, Vice-president of the Privy Council; Sir William Dunbar, Controller-general of the Exchequer; and the Hon. the Serjeant-at-arms attending on the Great Seal. The Queen's Remembrancer was in attendance to administer the oath, with Professor Graham, Master of the Mint, the Queen's Assay Master, Masters and Wardens of the Goldsmiths' Company, with their clerk and the jury returned by them, freemen of their company, and including among them their Assay Master. When all these officials were assembled, the massive Pyx containing its load of treasure having previously been deposited on the table, the Queen's Remembrancer took his place on the right hand of the Controller of the Exchequer, and read the list of names of the jury in attendance; after which he at once administered the oath first to the foreman, and then to the jury. The oath is as follows:

"You shall well and truly after your knowledge and discretion make the assays of these moneys of gold and silver, and truly report if the said moneys be in weight and fineness according to the Queen's standard in her

Treasury for coins, and also if the same moneys be sufficient in alloy and according to the covenants comprised in an indenture thereof, bearing date the 6th day of February 1817, and made between his Majesty King George III. of the one part, and the Right Hon. William Wellesley Pole of the other part. So help you God."

This oath having been taken by the foreman and the jury, the Clerk of the Goldsmiths' Company then read to them such extracts from the indenture as explained its nature and the matters contained in it to which their oath applied. The Lord Chancellor then briefly charged the jury upon the importance of their functions, and virtually gave over into their custody all the officers of the Mint, until by finding the correctness of the coin submitted to their assay, both in weight and fineness, they should deliver their verdict of acquittal. Notice was then given, through their foreman, that the jury would deliver their verdict at Goldsmiths'-hall next evening.

The members of the Privy Council, the Queen's Remembrancer, and the Serjeant-at-arms then retired, while the jury went back to Goldsmiths'-hall to make their assay. It was formerly the practice for the jury to retire, attended by the officers having charge of the Exchequer standard trial-pieces of coin and the Pyx of the Mint into a room at the Exchequer appropriated to that purpose, where furnaces, crucibles, measures, and tests being ready, and the Pyx and Exchequer standard being placed on a table, they took from the Pyx successively such quantities of gold and silver coin as they thought fit, and having ascertained how near the weight corresponded with the tale, they afterwards proceeded to melt them in order to ascertain the alloy. They then

retired to their own hall to prepare their verdict, which used to be delivered by their foreman to the Lord Chancellor, who read it aloud, and gave it to the Queen's Remembrancer for preservation and enrolment. This formality was gone through for the last time at the assay of June 1842. Since then the assay of the Pyx money has been made at the Goldsmiths'-hall, where the jury has been accompanied by an officer of the Exchequer, who has charge of the necessary standard weights provided for the purpose.

The process is this: the whole mass of gold and silver coin in the Pyx is rolled under enormous pressure into two distinct masses of ingots, the metal of each being completely mingled and welded together. A piece is then cut off from the end of each ingot, and passed between rollers till it is made into a long and narrow plate about the thickness of a shilling. A number of small pieces are then cut off each plate, and all are weighed with the greatest accuracy, and placed upon a piece of paper, which is numbered, and the weight of the standard metal written upon it. Each piece of metal is then placed in a small bottle fixed in hot-sand baths, and filled with sufficient acid to extract and dissolve the alloy. When nothing but the fine gold or silver remains, each piece is taken out of its bottle, again carefully weighed, when the weight of the fine metal is again written down on the paper bearing its number. The proportion of gold or silver and of alloy can thus be calculated and accurately determined in a number of cases; and from these a just result is obtained of the proportion of fine metal and alloy in the whole of the money in the Pyx, and consequently of the amount in the whole coinage which they represent. The same process is applied to the trial-pieces of stand-

ard gold and silver delivered to the jury for this purpose, and the same results of the proportions of fine metal and of alloy ought to be obtained, in order to prove the complete accuracy of the assay, and to insure a satisfactory verdict of the requisite fineness of the gold and silver coinage.

In the assay a very small variation in the standard is allowed in the Mint indenture, and this is called "the Master's remedy." It is of course impossible to insure actual chemical accuracy in a coinage so enormous as that of Great Britain; and the Mint indenture therefore allows by "the Master's remedy" a minute variation, which, however, must rise above or sink below an almost nominal deviation. It is satisfactory to say that this variation has never been exceeded, so far as the records extend, since the date of the first Mint indenture in 1290. On gold the Master's remedy or deviation in fineness was originally fixed at $\frac{1}{8}$th of a carat ($1\frac{1}{4}$ dwts.) per lb. standard. It was raised in 1350 to $\frac{1}{6}$th of a carat, and so continued with trifling variations, according as the coinage was more or less debased, till 1815, when the standard was brought down to $\frac{1}{16}$th of a carat, or 15 grains, both in weight and fineness. This high standard of accuracy, however, was again reduced in 1817, when the Master's remedy was limited to $\frac{1}{20}$th of a carat, or 12 grains, and so continues to this day. The Master's remedy on silver was fixed in 1279 at $2\frac{1}{2}$ dwts. per lb.; in 1350 it was limited to 2 dwts, both in weight and fineness, and so continued till 1815, when it was at once reduced to its present standard, and only a variation of 1 dwt. allowed in the pound weight.

Perhaps it may not be out of place to mention here that standard gold, as it is termed, consists of 22 parts

of fine gold with two parts of alloy in the pound, troy weight. The alloy of gold now used is copper; formerly it was silver. Silver is weighed by the pound standard; and a pound of silver contains 11 oz. 2 dwts. of fine silver, with 18 dwts. of mixed alloy to harden the metal. According to these standards $46\frac{2}{40}$ths sovereigns go to the pound weight troy, and exactly 66*s.* to the pound weight troy of silver. The Mint returns, which are always investigated during the ceremony of the Pyx, show that the gold coinage is, with rather rare exceptions, almost entirely limited to sovereigns, the number of half-sovereigns struck being small. Of silver the coinage seems almost entirely limited to florins, shillings, sixpences, and threepenny-pieces. Fourpenny-pieces seem to have died out save for the exceptional purposes of Maundy money. Of half-crowns or five-shilling pieces not a single one has been struck apparently since 1861. *Abridged from the Times.*

GENEALOGY OF THE POET MILTON.

Mr. Hyde Clarke has succeeded in determining the unsettled point in Milton's genealogy, by means of a record kindly obtained for him by Mr. Park Nelson, clerk of the Scriveners' Company. By this it appears that on the 27th of February 1599, John Milton, son of Richard Milton, of Stanston (*sic*), county of Oxon, and late apprentice to James Colbron, was admitted to the freedom of the Company. This decides that the name of the poet's grandfather was Richard, and identifies him, according to Mr. Hunter's conjecture, with Richard Milton of Stanton St. John's, Oxfordshire, attested to the subsidy 19th Eliz., 1577, fined for recusancy 60*l.* in the 43d Eliz., and again on the 13th of

July 1601. The grandfather was therefore a Roman Catholic, as attested by Aubrey. This makes available Professor Masson's discovery of Henry Milton of Stanton St. John's, who is now shown to be great-grandfather of the poet, and that he was descended of the Oxfordshire stock. Aubrey's account of Milton the scrivener is shown to be erroneous, for the latter was apprenticed, and did not become a scrivener by purchase or redemption. John Milton the scrivener must have been born in 1577-8, and not, as supposed by Professor Masson, in 1562-3. At the time of his death, in 1647, he would be sixty-nine years old. He began practice in 1599, and married soon after. It now appears very unlikely that the scrivener, as alleged, went to college at Oxford; but he may have attended a grammar-school there before his apprenticeship, Stanton St. John's being four miles and a half distant. Any difference between Henry and John Milton on the ground of religion must have taken place at a later period of life than the time of the latter leaving Stanton; he was apprenticed by Henry to the respectable trade of a scrivener; conformed in London; found conformity useful in business; and thereby the dispute arose, Richard being alive, and having being fined as a recusant after his son was admitted as a scrivener.

Here are a few memoranda of the poet's residence in Aldersgate. The books of the parish bear record to Milton's residing in a house at the bottom of Lamb-alley, in Aldersgate-street, and that himself and his servant were, in the year 1641, rated in the books of the parish to the poll-tax, in the second precinct of the parish, and were so returned to the Exchequer. Lamb-alley (now Maidenhead-court) runs through from opposite No. 159 Aldersgate-street into Nicholl-square, where,

until within these few years, a small portion of an Elizabethan cottage stood across it at the upper end, near Nicholl-square. This was the remains of the garden-house belonging to the Earl of Shaftesbury, which at one period stood alone in the middle of the garden at the rear of his mansion or town house, still standing, being Nos. 37 and 38 in Aldersgate-street, and now occupied by Messrs. Phillips and Co., tea-dealers; Messrs. Sutton and Co., carriers, occupying the wing adjoining. There was at one period a passage that found its way from the left-hand side of the court round this cottage into Wall-yard, which, upon the erection of the houses that now constitute Redcross-square, was closed up, when, for the convenience of the public, a footway was cut through the cottage for an entrance into Nicholl-square. This cottage was originally much larger, for on the writer's father and himself (who leased eleven houses in this court) proceeding to repair the two small ones adjoining, they found them to be attached, and only separated by lath partitions plastered with clay and straw. In this cottage or garden-house, after the Restoration, the poet John Milton was, it is stated, secretly hidden from the fury of Charles II., where he was, no doubt, well secured and provided for by his stanch friend and admirer, the Earl of Shaftesbury.

In 1646-7, Milton lived at No. 17, on the North side of Barbican; and here, until 1864, in the rear of the above house, in a garden, was a building which was pointed out as Milton's schoolroom. In Barbican was the mansion of the poet's early patrons, the Bridgewater family — whence Bridgewater-court.' Garter-court is named from Sir Thomas Wrothesly, Garter King-at-Arms; and in Beech-street, the East continuation of Barbican, resided Prince Rupert.

LONDON CHURCH ORGANS.

A few of the Church Organs in the metropolis are more noteworthy for their historical associations than for their instrumental superiority, organ-building in England having only approximated perfection within the last forty years.*

St. Andrew's (Holborn) organ was built from the famous one constructed by Harris for the Temple Church; part of which was sent to Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin, but has been sold for 500*l.*, and is now in Wolverhampton Church. When Dr. Sacheverell entered upon the living of St. Andrew's, he found that the organ, not having been paid for, had from its erection in 1699 been shut up; the Doctor by a collection among his parishioners, raised the amount, and paid for the instrument.

St. James's (Piccadilly) organ was originally constructed in 1687, by Harris, for King James II., in Whitehall Chapel, then used for Roman-Catholic worship. In 1691 it was presented, with the gallery or loft, by William and Mary to St. James's parish. In 1852 it was reconstructed by Bishop, on the German principle, when a detached choir-organ was placed in front of the gallery. The great organ contains 2240 pipes: the case is surmounted with angels and cherubs, and in the centre are two cherubs supporting a crown. The pipes are richly ornamented, and the whole harmonises with the florid style of the church interior.

St. Magnus' organ, London-bridge, was built by

* Condensed, in part, from *A short Account of Organs built in England from the Reign of King Charles the Second to the Present Time*, 1853.

Jordan, and its opening is thus described in the *Spectator*, Feb. 8, 1712:

"Whereas Mr. Abraham Jordan senior and junior have with their own hands, joynery excepted, made and erected a very large organ in St. Magnus' Church, at the foot of London-bridge, consisting of four sets of keys, one of which is adapted to the art of emitting sounds by swelling the notes, which never was in any organ before; this instrument will be publicly opened on Sunday next, the performance by Mr. John Robinson. The above-said Abraham Jordan gives notice to all masters and performers, that he will attend every day next week at the said church, to accommodate all those gentlemen who shall have a curiosity to hear it."

This instrument still exists, but has been much altered and modernised by Parsons; at present, only three of the original four sets of keys remain, as stated in the *Short Account* already named.

St. Margaret's (*Westminster*) *organ* was built by Smith in 1676, and he himself was first organist there, and played for a salary. Edward, a son of the celebrated Henry Purcell, was elected organist in 1726.

St. Martin's-in-the-Fields' organ, the present of King George I. upon being chosen churchwarden, was built by Schrieder, but has given place to another organ, built by Gray.

St. Paul's Cathedral organ was designed by Wren to be in keeping with the stalls, &c., and the case was carved by Gibbons. The instrument is a celebrated work of Schmidt's, erected in 1694, and is infinitely more effective than the Temple Church organ, from being placed in a building more suitable to its magnitude. It retains much of its original work. The swell was added by Cranz: it was repaired by Orhman and

Nutt early in the present century; and in 1826 by Bishop, who added the celebrated pedal-pipes and renewed the chorus-stops; in this instrument he first introduced concussion-valves. "Notwithstanding its power and chorus, several more excellent stops were made for it, which lay many years useless in the vestry, but for which Wren, tender of his architectural proportions, would never consent to let the case be sufficiently capacious to receive" (*Dr. Burney*). Handel highly esteemed the St. Paul's organ, and frequently played upon it: it has 1797 pipes, and the largest pipe is twenty-two inches in diameter.

The Temple Church organ has a strange history. It was built late in the reign of Charles II. by competition. First was set up an organ by Schmidt, when Dr. Blow and Purcell, then in their prime, performed on the instrument on appointed days, to display its excellence. Another organ was built in a different part of the church by Harris, who employed Sully, organist to Queen Catharine, to touch this instrument, which brought it in favour; and the rival organs competed for nearly a year. At length Harris challenged Schmidt to make additional reed-stops in a given time; these were the vox humana, Cremorne, the double-cartel, or double-bassoon, and some others; and these stops, which were new to English ears, delighted the crowd at the trial. At length Judge Jefferies, of the Inner Temple, terminated the controversy in favour of Schmidt; and Harris's organ was removed. The partisanship ran so high that, according to the Hon. Roger North, "in the night preceding the last trial of the reed-stops, the friends of Harris cut the bellows of Smith's organ in such a manner, that when the time came for playing upon it no wind could be conveyed into the wind-chest."

The Temple organ is considered Schmidt's masterpiece, and though additions have been made by Byfield and by Bishop, it retains all the original pipes in the great organ and choir-organ. The swell was constructed by Byfield, and perhaps still contains the pipes of the original also. This organ is remarkable for possessing quarter-tones, so that there is a difference of tone between G sharp and A flat, and also between D sharp and E flat. Originally this arrangement occurred only in the choir-organ and great organ; and it seems to have been introduced either as an object of curiosity, or to render it in some way more perfect than its rival, since probably Harris was unprepared for the novel contrivance. (See the *Short Account of Organs built in England*, 1847.) This organ is a grand instrument, but far too large for the church.

Whitehall Chapel organ was the first built for England by Schmidt; and being hastily put together, it proved an indifferent instrument. Schmidt's old case remains, having been fitted with a new organ by Elliott.

The organ-cases of Schmidt are far better than any since built: although the detail is not ecclesiastical, the old form is kept up, and the general appearance is that of those erected in Germany and Flanders from the latter end of the 14th to the end of the 16th century. The carved work is bold, and consists only of open-work panelling, foliage and flowers, with large angels' heads, which have a venerable effect, especially when the pipes are diapered. The cases of Harris are more elaborate than those of Schmidt; the details being in the style of Louis XIV.—"wreaths of flowers, and indelicate fat Cupids by way of angels, with drapery used for every purpose in the world but to cover their nakedness."

Thenceforth organ-cases became plainer and meaner.

Snetzler, Green, and others, in the middle of the last century, enclosed their organs in cases as much like a square box as possible, the side being quite as broad as the front, and the tryptic-like form, which was kept up by Schmidt, making the front overhang each side, was discontinued. Early in the reign of George III. Green engrafted incorrect gothic details upon his tasteless boxes. Sometimes the organ is made to look like a tomb, then like a screen; next canopies of stalls are placed on the top; and latterly the organ has been sometimes put out of sight altogether. The late Mr. Pugin did much to reform this bad taste by several organ-cases of beautiful design.

THE WESTMINSTER ABBEY VAULT.

The following relation of a strange frolicsome visit to Westminster Abbey is said to have arisen at a jovial party, where mirth had reigned so long that it was thought prudent to shift the scene to the grave and serious. The narrative is given by Sinclair in his *Invisible World*, and we quote his own words:

"Five or six gentlemen who had dined together at a tavern, being drawn to visit the royal vault in King Henry's Chapel, in Westminster Abbey, of the titled dead, as they looked down the steep descent by which so many monarchs had been carried to their last resting-place on earth, one cried, 'Tis hellish dark;' another stopped his nostrils, and exclaimed against the noisome vapour that ascended from it. All had their different sayings; but, as it is natural for such spectacles to excite some moral reflections even in the most gay and

giddy, they all returned with countenances more serious than those with which they had entered.

"Having agreed, however, to pass the evening together, they all returned to the place where they had dined; and the conversation turning on a future state and apparitions, one among them, who was an infidel in these matters, especially as to spirits becoming visible, took upon himself to rally the others, who seemed rather inclined to the contrary opinion.

"At length, to end the contest, they proposed him a wager of twenty guineas, that, great a hero as he pretended or really imagined himself, he had not courage enough to go alone at midnight into the vault of Henry the Seventh's Chapel. This he readily accepted, and was quite elated with the prospect of success.

"The money on both sides was deposited in the hands of the landlord of the house; and one of the vergers of the Abbey was sent for, whom they engaged to attend the adventurous gentleman to the gate of the cathedral, then to shut him in and wait his return.

"Everything being thus settled, the clock no sooner struck twelve than they all set out together; those who laid the wager being resolved not to be imposed upon by his tampering with the verger. Another scruple arose—which was, that though they saw him enter the chapel, how they should be convinced that he went as far as the vault; but he instantly removed it by pulling out a penknife he had in his pocket. 'This,' said he, 'will I stick into the earth, and leave it there; and if you do not find it in the inside of the vault, I will own the wager lost.'

"They agreed to wait for him at the door. Every step he took had its echo; and the lamp which the verger had left burning before the door of the chapel,

by its faint glimmer added to the solemnity of the scene.

"At length, sometimes groping his way, and sometimes directed by the distant lamp, he reached the entrance of the vault. His inward tremor increased, yet, determined not to be overpowered by it, he descended, and having reached the last stair, stooped forward and stuck his penknife into the earth; but as he was rising to turn back and leave the vault, he felt something, as he thought, suddenly catch hold of him and pluck him forward. He lost in an instant everything that could support him, and fell into a swoon, with his head in the vault and part of his body on the stairs.

"His friends waited patiently till one o'clock, when, not making his appearance, they debated among themselves what they should do in the affair. The verger they found, though accustomed to the place, did not care to go alone; therefore they resolved to accompany him; and accordingly, preceded by a torch which a footman belonging to one of the company had with him, they went into the Abbey, calling loudly for him as they proceeded.

"No answer, however, being returned, they moved on till they came to the stairs of the vault, where, looking down, they saw the condition he was in. They immediately ran to him, rubbed his temples, and did everything they could think of to restore him, but all in vain till they got out of the Abbey, when the fresh air recovered him.

"After two or three deep groans, he cried, 'Heaven help me! Lord have mercy upon me!' which surprised his friends; but imagining he was not yet perfectly come to his senses, they forbore saying anything to him till they had got him into a tavern, where, having placed

him in a chair by the fireside, they began to inquire into his situation; on which he acquainted them with the apprehensions he was seized with immediately after he had left them; and that having stuck his penknife into the floor of the vault, according to his agreement, he was about to return with all possible haste, when something plucked him forward into the vault; but he added that he had neither seen nor heard anything but that his reason might easily account for; and should have returned with the same sentiments he went had not this unseen hand convinced him of the injustice of his unbelief.

"One of the company now saw the penknife sticking through the fore lappet of his coat, on which—presently conjecturing the truth, and finding how deeply affected his friend was by his mistake, as indeed were all the rest, not doubting but his return had been impeded by a supernatural hand—he plucked out the penknife before them all, and said, 'Here is the mystery discovered. In the attitude of stooping to stick this into the ground, it happened, as you see, to pass through the coat; and on your attempting to rise, the terror you were in magnified this little obstruction into an imaginary impossibility of withdrawing yourself.'

"His friends now ridiculed his credulity; but the singularity of this accident did not shake his faith."

THE STOCKWELL GHOST.

Scarcely a century has elapsed since this palpable imposition affrighted the good people of Stockwell-green and the metropolis to an extent scarcely credible in these matter-of-fact days. In the year 1772 there lived in a

detached house on the east side of the Green, and lying back from the road at a short distance northward from the Tower public-house, a Mrs. Golding, a pious old lady, and her female servant. It appears that on the morning of Twelfth-day (Monday, January 6) great alarm was occasioned in Mrs. Golding's dwelling by the fall and breakage of china, glass, plates, &c. in the back-kitchen; and the removal and tumbling about of various articles of furniture, without any visible cause. Among these vexations it is recorded that, "when Mrs. Saville (Mrs. G.'s neighbour) and others were desired to drink a glass of wine, the bottles broke in pieces before they could be uncorked." During one of these visitations Mrs. Golding ran into a neighbour's house and fainted, and was afterwards bled. Meanwhile some of her property was brought into the same house, where the articles tumbled about and got broken. In two other houses at Rush Common, near Brixton-causeway, where Mrs. Golding sought refuge that day and the following night, accompanied by her maid-servant, similar consequences followed; and in the consternation excited by these strange events the harassed old lady was indirectly accused of having been guilty of some atrocious crime, for the committal of which she was thus pursued by Providence.

Indignant at this accusation, Mrs. Golding returned to her own home, accompanied from Brixton-causeway by Mr. Pain, the husband of her niece, at whose house much glass and earthenware had been destroyed. This was about six o'clock on the Tuesday morning; and as the breakage and falling about of different articles was soon after renewed, suspicion fell upon the maid-servant, and she was immediately discharged. No disturbances happened afterwards, and none had previously taken

place where the girl had not been present. Notwithstanding the fair presumption of her participation in these transactions, it is said that few persons at the time would admit of such a rational inference, but attributed the whole to witchcraft. The incidents were much exaggerated in a pamphlet published at the time; and Lysons added this strange testimony, that "great numbers of people of *all ranks* went to see the feats of this imaginary ghost, who caused the furniture to dance about the rooms in a very extraordinary manner." He adds, writing about 1791 or 1792, "Mrs. Golding and her daughter being both dead, there was an auction at the house a few months ago, when the *dancing furniture* sold at very extravagant prices," through a strange infatuation, mingled with some latent belief in supernatural agency.

In the *Ambulator* (edit. 1817) it is stated that "the impostor was never discovered, though supposed to have been a servant-maid employed in the household work." Some ten years afterwards, in Hone's *Every-day Book* (vol. i., under January 7, 1825), it is stated, on the authority of Mr. J. Brayfield, of Camberwell (then lately deceased), that Anne Robinson, who was Mrs. Golding's servant, and with whom he became acquainted some years after these occurrences, acknowledged herself to be the author of all the mischief; some being accomplished by the placing of long horsehairs and wire under the crockery and glasses, and the rest by her own manual dexterity during the excitement and alarm arising from her contrivances among superstitious and ignorant persons.

THE HAMMERSMITH GHOST.

The cemetery attached to the chapel-of-ease at Hammersmith was, in the year 1804, the scene of a dreadful casualty, occasioned by the mischievous frolic of some thoughtless individual, who, disguised in white, and assuming the character of *a ghost, haunted* this spot, to the great terror of many weak-minded persons, one of whom, a pregnant woman, died in consequence of her alarm. An inhabitant named Smith determined to watch for the apparition: having loaded a gun to protect himself, he unhappily discharged it at a poor labouring bricklayer, who had entered the churchyard on his way home, and killed him on the spot. Smith was tried and convicted for this murder; but it seeming evident that he had fired his gun more from his own fears at the white appearance of the bricklayer's clothes than from design, his sentence was commuted to one year's imprisonment. The person who was the cause of all this mischief was unfortunately never discovered.

THE COMMON HUNT.

The office of Common Hunt is of ancient origin, and is mentioned in very early civic manuscripts. It originated in the charter granted by Henry I. to the citizens to "have chases and hunt as well and as fully as their ancestors have had—that is to say, in the Chiltre, in Middlesex, and Surrey." Fitzstephen says (Henry II.) that "the Londoners delight themselves with hawks and hounds; for they have the liberty of hunting in Middlesex, Hertfordshire, or Chiltern, and

in Kent to 'the waters of Grey," which differs somewhat from the charter. The granting of this charter is pictured in one of the painted windows recently put up in the Guildhall.

In the reign of Henry VI., a sum of money was granted to the Common Huntsman for the hire of a house for his dogs and horses; and a goodly number of persons was appointed to go with the Common Hunt to the chase (according to the custom and liberties of the City hitherto approved and used), within the land of the abbot and convent of Stratford, and neighbouring places, as Epping Forest. Twenty shillings was granted in the reign of Edward IV. to the Common Hunt, for the payment of the rent of the Kennel in the Moor. The several succeeding monarchs took a lively interest in the appointment of the Huntsman, as their numerous letters to the civic authorities show; at one time recommending and at another disapproving of the person appointed. In 1540 (32 Henry VIII.) the King recommended one person, the Queen another, and the Lord Chancellor another. The Kennel or dog-house stood near the present Old-street, opposite the east end of St. Luke's Hospital; it is alluded to in 1543, in a grant from the Crown to Sir Martin Bowes of some pieces of land, "near Morefeld, and some gardens in Fynsbury Field, near the aforesaid dog-house, near our City of London." The Common Hunt, as the head person was styled, ranked as an esquire by office, and took precedence next to the sword-bearer; he had a great salary, or perquisites; and at civic dinners he attended the Lord Mayor, dressed as a huntsman, booted and spurred. Ludicrous descriptions of and sarcastic allusions to the solemn hunting festivals of the City of London abound in the humour of the

Elizabethan and subsequent times; in the *Spectator* there occurs an amusing account of the showy trappings of the City Hunt.

The sport was not much followed by the citizens at the close of the sixteenth century; not through want of taste for the amusement, says Stow, but for leisure to pursue it. Strype, however, tells us that, so late as the reign of George I., among the modern amusements of the Londoners were "riding on horseback and hunting with my Lord Mayor's hounds when the *Common Hunt* goes out." Tom D'Urfey took leave to quiz the prowess of the Lord Mayor in these memorable lines:

"Next once a-year into Essex a-hunting they go;
To see 'em pass along, O, 'tis a pretty show;
Through Cheapside and Fenchurch-street, and so to Aldgate pump,
Each man with spurs in horse's sides, and his back-sword cross his rump.

My lord he takes a staff in hand to beat the bushes o'er;
I must confess it was a work he ne'er had done before.
A creature bounceth from a bush which made them all to laugh;
My lord he cried, 'A hare! a hare!' but it proved an Essex calf.

And when they had done their sport, they came to London where they dwell,
Their faces all so torn and scratch'd, their wives scarce knew them well;
For 'twas a very great mercy so many 'scap'd alive,
For of twenty saddles carried out, they brought again but five."

The Common Hunt has not 'scaped whipping even in our times—in the ballad of "The Epping Hunt," by the facete Thomas Hood, with cuts by George Cruikshank, published in 1829. A special occasion of the Hunt going out was upon the civic visits to the Bayswater and Paddington Conduits, which supplied the City with water. Strype preserves a curious picture of a visit made by the Mayor to the Conduit Heads, in the

year 1562. Before dinner, they hunted the hare and killed her, and after dinner they went to hunting the fox; "there was a cry for a mile, and at length the hounds killed him at the end of St. Giles's; great hallooing at his death, and blowing of horns." The banqueting-house, wherein the Mayor and Corporation dined, was built upon a spot, now the end of Stratford-place, Oxford-street. It was taken down in 1737, and the site leased by the Corporation to Edward Stratford, Earl of Aldborough, and others, the ground lease renewable for ever; in the mansion built upon the site of the banqueting-house the Earl of Aldborough resided for many years. The offices of the Common Huntsman and the Common Huntsman's young man have now been abolished from the Lord Mayor's household for some years past.

"FIDDLERS' MONEY."

The noise of music and song so often depicted in our early dramas, and which was the soul of the midnight revelry in the taverns, was by the Commonwealth authorities wholly forbidden. By the ordinance 1656, chap. 21, it was enacted that if "any person or persons, commonly called fiddlers or minstrels, shall at any time be taken playing, fiddling, or making musick, in any inn, alehouse, or tavern, or shall be taken proffering themselves, or alluring or entreating any person or persons to hear them play or make musick in the places aforesaid, every such person or persons so taken shall be adjudged, and are hereby adjudged and declared, to be rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars."

Most of the fiddlers appear to have been sorry per-

formers: Puttenham, in 1589, complains that "the overbusie and too speedy returne of one maner of tune doth too much annoy, and as it were glut the eare, unlesse it be in small and popular musickes, sung by these cantabanqui upon benches and barrel-heads, where they have none other audients than boys or country-fellows, that pass by them in the street; or else by blind harpers, or such-like taverne minstrels, that give a fit of mirth for a groat." In Ben Jonson's masque of the *Metamorphosed Gipsies*, 1621, one of the company, on the introduction of Cheeks the piper, or Tom Ticklefoot the labourer, it is not clear which, says, "I cannot hold now, there's my groat; let's have a fit for mirth's sake." The groat is thus shown to have been the usual requital to tavern musicians, and hence the origin of groats in the olden time being called *fiddlers' money;* but after the Restoration in 1666, it is noticed in various poetical productions and comedies how the sixpence had taken the place of the groat: and the phrase is still current; when several sixpences are given in change, the exclamation arises, "What a lot of fiddlers' money!"

On the returning ascendancy of the Crown, in the person of King Charles the Second, the cavaliers and other dependants of the royal party, in maddened delight at the event, frequented the taverns, which had been greatly depressed under Oliver's protectorate; and from a picture of their manners and conduct, as portrayed by Cowley, one of themselves, in his comedy of *Cutter of Coleman-street*, must be supposed to have greatly added to the increase of taverns. The direction for one of the scenes is "enter Cutter and Tabitha, with fiddlers."

Harpists at taverns are now but rarely tolerated. "Honest Jack Nichols," the harper, is remembered in one of Tom Brown's *Letters from the Dead to the Living.*

In Ned Ward's *Satyrical Reflections upon Clubs*, Nichols seems to have plied in the cellar at the sign of the Still in the Strand. Hogarth's third print of the Rake's Progress exhibits a harper behind the door of the Rose tavern in Brydges-street, the harp bedecked with a woman's cap; and in Hogarth's Election Entertainment a blind fiddling woman holds an elevated position. We are indebted for this note to Mr. Burn's excellently annotated Catalogue of the Beaufoy Tokens.

THE CANARY HOUSE IN THE STRAND.

Canary has been eulogised by Ben Jonson as "the very essence and spirit of wine." The Canary House in the Strand was long distinguished as a place of public resort by persons of high character. Here, in March 1656, Sir Theodore Mayerne—who had been physician of the household to King Henry the Fourth of France, and subsequently in the same capacity to King Charles the First, and was also the friend of Rubens and Vandyke, whom he assisted in the chemical composition of colours—became ill from the effect of drinking some bad wine, that, to a person of his advanced age, being then in his eighty-third year, operated as a deadly poison. He foretold to his friends, with whom he was drinking, the time of his death, and it happened according to his prediction. He was buried in the old church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields; and in the vaults of the present church, Mr. Burn, several years since, while on a fruitless search for some memorial of Nell Gwynne, saw, among other fine monuments unknown to archæologists, a superb memento to the distinguished Mayerne.

The Canary House was, probably, Carey House, noticed as "near the Savoy, in the Strand:" there is a token of the house in the Beaufoy Collection: 1104, at the Canary House—Canary in monogram. *Rev.* in the Strand, 1665,—1[d] amid vine-leaves.

Pepys, in his Diary, November 30th, 1667, mentions his proceeding from Arundel House "to Cary House, a house now of entertainment, next my Lady Ashley's, where I have heretofore heard common prayer in the time of Dr. Mossum." Loveby, in Dryden's *Wild Gallant*, 1669, notes: "I think upon the sack at Cary House with the abricot flavour." In an advertisement of the sale of some paintings in 1689, the Canary House, in the Strand, is described as being between the Feathers tavern and Long's coffee-house, on the east side of Exeter Change.

"THE GREAT JENNINGS PROPERTY."

The important domestic question of the heirship to this property is still unsettled; from it Mr. Dickens is understood to have derived his famous "Jarndice *v.* Jarndice." The history of the affair is thus pleasantly narrated by Mr. Hargrave Jennings:

This enormous property, variously estimated at from two to seven millions sterling, and including estates in eleven counties in England, and money in all the old banks in London, was left by an extraordinary miser named William Jennings, described in the *Annual Register* of 1798 as the "richest commoner in England." He was born in 1701, and died at his seat, Acton Hall, near Long Melford, Suffolk, instanced as one of the most splendid private edifices in Great Britain, and boasting

a ball-room (which was never once used) constructed at a cost of 30,000*l.* Notwithstanding his incalculable wealth, so mean were the habits of this old man that he lived in the underground story of his great house, permitting, for the space of nearly thirty years, the approach of no woman. He died unmarried and childless, and left no will. The Baroness Howe, daughter of the celebrated Admiral Lord Howe, took possession of the old man's property, through a claim of intermarriage between a member of the Jennings's family with that of the Curzons. Administration was, however, not granted for eighteen years—a significant fact.

William Jennings was the godson of King William III., and served as page to that monarch. In connection also with his family at this period were Sarah Jennings, afterwards Duchess of Marlborough; Frances Jennings (her sister), Marchioness of Tyrconnell, wife of Richard Talbot, the Lord Deputy of Ireland for King James II.; and, little as it is supposed—Miss Hills, afterwards the famous rival and successor of the duchess in the affections and favour of Queen Anne—Mrs. Masham, in reality the creator of the fortunes of Harley, Earl of Oxford. Mrs. Masham was a cousin of the Duchess of Marlborough, and was introduced at court by her. Frances, the Marchioness of Tyrconnell, was, in the days of her distress, the celebrated "white milliner" appearing in the domestic history of George I., and commemorated in a piquant comedy by Douglas Jerrold. Soame Jenyns, the philosopher, and Constantine Jennings (there are eleven different ways of spelling the name), the possessor of three fortunes, who, notwithstanding, died in poverty in 1818, in the Rules of the King's Bench Prison, and who is known as "Dog Jennings," on account of his purchase of Alcibiades'

Dog, were also of this family. The supposed figure of Alcibiades' Dog cost 2000 guineas. However, the public interest in regard to a property and a story which read more like romance than plain matter of fact rests in the circumstance that the property is still in litigation, new claimants appearing every day. The Earl Howe, Earl Beauchamp, and other members of aristocratic rank, claiming affinity (though remote) with the original family, are in possession, although the claim has been always protested against, of this extensive property. Altogether this attraction of the great wealth, lying open to the heirship of some persons undiscovered yet, if at all discoverable, draws claimants not only from the United States, but, to the writer's knowledge, from the Cape of Good Hope, India, and Australia; omitting Ireland and Canada, which countries have sent to England claimants in profusion, with the proper proportion of lawyers and pedigree-fanciers. Such is a story of wealth.

A CHRONICLE OF CROSBY-PLACE.

In Bishopsgate-street, and north of the entrance into Crosby-square, is nearly all that remains of the magnificent mansion erected by Sir John Crosbie in the fifteenth century. Such is Crosby Hall, one of the finest specimens of Domestic architecture in the metropolis. The estate is memorable for its having had a succession of tenants remarkable in several ways—in civic history as well as in our national, and in its appropriation as a palace and a prison, the gaiety and splendour of a court, and the more profitable scene of commercial occupation. The noble hall remains; and interesting as well as instructive it will be to look back

through four centuries of busy life to the fates and chequered fortunes of Crosby-place and its distinguished tenants, which we propose to do in a sort of chronological glance at the salient points of its history.

A.D. 1466. Sir John Crosby, Warden of the Grocers' Company, and Mayor of the Staple of Calais, leased the ground from Dame Alicè Ashfelde, Prioress of the convent of St. Helene, for a term of 99 years, at a rent of 11*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* per annum; having 110 feet frontage on the "King's roade of Bishopsgate-streete." Crosby was reported to be a foundling, though Stow doubts this story: he rose to be alderman and one of the sheriffs of London in the troublous year 1470; and in the following year he accompanied the Mayor, aldermen, and a large company of citizens to meet King Edward IV., between Shoreditch and Islington, on that monarch's entrance into London, on which occasion he was knighted. Nine years elapsed between the commencement of the above lease and the death of Sir John Crosby; and in that period the house was erected. The earliest notice of it is stated to be that by Stow, who says that "it was built of stone and timber, very large and beautiful, and the highest at that time in London."

1475. Sir John Crosby died, and was buried in the neighbouring church of St. Helen's, where. "a faire monument of him and his ladye is raised," and still exists in good preservation. Sir John is said to have been a zealous Yorkist, and it is remarkable that his effigy does not wear the Lancastrian badge, the collar of SS, a very general distinction for persons of gentility or noble blood; but a collar composed of roses and suns alternately disposed, the white rose and sun being the badge adopted by Edward IV. after the ominous parhelion which appeared in the heavens on the day of the

victory at Mortimer's-cross. Sir John's will is a most curious, valuable, and interesting document, and shows him to have been a man of unbounded wealth and beneficence, alms, charity, and pity. How long his widow resided here we know not.

1483. We find in possession of Crosby-place no less a personage than Richard Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III. He was probably a tenant under Crosby's executors. After arriving in London on the 4th of May 1483, "the sayd duke," says Fabyan, "caused the Kyng to be removed vnto the Tower, and his broder with hym, . . . and the duke lodgid hymselfe in Crosbÿe Place." We learn also from Holinshed that "by little and little all folke withdrew from the Tower, and drew unto Crosbies in Bishops Gate Street, where the Protector kept his household. The Protector had the resort; the King in maner desolate." Here, according to tradition, most probably in the throne-room, on the 25th of June 1483, the Mayor, Sir Thomas Billesden, and a deputation of citizens, offered the crown to the Protector, who, on the 27th, was proclaimed; and on the following day he left Crosby-place for his palace of Westminster. Here Shakspeare has laid a portion of his drama of *Richard III.*, though "the historian is compelled to say, that neither at the death of Henry VI. in 1471, nor at the marriage of Richard with the Lady Anne in 1473, is it probable that Richard was in possession of Crosby Place;" but here he determined upon the deposition and perhaps the death of the young King Edward V., and then plotted his own elevation to the vacant throne. Here the supper was eaten and the complots were digested. Crosby-place, Shakspeare, and Richard are thus identified. It has been said that "the reason why this build-

ing received the attention which it has from Shakspeare* was from some association existing in his own mind." Doubtless; but the writer considers that "it is not too much to suppose that he had been admitted in the humble guise of a player to entertain the guests having assembled in the banqueting-hall," and had thus seen and admired its beauties. This the Rev. Mr. Hugo is disposed to regard as a most gratuitous fancy.

1501. Sir Bartholomew Reed was tenant of Crosby-place; here he spent his mayoralty in 1502, which was one of the most brilliant on record. It is said that he entertained the Princess Katharine of Aragon two days before her marriage with the youthful Arthur, the eldest son of Henry VII. He also received here the ambassadors of Maximilian, Emperor of Germany, when they came on a visit of condolence upon the death of that prince. Stow mentions a magnificent feast to "100 divers persons of great estate."

1516. Sir John Best held his mayoralty here; the year of the evil May-day, when the 'prentices attacked foreign residents. There is a record extant of his Show, which consisted of four giants, one unicorn, one dromedary, one camel, one ass, one dragon, six hobby-horses, and sixteen naked boys.

Crosby-place was next sold to Sir Thomas More, in what year is uncertain; but it was probably soon after his return from his mission to Bruges, in 1514 and 1515; and as this journey forms the groundwork of the *Utopia*, there is reason to infer this charming romance to have been written at Crosby-place, to which the picture in the preface of Sir Thomas's domestic habits may

* At the corner of Devonshire-street is an Elizabethan house, which has over one of its fireplaces the arms of Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, the friend of Shakspeare.

apply. There is little or no doubt that More wrote his *History of Richard III.* at Crosby-place, however it may be with the *Utopia*. Here, too, More probably received Henry VIII.; for this was just the time he was in high favour with the King, who then kept his court at Castle Baynard's and St. Bride's. "During several years," the Rev. Mr. Hugo says of the Hall, "this magnificent apartment was the scene, doubtless, of many of those homely but profoundly sagacious jests, of those calm and philosophical conversations, and of that deep reverential piety, which made More's society the delight of all that were admitted to it, and the talk and admiration of continental Europe."

1523. More sold Crosby-place to his dearest friend Antonio Bonvisi, a rich merchant of Lucca, who leased the mansion to William Rastell, More's nephew; and to William Roper, the husband of More's favourite daughter Margaret. In the reign of Edward VI., Bonvisi, Rastell, and Roper were driven abroad by religious persecution. Bonvisi first taught the English to spin with the distaff. To him More wrote that doleful letter from the Tower with a piece of charcoal the night before his execution. Bonvisi, upon the dissolution of the convent, purchased the property of the King for 207*l.* 18*s.* 4*d.*

1549. Bonvisi forfeited the property "by illegally departing the kingdom" under religious persecution, the King granting it to Lord Darcye of Chule.

1553. Upon the accession of Queen Mary, she caused Lord Darcye, for "divers good causes," to restore Bonvisi his estate.

1560. Occupied by Germayn Cioll and Cycillia his wife, a cousin of Sir Thomas Gresham. A bequest of this lady is still distributed in St. Helen's Church weekly.

1566. Occupied by Alderman Bond, whom the inscription on his tomb in St. Helen's Church states to have been "a merchant adventurer, and most famous in his age for his great adventures by both sea and land;" who here entertained D'Assonleville, the Spanish ambassador. Bond purchased the house for 1500*l.* He is said to have increased the height of Crosby-place by building a turret on the roof; his improvements, however, were introduced into those portions of the edifice which have been long swept away.

1586. Whilst in the occupancy of the sons of Alderman Bond, the Danish ambassador, Ramelius, was sumptuously entertained here. And from Stow, and an entry in St. Helen's register, we learn that a French ambassador was lodged here, whose secretary, Nicholas Fylio, was buried in St. Helen's, September 23, 1592.

1594. Crosby-place purchased by Sir John Spencer, Knight, for 2560*l.* He made "great reparation," and kept his mayoralty here in the above year, when a masque was performed by the gentlemen students of Gray's-Inn and the Temple before Queen Elizabeth. At the same period various eminent strangers, "with their retinues, which were very splendid, were here harboured." Among these was, in 1603, the celebrated Duc de Sully; and it was the temporary residence of Henry Frederick, the youngest son of William Prince of Orange, and of some ambassadors from Holland. Sir John was called "the rich Spencer," and died worth 800,000*l.*, according to the value of property in the year 1609. The year of his mayoralty was a year of famine, and at his permission the City companies bought a quantity of corn in foreign parts, and laid up the same at the Bridge-house, for the use of the people.

1598. Shakspeare lived in a house adjoining Crosby-

place. The Rev. Joseph Hunter, in his *New Illustrations of Shakespeare*, says: "In the course of my researches only one document has presented itself which is entirely unknown, containing a notice of Shakspeare during the course of his London life. It shows us, what has hitherto remained undiscovered, *in what part of London* he had fixed his residence at the period of his life when he was producing the choicest of his works. We have evidence of the most decisive nature that on Oct. 1, in the fortieth year of Queen Elizabeth, which answers to the year 1598, Shakspeare was one of the inhabitants of St. Helen, Bishopsgate, and consequently a near neighbour of Crosby Hall. In an assessment-roll of that date, for levying the first of three entire subsidies which were granted to the Queen in the thirty-ninth year of her reign, the name of William Shakspeare occurs in connection with that of Sir John Spencer and other inhabitants of the parish of St. Helen's, with the sum 5*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, the assessment against the poet's name. This document gives us the names of his neighbours; among whom we find Sir John Spencer; Dr. Richard Taylor, Dr. Peter Turner, Dr. Edward Jordan, all well-known physicians; Dr. Cullimore, Robert Honeywood, and the heads of the wealthy families of Read and Robinson."

1603. The ambassadors from the States of Holland and Zealand lodged here.

1609. The house descended to the Right Hon. Sir William Compton, Knight, Lord Compton, and afterwards Earl of Northampton; whether he resided here is doubtful. The house was then many years occupied by the Dowager Countess of Pembroke, on whom Ben Jonson wrote the celebrated epitaph.

1630. From Lord Northampton, who died June 14,

Crosby-place descended to his son Spencer, who resided here for a brief period. He was killed by the side of Charles I., at the battle of Hopton Heath, in 1642, two years before this.

1640. The house was leased to Sir John Langham, Knight. During his shrievalty in 1642, the great hall was used as a prison for royalists; for on December 7 following, the House of Commons ordered the removal of ten prisoners from Crosby-place to Gresham College, and from thence, on the 19th, to Lambeth House.

1666. The house was injured by the Great Fire of London; but the hall fortunately escaped destruction.

1672. Sir Stephen, son of Sir John Langham, succeeded his father in the tenancy. A floor put into the great hall, the upper part of which, from the level of the minstrels' gallery, was licensed under the Indulgence Act as a Nonconformist meeting-house, and used as such for nearly a century. Its first minister was Mr. Watson, formerly rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, whose tract, "Heaven taken by Storm," was the means of Colonel Gardiner's conversion. The congregation was numerous and wealthy; the following are the names of the ministers in succession: Thomas Watson, M.A.; Stephen Charnock, B.D.; Samuel Slater, M.A.; John Reynolds; Daniel Alexander; Benjamin Grosvenor, D.D.; Samuel Wright, D.D.; John Barker; Clerk Oldsworth; Edmund Calamy, jun.; John Hodge, D.D.; Richard Jones.

1676. Though spared by the Fire of London, which, however, extended its ravages to the immediate neighbourhood, Crosby-place suffered from a similar catastrophe in or about the year 1676: the greater portion was destroyed by an accidental fire, and from that period it ceased to be a mansion. What remains, there-

fore, to be spoken of refers to the great hall and the two adjoining chambers. "To complete the enumeration of the owners," says Mr. Hugo, "it should be stated that the fee-simple remained in the hands of the Northampton family till 1678, when it passed to the Cranfields, and remained with them till 1692, when it was sold to the Freemans, with whom it remains. The lease of the premises passed from Sir Stephen Langham to William Freeman, and since him to Granado Chester, a grocer, and subsequently to Thomas Goodinge; and in 1677 the houses called Crosby-square were erected upon the site of those destroyed by the fire previously mentioned."

1678. The great hall was disposed in the following manner: the ground floor was in the occupation of Chester. On a level with the minstrels' gallery was the floor on which assembled the Presbyterian congregation already noticed. A frightful staircase, ascending on the outside of the building, led to this floor, through an entrance made in the second story of the oriel; either at the same time, or shortly afterwards, a second floor was added, just below the springing of the roof, and was probably used for the reception of foreign products. For at this period, the two rooms just referred to as escaping the fire, called the withdrawing-room and throne-room above it, were held at 160*l.* per annum by "the Company of Merchants of London (the East India Company) trading to the East Indies," for warehousing and other purposes. On May 28 this year, the *Mercury* advertises at Crosby Hall, "where y^e^ late General Post Office was kept," a public sale of goods, consisting of tapestry hangings, a good chariot, and a black girl about fifteen years of age.

1769. The Presbyterian congregation left the hall,

when a farewell sermon was preached here by Mr. Jones, the predecessor of Dr. Collyer at Peckham; the congregation removing to Mare Pond, Southwark. Crosby Hall was then taken by a dissenting minister named James Relly, who was said to see visions, and upon the strength of these founded a sect called Rellyans, or Rellites, or Rellyanists, or Rellyan Universalists. The *capriccio* ended with the life of the inventor in 1778.

1810. Occupied by Holmes and Hall, packers, who added a third floor to the hall, which much damaged the building.

1831. The packers' term expired, and the property was advertised to let on a building lease; in other words, to be pulled down, and the place to be supplied by a new structure. Public attention was then drawn to its restoration, as the finest example in the metropolis of the domestic mansion of Perpendicular work. Its long list of distinguished tenants, above all, its association with Richard III., greatly popularised the proposed restoration. "On the eve of demolition," says Mr. Kempe, "threatened on all sides, like many other venerable foundations, to be swept away by the spring-tide of reformation or improvement, or at least of the devastating principle so called, Crosby Hall has been fortunate enough to find in an intelligent literary lady, [Miss Hackett], its near neighbour, and six various other public-spirited individuals, a timely and energetic protection." On June 27, 1836, the first stone of the restoration was laid by Lord Mayor Copeland, alderman of Bishopsgate Ward; when the hall was fitted up with banners, strewed with rushes, and an Elizabethan breakfast was served upon the long tables.

1838. July 12, a musical performance given in the

hall, after service in St. Helen's Church, in commemoration of Sir Thomas Gresham: the place is fraught with musical memories, for under its shadow once lived Byrde, Wilby, and Morley, the celebrated madrigalists.

The restoration was completed in 1842. Repairs have been made, and much of the original mansion has been rebuilt: the hall, the council-chamber, with the throne-room above, remain; and the vaults are a fine specimen of early brickwork. The entrance to Crosby-square is through a small gateway from Bishopsgate-street. The hall consists of one story only, lighted by lofty and elegant windows, and a beautiful oriel window, reaching from the floor to the roof. The council-chamber was stripped of many of its decorations in 1816 by the proprietor, who removed them to a dairy at his seat, Fawley Court, Bucks; the finely-coved ceiling became the property of Mr. Yarnold, of Great St. Helens, at the sale of whose collection, in 1825, this lot was purchased by Mr. Cottingham, the architect, who fitted it as the ceiling of his Elizabethan Museum, at the dispersion of which, in 1851, the relic was again sold. The throne-room has an oak-ribbed rounded roof; and among its windows, one reaches the entire height of the apartment. In 1794, Mr. Capon painted for John Philip Kemble, at New Drury-lane Theatre, the council-chamber, for the play of *Jane Shore;* a correct restoration of the original apartment, as far as existing documents would warrant.

1842. Occupied by the Crosby Hall Literary Institute, which ceased to exist in 1860; the hall being let from time to time for lectures, concerts, &c. Here the late Earl of Carlisle gave his eloquent lecture on the poet Gray.

1862. Leased by H. R. Williams & Co, wine-merchants, the present tenants.

The oriel, forming an ornamented recess in the side of the hall, has ever been regarded as one of its best features: it is vaulted with stone, beautifully groined, the ribs springing from small pillars attached to the angles; while knots of foliage and bosses are at the points of intersection. Among them is a ram trippant, the crest of Sir John Crosby. This and the other windows have been, for the most part, filled with stained glass, decorated with the armorial bearings of the several personages famous in the history of Crosby-place, as well as of persons of taste who contributed to its restoration. In the north wall is a fireplace, which is at least singular, if not unique, in a hall of this age. The west front of the premises, next Bishopsgate-street, has been composed in the style of the timber-houses of the Crosby period. Here is a statue, by Nixon, of Sir John, the founder, with his arms and crest: in one of the chambers is a very fine chimney-piece, dated 1635.

CANONS, AND THE GRAND DUKE OF CHANDOS.

An artistic correspondent of the *Builder* remarks: Those who feel interested in the fine arts, especially that department relating to architecture, as practised in this country during the early part of the last century, may meet with many passages in the writings of that date alluding directly or indirectly to the magnificence of the expensive Palace of Canons, erected some time between 1715 and 1744, by James Bridges, Esq., created a baronet, baron, viscount, earl, marquis, and ultimately Duke of Chandos, who by some means acquired a princely for-

tune, as paymaster of the forces in Queen Anne's reign. He was usually called the "Grand Duke," from the grandeur and almost regal state in which he lived. His Grace expended on the building alone about 300,000*l.*: the same quantity of materials and labour would now cost double that sum. The entire edifice was designed and executed under the direction of John James, architect (of Greenwich): it stood at the end of a spacious avenue of trees, being placed diagonally, so as to show two sides of the building, which at a distance gave the appearance of a palatial structure of great extent. Vertue describes it "as a noble square pile, all of stone, with statues on the front: within was a small square of brick, not handsome; the out-offices, of brick and stone, very convenient, and well disposed; the hall richly adorned with marble statues, busts, &c. The ceiling of the staircase was painted by Sir James Thornhill; the grand apartments finely adorned with paintings, sculptures, and furniture." The columns and pilasters which separated the hall from the grand staircase were each made of one entire block, rather more than twenty feet in length, of the finest quality of Italian veined marble; all the steps of the principal staircase were of similar material. The locks, hinges, and furniture of the doors were of silver; the internal decorations, of historical painting and sculpture, were of the most costly description: the grounds were adorned with a profusion of statuary, by Charpentière and other sculptors. The chapel was equally elaborated and embellished with paintings of the Italian school, by Belucci. The vocal and instrumental portions of the services were arranged and performed by the most eminent musicians of the day. Handel, who resided at Canons as "chapel-master," is said to have composed his sacred drama of *Esther* for its consecration.

During the very short time that the Palace of Canons remained undisturbed, except by royal or aristocratic entertainments, it was frequently celebrated, both in verse and prose, especially indirectly by Pope; but admitting what there is little doubt of, the poet's intended application of his satire to Canons, his concluding lines are singularly prophetic:

> "Another age shall see the golden ear
> Imbrown the slope, and nod on the parterre,
> Deep harvests bury all his pride has plann'd,
> And laughing Ceres reassume the land."
>
> *Moral Essays.*

This sumptuous mansion, and nearly all belonging thereto, by a fate as transient as its founder's career, barely survived him: after many fruitless attempts to dispose of it entire, it was pulled down soon after his death, which occurred on the 9th of August 1744, at the age of seventy-one years, and the materials were sold by auction in the year 1747. The Duke was involved at the time of his death, probably in consequence of having lost enormously by the South-Sea Bubble in 1720. The site and most of the building materials, together with the park and demesne lands, were purchased by William Hallet, the cabinetmaker, living in Long-acre, London, who had been extensively employed by the Duke. The Corinthian portico was removed to and erected at Wanstead House: the beautiful marble staircase and columns were erected in the Earl of Chesterfield's residence in South Audley-street, London, at present occupied by the Marquis of Abercorn; and all that remains of the celebrated equestrian statue of George I., with its pedestal, has long decorated the area of Leicester-square. The present villa, or dwelling-house, once occupied by Lady Plumer, is said to have

been only a distant outhouse, perhaps a residence built by Mr. Hallet, forming no part whatever of the original main edifice.

These are some of the gleanings about Canons and the Grand Duke, collected during a long search amongst periodicals, poems, novels, biographies, topographies, &c., all of them written more than a century ago. The general inference seems decidedly to allude to a residence of more than ordinary pretensions; and, judging from the various buildings still remaining in or near London, which were executed from designs by the same architect who was employed by his Grace at Canons, we have a right to conclude that a mansion erected so near the metropolis, apparently without regard to cost, and which was intended to surpass or outshine all others in the kingdom, must have presented many features in the mass, if not in detail, well deserving the attention of architectural students or the criticisms of established practitioners. Every trace of the building itself at Canons seems to have been annihilated, both on the site and in the neighbourhood. I have searched numerous publications and inquired far and wide unsuccessfully: no printed plans, elevations, or views of any kind whatever, can I find or even hear of. During the progress of the building there must have been hosts of working drawings, emanating from the architect's office. Are these all destroyed? Surely some print, drawing, or diagram of that extraordinary edifice must have escaped the general wreck.*

Nor was Canons the only vast outlay of the famed

* In the *Literary World* (No. 66, 1840) appeared an account of Canons, from a recent visit, by William Till, medallist, with an engraving of a façade of the mansion, generally corresponding with the description by Vertue.

Duke in building. When the ground was laid out for Cavendish-square, in 1715 (where four gentlemen were robbed and stripped in the fields between London and Marylebone), the whole of the north side was taken by the Grand Duke, then Earl of Carnarvon. This immense plot of ground extended a long way towards the north; thereon the Duke projected a town residence, whence he might ride *through his own estates* to Canons. Of this he completed no more than the wings, which are sufficiently spacious to have become stately mansions. One large house, at the corner of Harley-street, was formerly occupied by the Princess Amelia, aunt to George III.; next by the Earl of Hopetoun; next by Mr. Hope of Amsterdam; on whose quitting it it was purchased by Mr. Watson Taylor, who expended on it an immense sum; the domestic offices extended to the depth of six large houses in Harley-street. The mansion was next occupied by Viscount Beresford. The other wing was the corresponding mansion at the corner of Chandos-street, and was long the Duke of Richmond's. The centre is occupied by two mansions with handsome stone fronts: these were designed by James, the Duke's architect. The works were stopped by the South-Sea failures; for Dodsley in 1761 describes the wings as being only then built, though a handsome wall and gates preserved the uniformity of the square. The decline of the Grand Duke's fortune is told in this anecdote: At one time his stock was worth 300,000*l.*; he went to the old Duke of Newcastle to consult what to do. He advised him to sell. No; he wanted half a million: "Why then," said the Duke, "sell 100,000*l.*, and take your chance for the rest."—No: he kept all, and lost all!

BIRDS IN LONDON.

A reviewer* of Mr. Harting's very interesting work, the *Birds of Middlesex*, observes:.

"One would not expect to meet Partridges, Pheasants, or Herons, on the wing, in Charing-cross, St. Martin's-lane, St. Giles's-in-the-fields, Tottenham-court-road, Aldersgate-street, or other street-ways leading to Islington, Hampstead, Highgate, and Hornsey Park. Henry VIII., however, forbade, on penalty of imprisonment, that such birds should be disturbed in the localities which now bear the names above mentioned." Henry was more humane to the birds than to his wives.

"By living man, the Golden Eagle has been detected within a few miles of the London smoke. Only the other day a shore Lark, an inhabitant of the northern parts of Europe, Asia, and America, was caught on Hackney Marshes. A few years since, a gamekeeper, in the Strand, for the first time in his life, saw a Snipe on the wing, and wondered what *he* did in this wicked London. Purple Herons have sailed near enough to the metropolitan vapour to feel it was no atmosphere for them; and the rare Bittern, which, as well as the Heron, used to be eaten at City feasts, has recently condescended to be shot in the vicinity of Hammersmith." Nay, the little Grebe, with its small power of flight, and its reluctance to trust itself abroad, has been known to descend on the Round Pond, in Kensington-gardens, "without an atom of cover in or near it, and surrounded by many miles of brick and mortar." So rare a bird as the Little Gull of Eastern Europe has glided over the Thames at Blackwall, in its mature spring plu-

* In the *Athenæum*. The passages quoted are from Mr. Harting's work.

mage, never to return. Most wonderful of all, a Storm Petrel was encountered, in 1857, in Edgware-road, and was inhospitably knocked down with a stick. "It was a wet, windy night, and the bird was much exhausted. It was supposed to have strayed up the river from the coast." This coming to, or near, London has a curious effect, at least on the singing birds. "Many true British residents are true migrants as to London; and all the true migrants come into song later near London than elsewhere throughout the land."

"Again, there are other birds which, with their homes, are sacred. Nobody knows whence the Guildhall Pigeons come, but they and all the City Pigeons are as sacred as the Storks in Holland; and this privileged immunity is extended to the Pigeons at the Royal Exchange, the terminus of the South-Eastern Railway at London Bridge, and at the British Museum."

Great numbers of London Pigeons are lost during the winter, because of the Slight Falcon, which takes up its abode every year, from October and November until the spring, upon Westminster Abbey, and other churches in the metropolis.

Occasionally these winged visitors are hospitably received by kind-hearted Londoners. John Britton wrote of his pretty retreat at the south end of Burton-street, "Within the garden, which, for a London enclosure, may be described as of large extent, are many trees, such as the Plane, Lime, Chestnut, Acacia, Mulberry, Black Poplar, Sycamore, Weeping Ash, Laburnum, Vine, &c.; together with various flowering and other shrubs. My much-respected friend James Jennings, author of *Ornithologia*, gave a list of birds which frequented this garden and locality, including the Sparrows, of which I have a preserve; the Robin, the White-

throat, which has bred here for some years; the Tomtit, two species; the Wren, the Crow, and the Starling. One of the last appeared here in a hard frosty morning of 1846, ate freely of the red berries of one of the trees; returned the next morning at the same hour with a mate or companion, and partook of a hearty breakfast; on the next day six or eight assembled, and cleared the tree. About the middle of October 1849, several Swallows and Martins were seen for three successive days." The several birds must have formed here a pleasant place of resort; for this quiet nook of London the cheerful antiquary and topographer had embellished with much taste. "Surrounding, and beneath the spreading branches of a picturesque pear-tree," he tells us, "are numerous stones, placed in a circle, with a group (an imitation cromlech) near the middle; the whole intended to indicate, on a small scale, a Celtic or Druidical temple."

The House-Sparrow is to be seen in nearly every locality. In 1850, there was a numerous colony of sparrows upon the west side of the court-yard of No. 94 Piccadilly, long the residence of the Duke of Cambridge. Another nesting-place for sparrows was the capitals of the Corinthian columns of the portico of Carlton House. Sparrows feed their young in London, it is presumed, chiefly with flies.

There was, too, a noted rookery in the lofty trees of the grounds of Carlton House: on these being cut down, the birds removed, in 1827, to some trees in the rear of New-street, Spring-gardens. Perchance, few remember the satirical lament of the droll song, "Now the old rooks have lost their places." Rooks build in the south churchyard of St. Dunstan-in-the-East, Tower-street. The rookery, before the last church was

removed, consisted of upwards of twenty nests; and they were annually supplied with osier-twigs and other materials for building. The colony migrated to the Tower of London when disturbed for the pulling down of the church in 1817; they built in the White Tower, but returned as soon as the noise of axes and hammers had ceased. In 1849, their building-materials were hospitably provided for them by Mr. Crutchley, the assistant-overseer: the trees are plane. There was also formerly a rookery on some large elm-trees in the College Garden, behind the Ecclesiastical Court, in Doctors' Commons. There is, too, a rookery in the fine trees near Kensington Palace.

Rooks usually build on tall trees and upon lofty buildings. In the year 1838, a pair of rooks formed a nest on the crown over the vane of St. Olave's Church, Hart-street, Crutchedfriars. They had a nest on the tree at the corner of Wood-street in 1836; and two others were built in 1845. A pair once built between the wings of the dragon on Bow Church. Rooks' nests were found in Curzon-street, Mayfair. In Gower-street, in a little back garden, near University College, they still flourish; and there is a colony in a large tree in the Marylebone-road, opposite Devonshire-place. Mr. A. Smee, in his work *Instinct and Reason*, notes: "We have rooks in the very heart of London—on a noble plane-tree which grows at the corner of Wood-street, Cheapside. There are now (May 1850) signs of four nests in that tree; but I am unable to state whether they have reared their young in that locality. Rooks, however, build in the crowns surmounting the highest pinnacles of the turrets of the Tower of London; and there is another rookery in Gray's-Inn Gardens. Pigeons have lately taken to build on the tops of the

pillars of the Bank of England and the Royal Exchange; so that London can now boast of three kinds of birds which rear their young, viz. sparrows, pigeons, and rooks. We have every year a robin or two at Finsbury Circus, but it does not build; and we are frequently favoured with a visit from starlings."

The Swallow, Swift, and Martin seem to have almost deserted London, although they are occasionally seen in the suburbs. The scarcity of the Swallow is referred to most of the chimneys having conical or other contracted tops to them, which is no inducement for this bird to build in them. In 1826, Mr. Jennings observed Martins' nests in Goswell-street-road and on Islington-green.

The Redbreast has been occasionally seen in the neighbourhood of Fleet Market and Ludgate Hill: in November 1825, Mr. Jennings saw it in the City-road; where, in November 1826, he saw the Wren.

The Thrush is often heard in the Regent's Park. Some of the migratory birds approach much nearer London than is generally imagined. The Cuckoo and Wood-pigeon are heard occasionally in Kensington Gardens. The Nightingale is often heard at Hornsey-wood House, Hackney, and Mile End. (See Jennings's *Ornithologia*, 1829.)

The London gardens are much more injured by insects than those in the country, on account of the smaller number of insectivorous birds, the great number of bird-catchers, and in some respects the cats, in and about the metropolis; and their scarcity is not, as is frequently alleged, owing to the smoke, the number of houses, the want of trees and food, because every kind of bird will live and thrive in cages in the heart of London.

"There is a vigorous, wide-spreading tree at the corner of Goswell-street and the City-road, certainly a hundred years old, in which a vast family of small birds roost. It is a curious sight to watch them of an autumn evening composing themselves for the dark hours, each on his favourite branch; such a busy twittering, seeming to say, 'Home again,' and such a restless quivering of wings, until the last arrival has settled on his twig, and all grows silent as the darkness increases. We have several such trees, but older, about Canonbury." (Aleph, in the *City Press*.)

Bird catching and rearing is a favourite pastime with Londoners. In the last century, a Bird-market was held in James-street, Covent-garden, on Sunday mornings. Spitalfields is a bird-rearing locality. Upon the weavers' houses are bird-traps and other bird-catching contrivances; for the weavers supply London with singing-birds, as linnets, wood-larks, goldfinches, greenfinches, and chaffinches. Matches of singing or "jerking" call-birds are determined by the burning of an inch of candle. Cambridge-heath was a famous field for bird-catchers; and hard by is Birdcage-walk. Finsbury we remember to have been noted for dealers in birds, and persons skilled in stuffing birds. A practical paper on Bird-catching will be found in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*. The canary-bird is much reared in the metropolis. There are several societies for this purpose; and there is "a London criterion for a perfect canary;" and the Fancy hold shows, principally in November and December.

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THE END.

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